★ Liberty

JUNE 20, 1942 10¢

IS JOHN CITIZEN IN THE WAR? by Louis Bromfield

The Copycat Had Claws—**REVEALING HOW THE JAPS FIGHT**

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomahawk"
or "The Kittihawk"
THIS IS THE NOSE OF A PLANE ★ WITH AN ALLISON ENGINE

Power to win!

American Planes Cited as Superior

Congress Committee Gives Battle Records

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1:—(SPECIAL). Confirming the superiority of American-built fighting planes, the House Military Affairs Committee's sub-committee on aviation today cited the following outstanding performances of these planes on all fronts, from the Far East and Pearl Harbor to the Near East and England:

1. American volunteers defending the Burma Road in Tomahawks (Curtiss P-40s) have bagged ninety to one hundred Japanese airplanes since Dec. 7, with a loss ratio of about one to ten.

2. On Jan. 23 a total of twenty-three planes (mostly P-40s) of the American Volunteer Group "took on two large Japanese forces 130 miles from Rangoon and destroyed three Japanese bombers and nine fighters certainly and two more bombers and ten more fighters probably, with the loss of only three planes"

3. During the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, planes similar to the Tomahawks (P-40s), each shot down two Japanese planes, and engaged and shot down another pair "a short time later"

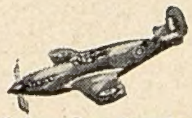
4. Four P-40s shot down and destroyed twenty out of a flight of thirty German JU-88s and ME-109s "only a few weeks ago". Two of the P-40s were lost.

5. In the Middle East, twelve Curtiss Tomahawks (P-40s) engaged a mixed German and Italian force of over sixty planes and destroyed thirty-six. Their extreme maneuverability and high diving speeds were credited by the pilots using them for the successful result.

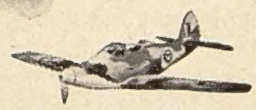
V—VICTORY after victory in the air is proving the fighting power of planes using Allison liquid-cooled engines.

Allison is the engine which powers the Curtiss Tomahawk P-40's cited here—the engine which makes possible the same sharp-nosed streamlining of other U. S.-built fighters.

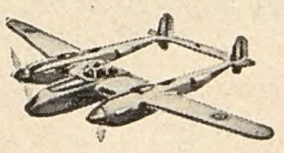
And now as the news of their triumphs pours in from all fighting fronts, it justifies the confidence of those aircraft designers and U. S. Army Air Corps engineers who built these great ships around Allison liquid-cooled engines.



North American Apache (U. S.) *The British call it "The Mustang"*



Bell Airacobra, *U. S. and British designation*

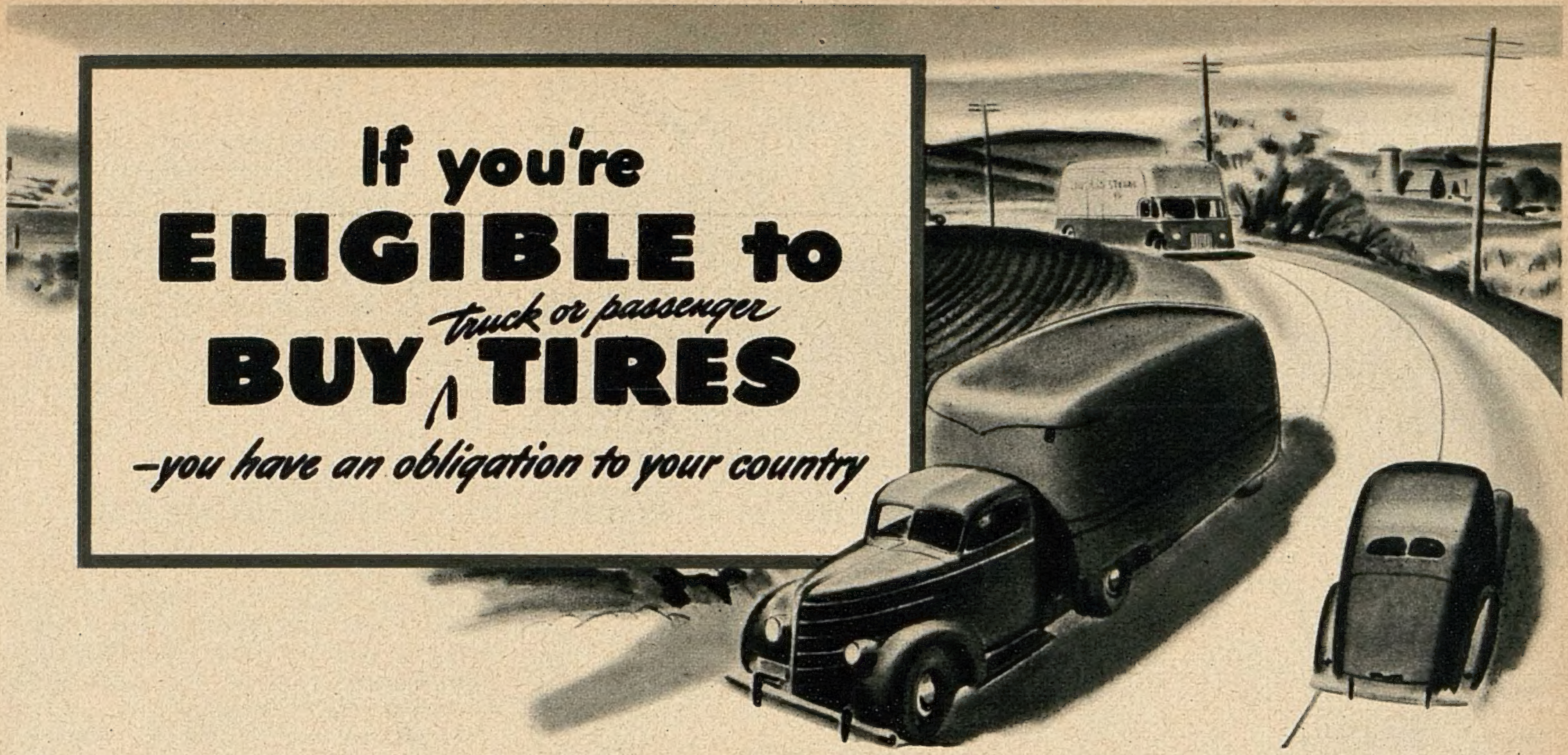


Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.) *The British call it "The Lightning"*

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS



If you're ELIGIBLE to BUY truck or passenger TIRES

—you have an obligation to your country

Permission to buy tires today is a greater privilege than you may realize. Right now it looks like there will be none available for non-certified car and truck owners before 1944, unless the war ends.

That is because the steadily increasing production of synthetic rubbers, like Goodyear Chemigum, will be largely needed for military purposes as the nation's crude rubber reserve dwindles.

So you, who are allotted tires to carry on essential work, must guard them well. It is your duty to your country to make every ounce of rubber last as long as proper care and maintenance will insure.

To help you do just that, Goodyear and Goodyear dealers offer these tire-saving services:

GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRE ENGINEERING SERVICE — *expert examination of your truck tires, with a complete written report of what is necessary to put them in tiptop shape—without charge.*

GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY — *a program of regular tire inspection, care and repair, by Goodyear experts, that can add thousands of extra miles' life to your tires—at a small cost.*

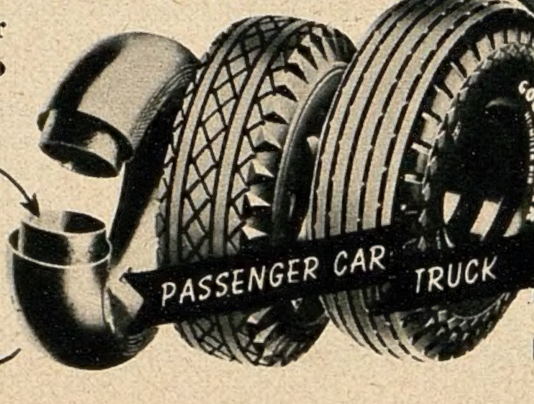
GOODYEAR FACTORY-METHOD RETREADING — *all Goodyear dealers have facilities available to them for recapping and retreading all sizes and types of tires by Goodyear factory methods that add 50% to 80% additional mileage to treadbare carcasses. Retreading certificate required.*

Chemigum, Hi-Miler, LifeGuard—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

After getting all the mileage possible out of your present tires, profit by the world's experience and use your tire certificate to get new Goodyears. More people buy Goodyear truck and passenger tires than any other kind, for just one reason—*they wear longer, cost least per mile!*

You will find that true of any Goodyear you select. As a certificate holder you have a choice of a wide range of Goodyear truck and passenger car tires, designed for your special purpose and priced to fit your purse.

WORLD'S FIRST-CHOICE MILEAGE TIRES



TO PROTECT YOUR TIRES GET LIFEGUARDS *—the modern safety successor to inner tubes. Prevent casing injury after punctures by carrying car to safe stop on inflated inner tire, shown in cross section.*

GOODYEAR
GOOD YEAR TIRES

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

Chicago, Ill.—It's time every American realized the possible outcome of this war. Give us more editorials like What We Are Fighting For (May 16 Liberty) to help us realize the facts.—*Ted Owens.*

Irvington, N. J.—The editorial What We Are Fighting For was full of meaning and truth.—*J. L. V.*

Savannah, Ga.—I am a common soldier that volunteered for service in the United States army for the sole purpose of fighting for my freedom and the freedom of others.

I am not worried about living under Nazi domination or Japanese rule. I never will, because somewhere along the way I will die fighting for my freedom, and for yours.—*H. J. C., U. S. Army.*

Roscommon, Mich. — Your editorial What We Are Fighting For is very silly. All of us Americans know what we are fighting for, and we will win because the Axis do not know what they are fighting for. True, we are defending now, but wait.—*Frank J. Chernen.*

YOU ARE, NAVY WIFE: WE SALUTE YOU

Everett, Mass.—I have just read Adela Rogers St. Johns' article on Mother's Day in May 16 Liberty, and it has brought to my mind these thoughts:

Mothers are pretty wonderful, especially these days when our boys are leaving to do their duty. I am also a mother, although I have no sons to give. I am a navy wife. I have been alone now for over a year. I'm not complaining. I am used to being a navy wife. But today that fact has a different meaning than before.

During World War I, when my sailor husband was on transport duty and we did not see him for sixteen long months, I was twenty-five years younger. My two little girls kept me busy. Time passed quickly and happily.

But today my daughters are living at a distance. My officer husband is in God's hands. I can only pray for his safety and well-being. Time drags for me. I knit. I lecture on one thing and another. I go to classes. I am a librarian. But these lonely evenings I must not allow myself to think too much. It isn't only mothers who give their all. If I had sons, I would want them to be in the same place as their father. But I only give my husband! I can't go with him, so I stay at home. I'm only a navy wife. It's the mothers that count in this war!

There are thousands of us navy wives. We are as good soldiers as ever trod a field. Why are we never recognized?—*Mrs. H. T. G.*

LET'S!

Seaside, Calif.—Old Sarge and Vox Pop get a dime out of my grip each week, and if you don't think I have a grip just look at the picture of myself. Age fifty-six. I wonder how many of your young correspondents can do this trick.

Let us all keep a grip on liberty and Liberty.—*Jason (Jimmy) Adamson, 1st Lt., Retd.*

VOX POP'S TRUE SHORT SHORT

Fresno, Calif.—Strolling through the Museum in Exposition Park, Los Angeles, I tired of the relics and started observing the people. A studious-appearing, bespectacled young man caught my attention.

In a niche set aside for ancient tomes, he leaned upon a glass-topped case, apparently studying the yellowed manuscripts displayed within. He would peer into the case, bite his pencil, scratch his ear, pull his hair.

Occasionally he would gaze at the ceiling, take off his glasses, and stare wild-eyed into space. From time to time he would make a mark on a paper before him.

I edged close enough to look over his shoulder to discover in what ponderous thesis he was so engrossed. Imagine my amazement to behold the current issue of Liberty magazine opened at the Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle.—*K. C. Stewart.*

GATHER AROUND, GALS, HE'S TALKING ABOUT YOU

Santa Monica, Calif.—I see no consistency in denying men trouser cuffs and at the same time letting women wear slacks, a pair of which probably contains enough material for cuffs on a dozen pairs of trousers.

Maybe we men ought to keep on whacking off a little more as the war goes on until we're wearing some sort of rompers, and let the women have the darn pants. Naturally, this ought to make the soldier boys on leave very happy, for what he-man likes to see femininity in the fair sex?

Yours till the gals come to.—*Andy Dowd, Jr.*

V SENSE, EH? GET IT, MR. SMITH?

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Always thought the V nickel meant more than just five cents. It also means victory for the United States.—*A. N. Smith.*

THE SLOGANS KEEP ROLLING ALONG

Chicago, Ill.—Here is an original slogan bearing on the national Good Health program:

Do your *bit* by keeping *fit!*

And one on the "buy War Bonds" movement:

It is better to buy bonds of
democracy, and *save,*
Than to be in the bonds of
dictatorship, and *slave!*
—*G. E. Hora.*

COULD BE. THE STORM SIGNALS ARE GOING UP

Oakland, Calif.—I hear that the Japanese are trying to issue rain checks. They see a storm coming and want to postpone the game.—*C. R. Cary.*

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"YOU BET THIS IS A MECHANIZED WAR"

HERE in the United States, mechanization rests upon more than 41,000 locomotives — more than 2,000,000 freight cars — speeding on their own highways of 230,000 miles of rail lines.

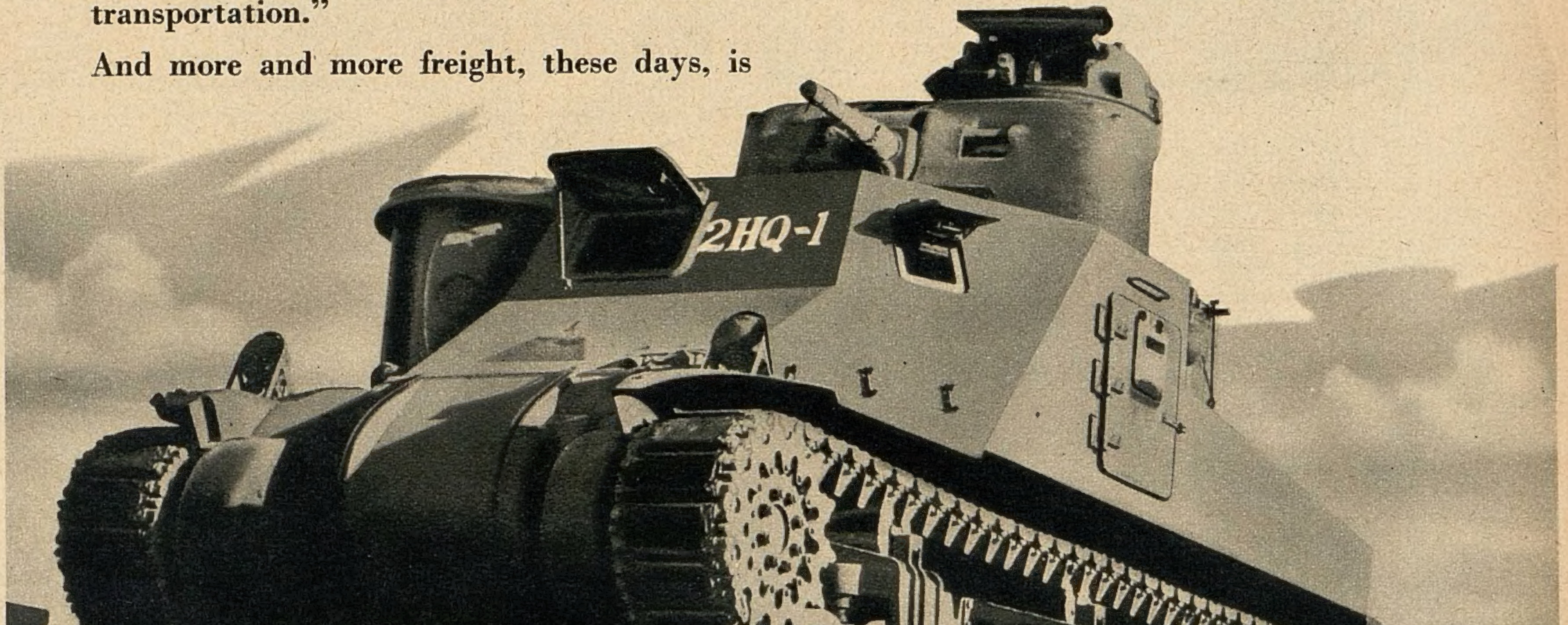
As the U. S. Army says in an official manual,

"Rail transportation provides a service which insures that a body of troops and their impedimenta will be transported to destination with the least amount of inconvenience and fatigue. The railroads can supply equipment so combined . . . as to accommodate passengers, freight, livestock, vehicles, ammunition, baggage, and practically all else tendered for transportation."

And more and more freight, these days, is being "tendered for transportation" by rail —and is being handled as tendered.

That is being done because of twenty years of planning and improvement since the last war, and because, since war started in Europe in 1939, the railroads have steadily increased their capacity to keep pace with the country's rising production.

How much more they can do depends upon the materials for repair and maintenance, and for additional cars and locomotives, which they are permitted to get. Whatever that may be, the railroads will continue to make the fullest use of all their resources in their vital part of this mechanized war.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"No Sabotage in our garage!"

We're alert for dirt, grease and road scum on our car's precious finish—for the duration! Why, even a busted bug plays hob with the enamel, says my Missus—breaks it down, makes way for rust and deterioration. She read *that* in a service manual so it's straight from headquarters!

Cars come clean, yes, and *shine* like new, with an easy application of Johnson's Carnu. *Ours* did. And here's the payoff—Carnu does *both* jobs at once in *half* the time—cleans and polishes in one application. Cleans chromium, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe clean. Man, it *gleams!*

Longer on looks is the car that gets a Carnu shampoo now and then. To give those good looks *longer protection*, apply a coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. The shine will last longer. You'll be in pocket on washings and upkeep. Get both Johnson's Carnu and Auto Wax at auto supply stores, service stations, regular wax dealers. If you can't obtain Johnson's Auto Wax, regular Johnson's Wax will serve. It goes on almost as easily as Johnson's Auto Wax. And *all* Johnson's Waxes provide positive protection!

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday nights—NBC

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Your car looks like new—when you use CARNU!

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

THIS WEEK

JUNE 20, 1942

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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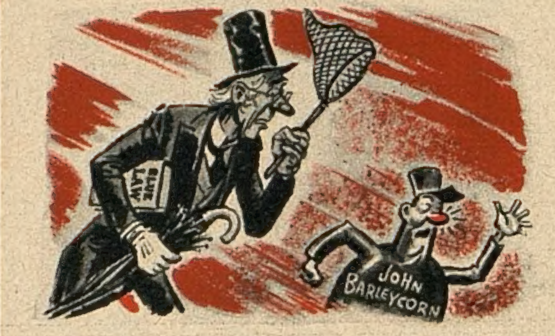
NEXT WEEK

JUNE 27, 1942

PROHIBITION—WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?

War brought prohibition to the United States in 1919. War is being used as an argument for prohibition in 1942. Both openly and secretly, strong forces are working for a return to the dry era. What is being done, what it means, and what you can do about it are, Liberty believes, things that need telling. A vigorous and illuminating article by FREDERICK L. COLLINS lays them before you next week.

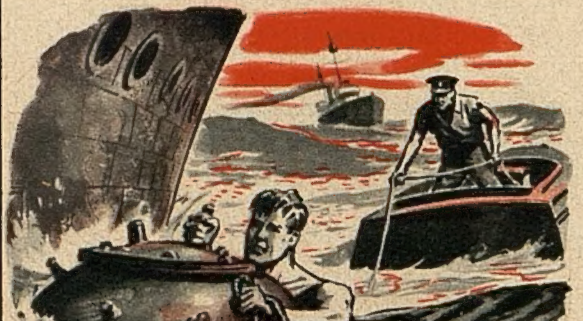


AMERICA'S FIFTH COLUMN IN EUROPE

Famed war correspondent CECIL BROWN was expelled from Italy for knowing and telling too much. Now he can tell what he knows. From personal experience and special sources of information he has assembled for us a startling, realistic picture of what the Italian people's next role in the war may be. It *can* mean the end of Hitler!

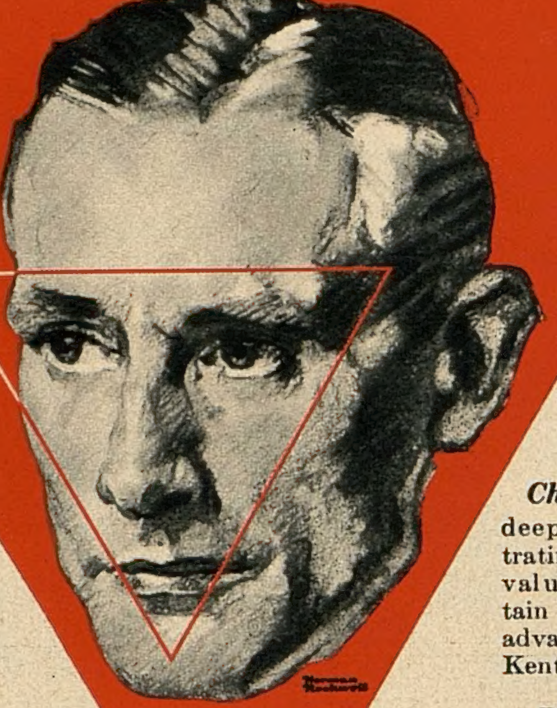
STEVE FERRIS WAS "STUCK"

on a mine sweeper when he wanted to be in Naval Intelligence and have a chance to see his girl. The adventure that changed his mind about things and proved him a hero makes one of the most stirring and unusual stories of the year. We recommend Cushion Job (you'll see what the title means), by RICHARD SALE.



WE ALSO RECOMMEND Fathers' Room, a searching story for Father's Day, by MONA WILLIAMS; I Test Tank Traps, wherein a tank sergeant tells of his novel breakneck job; Money Golf, by golf star BEN HOGAN; a lively piece by WILL IRWIN about soldier entertainment now and in the other World War—and other divertissement, information, fun which we've no room to mention. It's a fine issue!

Are YOU the skeptical type?



Challenging Eyes
deep, keen, and penetrating. Eyes that weigh values shrewdly—certain to spot the many advantages of Cream of Kentucky.

Determined Jaw
big-boned and strong, its forward thrust accenting the triangular shape of the face. Jaw of one who refuses to accept less than "double-rich" quality.

Then convince yourself that

Cream of Kentucky

is the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbon

IT'S "DOUBLE RICH"

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copyright 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Taste the Flavor! It's the original "double-rich" Bourbon—the only Bourbon made with the unexcelled limestone water of Cove Spring.

Consider the Maker! It's the one and only Bourbon made by Colonel Albert B. Blanton, the acknowledged dean of Kentucky distillers.

Schenley
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Keep Faith with Them

JOHN FALTER

NAVY RELIEF SOCIETY

President Roosevelt says . . .
"There is nothing finer than to build up this fund for the Navy Relief Society. I urge you to do your utmost, and do it now!"

Join the work of the Navy Relief Society and BACK UP THE NAVY'S FIGHTING MEN!

TO HELP THE NAVY MAN and his dependents, his widow, his orphaned child, his mother and other dependent members of his family, is the purpose of the Navy Relief Society.

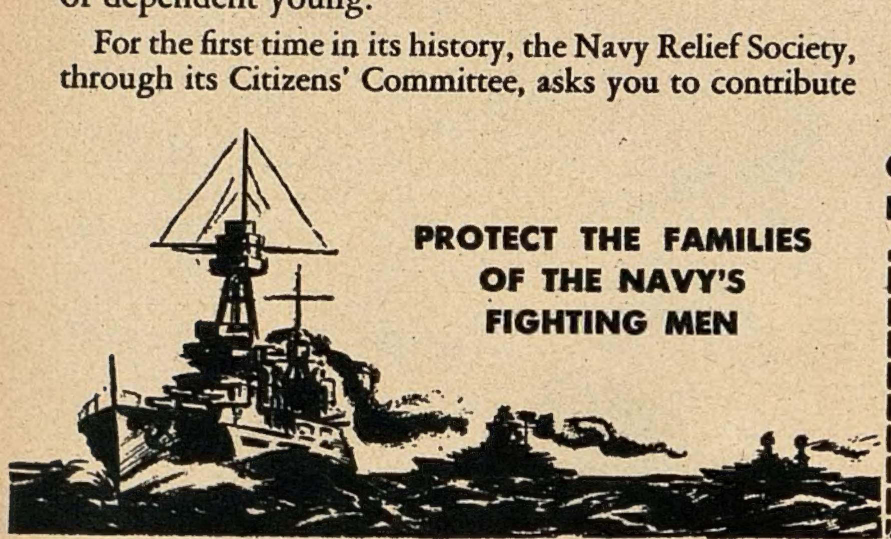
Organized forty years ago by the Navy, to look after the Navy's own, it gives *immediate* financial aid to Navy men and their families when necessary . . . assists in emergency operations . . . cares for the Navy man's dependents . . . makes possible the education of dependent young.

For the first time in its history, the Navy Relief Society, through its Citizens' Committee, asks you to contribute generously and help protect the families of the Navy's fighting men. By your assistance, those in the Service may know that we at home will look after those they left behind . . . and the men who are doing the fighting need not worry about the folks back home.

Back them up! ENROLL TODAY!

No amount is too small—$1 . . . $2 . . . $5 . . . $10. None too large—$100 . . . $500 . . . $1000. Every contribution making up the $5,000,000 fund will promise protection at home, and freedom from worry, to more than 500,000 men in our Navy, Marine and Coast Guard* Services.

**through Coast Guard Welfare*



PROTECT THE FAMILIES OF THE NAVY'S FIGHTING MEN

CLIP THIS ENROLLMENT COUPON. Send it to the Navy Relief Society. Give all you can—and give today!

Checks should be made payable to Navy Relief Society and sent to National Citizens' Committee, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
I want to help the Navy men and their families. Enclosed please find my contribution of $_______.

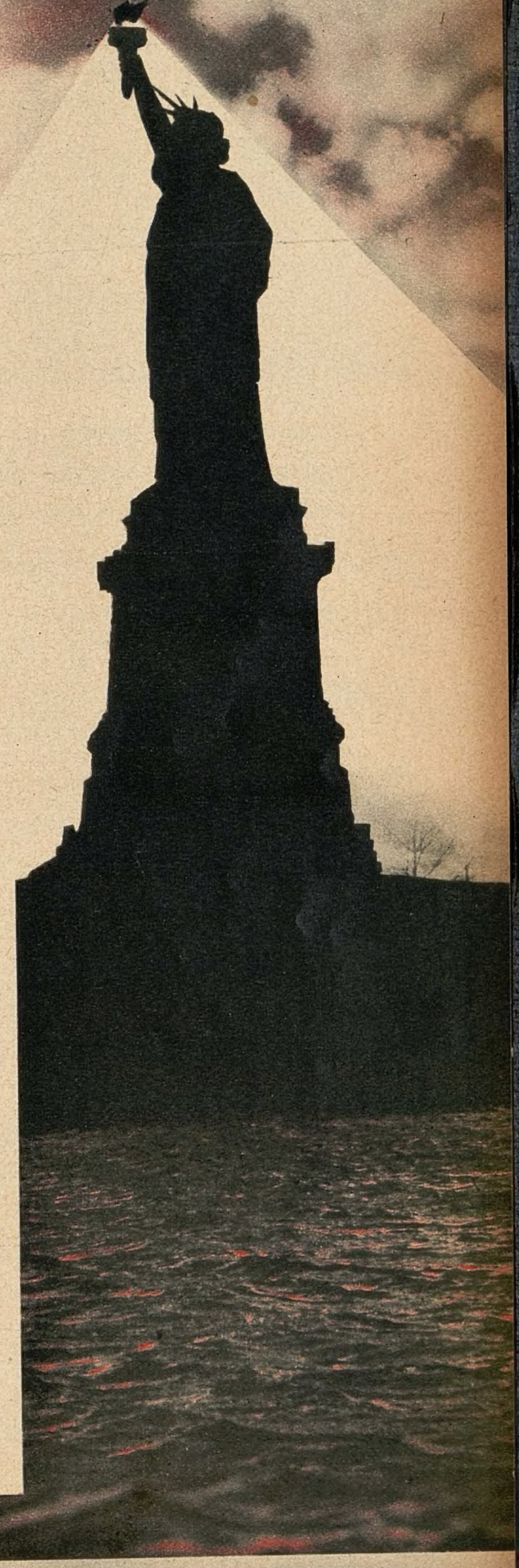
Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________ State____________

Liberty
JUNE 20, 1942

VACATIONS HELP WIN THE WAR!



ONE of the major aims of the enemy in his total war is to disrupt the normal life of the civil populace and thereby reduce its capacity for all-out production. When he rained his blitz on London, one of the shrewd objectives was to interfere so badly with the normal ways of living that the people would become demoralized and unable to carry a full head of steam in the making of war materials.

In a rather subtle way, the enemy is striking now at the normal life of our own people. For the fact that we have an enemy at all is establishing a barrier of sorts to interfere with a universal and highly important American institution: the annual vacation.

The vacation, with us, has become a good deal more than a simple fortnight of holiday. It has become one of the most intimate and cherished of all *family* affairs. It has become the time of year when father and mother and the youngsters and the dog set off in search of new faces and adventure, and a complete forgetfulness of workaday cares and chores.

Vacation also has come to mean travel. It has come to mean "getting away from it all" in a most particularly physical sense. And this year travel is going to be somewhat difficult—because of the enemy.

His conquests in the Far East have removed the supply of rubber for new tires. His depredations along the Atlantic coast have interrupted the supplies of gasoline. And because rail transportation – of war goods and of the men who make our army of six million – is being severely taxed, it is not as simple as it once was to go down and buy a ticket to wherever we want to go.

These facts are not lost upon the enemy. He considers them, and out of them builds for himself a hope: that the American people will say, "Oh, well—no tires or gas this year, the trains all crowded, we'll just pass up our vacation."

If we said such a thing as that, we would be giving the enemy the exact equivalent of a huge bombing raid.

But the American people have got more sense, more stubbornness, more ingenuity than to let the enemy get away with a thing like that. We are going to have our vacations.

In the first place, the government insistently urges that every one of us who can possibly get away from wartime work take the usual fortnight of refreshment, so that we can come back to our benches and desks and kitchen stoves revived and eager, once again, to take on the job of the war. The government reminds us that England *requires* its workmen to take the usual holidays.

But that is not the real reason we are going to take our vacations as usual. We are not the sort of folk who take our fun and freedom from care as a matter of duty. We are going out for those two weeks because we want them. We instinctively need them. And we don't propose to let a Hun or a Jap do us out of them in order to serve his own cunning ends – the ends of making us tired and worried and too fine-drawn when we should be at our very best.

Certainly we shall travel. The only point is that we shall not travel quite as far as we generally do. We'll get away from home, because that is one of the big ideas of vacation in the first place. But fifty miles, seventy-five miles, is as good as five hundred. We can spare the gas and the tires for that. We can even stand up in the train half the way for that. If it came down to it, we could even *walk* that—and walking is a neglected way of getting health and amusement which is attracting a lot more people these days.

You do not need a magazine article or radio lecture to tell you how to get your vacation – yours and the family's—when traveling is difficult. Perhaps you do not even need to be reminded, as we are doing now, that here is a challenge to your ingenuity. But we think it is important to urge that you put the family heads together and figure out a real vacation. Because if you missed it, a person who calls himself Hitler would chuckle with his cronies.

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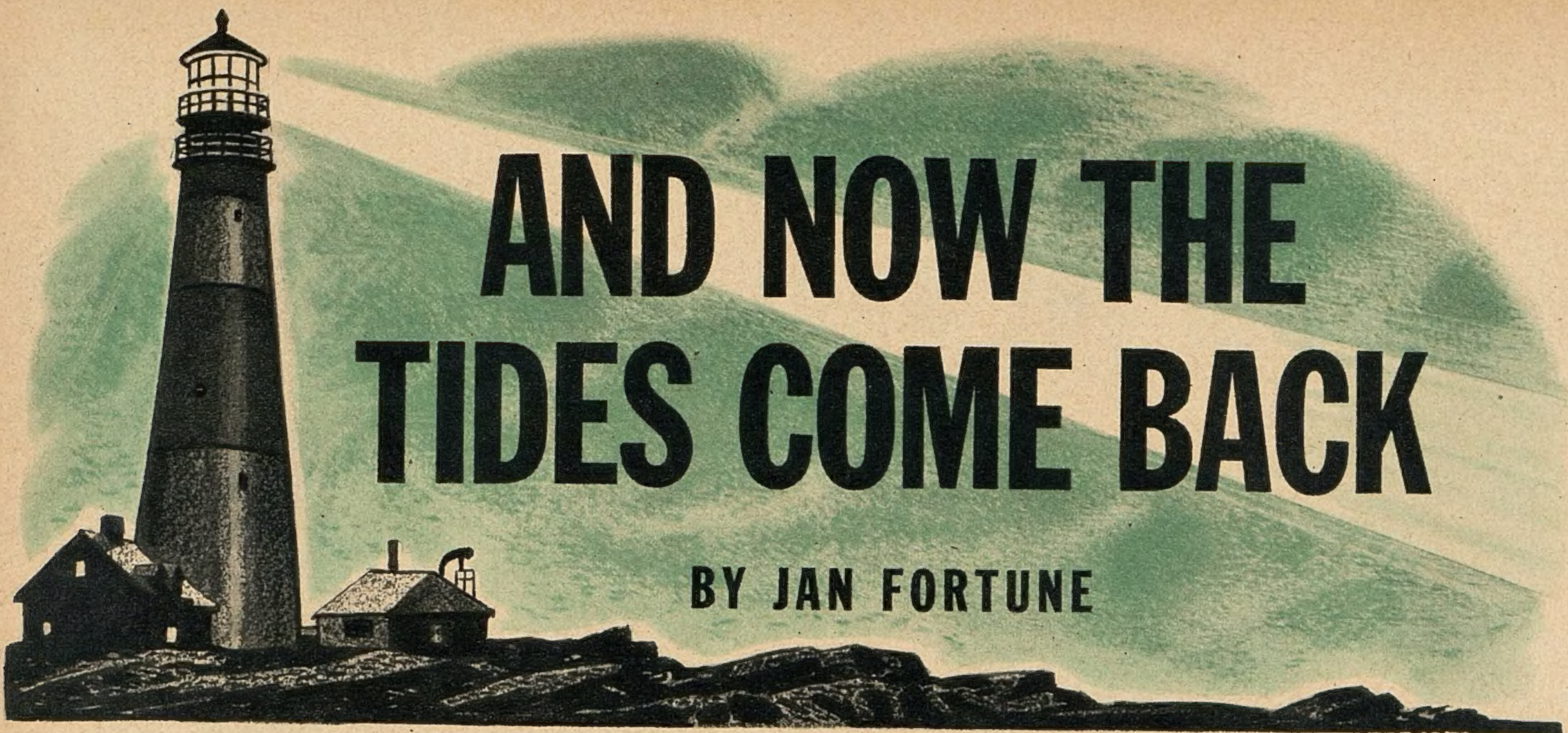


AND NOW THE TIDES COME BACK

BY JAN FORTUNE

A memorable story of two who met and loved—and of the dream that lived in their hearts even though their world crashed at Pearl Harbor

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

JILL said, "No! There isn't any message!" and banged up the receiver, her gray-green eyes bright with anger. "That big duck-shooting ape!" she muttered.

The telephone booth was small and the door folded in. Jill's silly little black hat went cockeyed trying to make the opening. She jammed it down viciously with her purse hand, gave a shove, charged through, hit a blue-suited male chest with a whoosh, muttered, "Darn you, anyway!" and went highballing on through the San Bernardino railroad station for all of three feet.

Then she found herself jerked up short like a dog on a leash, and pulled around by her purse. The chest became articulate. It said, "Hey, you!" somewhere over her head and to the lee side. Jill looked up—way up—and found herself glaring into the owner's face, a very close-hauled glare. She seemed to be alongside a navy craft, and moored.

"Let go my purse!" she snapped, and tugged ineffectually. "I'll call the police!"

"I'll trade even," the navy craft grinned. "You let go my blouse."

"Why, I'm not even bothering your—" Jill looked down, and broke off in horror. Her purse had hooked in the man's blouse string. She had practically undressed him. "Oh, I—I beg your pardon!" she stammered, clumsily trying to slide her handbag free. "I didn't know—"

He helped her, still grinning. His hands were big and broad, with long, strong fingers. When they touched Jill's she felt a tingle from them. She began to be hot all over, and madder by the minute—at the navy man and the blouse and the handbag, at the amused glances of the hurrying holiday crowds in the station, at the big duck-shooting ape whose fault it was that she was here in San Bernardino on Christmas Eve trying to unmoor herself from a grinning sailor. Her fingers got all thumbs. She felt ready to cry with sheer rage and embarrassment.

"Take it easy," the blue blouse said. "I'll get it!" He got it, and straightened, his blue eyes dancing. His blond head with its white hat impishly cocked bent down toward hers. "Do you always come in on the beam like that?" he asked. "Or is this just a test flight?"

"I'm sorry," Jill stuttered, feeling herself scorching under his amused gaze. "You see, I hate going to a party by my—I mean, I hate duck hunting—I mean— Oh, well, darn it all, I said I was sorry!" She started across the station, her high heels clicking on the muddy floor. He followed her, caught her arm.

"Look, if I can help—"

"You can't," Jill said, and went out.

It was foggy and there was a chill in the air. The drive to Arrowhead would not be pleasant. "But if he thinks I'm going to spend Christmas by myself just because it's good duck weather!" Jill stormed to herself. Her car had become damp from the mist just from the hour she'd been inside the station—waiting for Barney's train. She jerked the door open.

Miss Gobragh, Jill's red-gold Irish setter, was curled up under the wheel. She sat up, yawned, and did some tail thumping. "Stop it, and move over," Jill ordered. "We've got a drive ahead of us—" Miss Gobragh slid over to the other side of the car, scratched behind her ear thoughtfully, thumped some more. Jill got in, still muttering, stepped on the starter.

"Ducks, ducks, ducks!" she said. "Always left at the post for a brace of mallards—always showing up at week-end parties with nothing but an Irish setter! Well, this is the last time, Mr. Barney Warren—the very last time! I'm through—"

The navy man came out of the station, paused to button his peacoat and look up and down the street in a sort of loose-end fashion. On sudden impulse, Jill opened the door and leaned out. "Hey!" she yelled.

He wheeled, saw her, and started grinning again, walking toward her, rolling a little as he came. The jaunty white hat came off as he neared her.

"Take-off trouble?" he asked.

Jill swallowed. "How'd you like to go to a house party?"

His eyes lighted. He said: "Well, I was just going to one, if I could find a cab, but I'd pass it up any day for a girl with a mind of her own—and red hair."

"Look," Jill said. "I'm just asking you to a perfectly nice respectable house party—"

"You'll be there," he said. "That's enough for me."

"Oh, dear." Jill pulled the door to slowly. "I'm afraid you won't do, after all."

"Now, now," he chided, pulling the door open. "Trust your first judgment. You're not the cautious kind—"

"I usually am," Jill insisted. "It's only that I'm so sick of being passed up for ducks—"

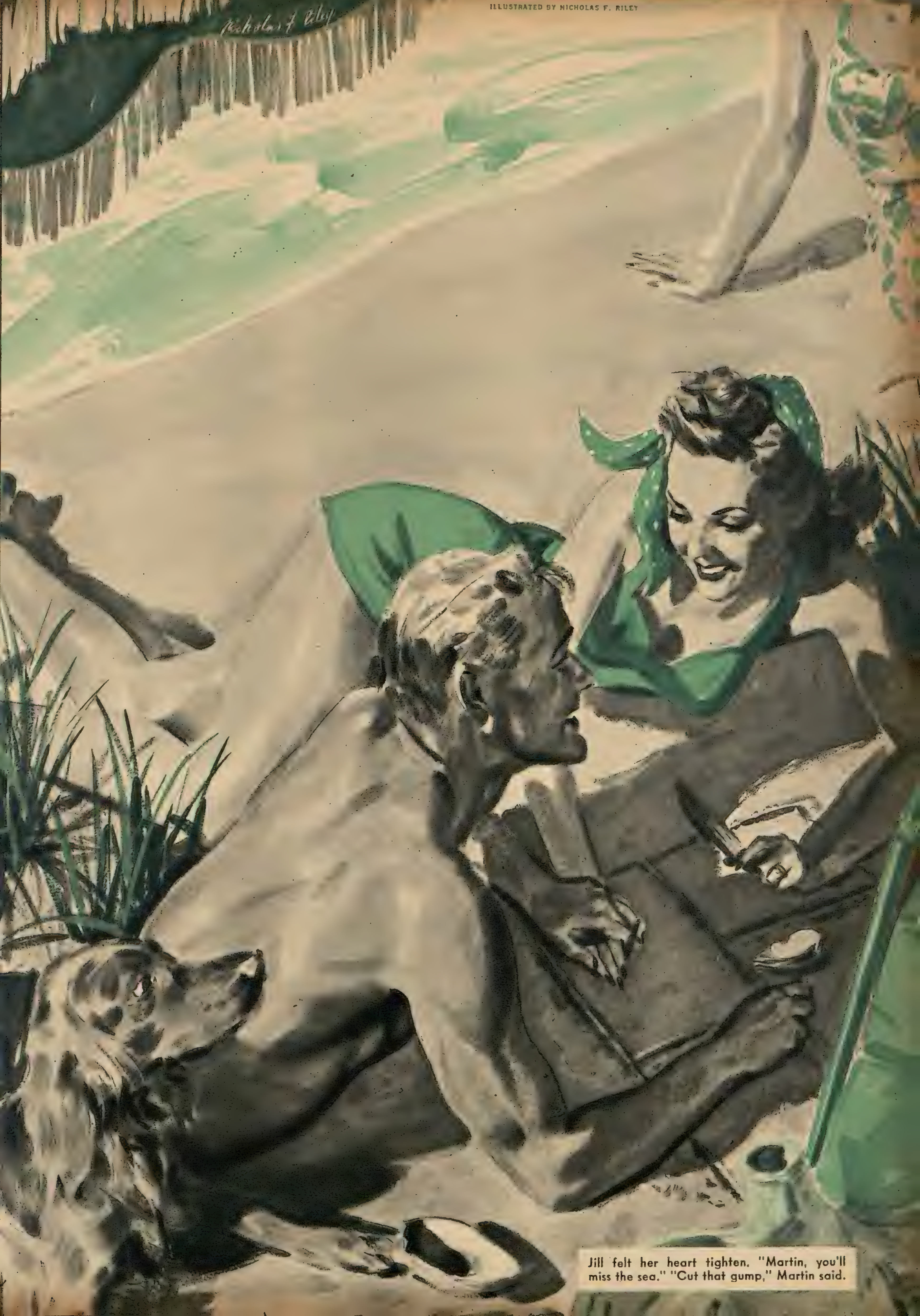
"The man must be crazy." He was looking at her admiringly. "I'd never pass you up for ducks. You're four-O. I like the way you come in on the beam—"

"But—I don't know what Nalda will say—"

The navy man began to chuckle. "If you mean Nalda Cunningham, she'll turn up that long nose of hers as if something smelled, and say, 'Martin

(*Continued on page 36*)

ILLUSTRATED BY NICHOLAS F. RILEY



Jill felt her heart tighten. "Martin, you'll miss the sea." "Cut that gump," Martin said.

IS JOHN CITIZEN IN THE WAR?

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

What does he think and how does he feel? Is he eager or apathetic? . . . An eminent novelist and observer gives a candid, revealing answer

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THOMAS JEFFERSON is credited with saying that no force is so great, so sure, so dependable in government as the sum total of the common sense of the common people. Jefferson was one of our greatest and wisest men and probably the most civilized man produced by the New World since its beginning. No one was a more sincere believer in genuine democracy, and no one, not even Lincoln, had a greater belief in the ability of the people to reason and to rule.

During the past year alone, I have traveled about 40,000 miles, largely within the borders of the Mississippi Basin. In the last three years I have been back and forth across this country many times and under special circumstances which gave me close insight into the mind of John Citizen. I have watched him, talked to him, listened to him, as the war approached and at last became inevitable. Because I have a great interest in politics, agriculture, and labor, I have been thrown in contact with all sorts of groups —farmers, workers, manufacturers, bankers, women's organizations, tenant farmers, and government workers. After three years I am convinced more than ever of the utter rightness of Jefferson's remark about the sum total of the common sense of the common people.

During the months since Pearl Harbor, I have made many trips to Washington and on more than one occasion I have heard individuals—generally those who had small contact with John Citizen and small knowledge of the whole of this vast country—complain about the "morale of the people." I also read a great deal about it here and there in the papers. And the more I heard and read of this wail, the hotter under the collar I became. And at last, while making a speech to a small collection of notables in Washington, I said, "I come from Ohio and I am sick to death of hearing about 'the morale of the people.' There is nothing the matter with the morale of the people. The only time I get worried about morale is when I come to Washington."

At that point, a man in a high officer's uniform and a powerful well known bureaucrat rose and left the room. Afterward I learned that both said, "I could not sit in the room and hear my government blackguarded."

Now, this is very nearly the ultimate in rubbish, and is a point of view which John Citizen, no matter what comes, must never for a second allow to be imposed upon him. If he does so, then we are lost, not only as a fighting power but as a democracy. A lot of men in Washington are inclined to forget that the government is the

repair job in a steel mill.

Turning scrap into alloy steel.

Alterations for tank production.

At 78, he's arming his Uncle Sam.

people and is responsible to them. The most admirable thing in the whole history of England's efforts in this war is, to me, the fact that this point has not been forgotten, much as many of Mr. Churchill's Cabinet and, at times, even Mr. Churchill himself might like to forget it.

I was particularly irritated on the afternoon I upheld the morale of the people, because only the night before I had attended the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in my home town, a meeting at which each industry and group of small industries had made its report on the effort to convert its factories to war production. Now, this town, Mansfield, Ohio, is about as typical an American town as it would be possible to choose. It is an industrial city of between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants; not swallowed up by a single industry as Detroit is swallowed up by automobiles or Youngstown by steel, but a city of many diversified small industries in which a very large proportion of the citizenry is interested directly by investments of capital. The town and the rich agricultural country surrounding it belong to the people. It is a happy community and one of the most solid in America, and when I heard the reports of what its citizens had undertaken and already accomplished in the national war effort, I wanted to stand up and cheer. I had visited some of the factories and seen with my own eyes the remarkable achievement, made at a financial loss to my fellow citizens and with an immense amount of worry and hard work. Consequently I saw red when I went to Washington and heard talk about the morale of these people back home.

And then, thinking it all out, I became aware, during these travels back and forth between Washington and the Middle West, of something which alarmed me, and that was the growing sense of divorce between Washington and the rest of the country. This was bad; it was dangerous; it threatened the very fundamental principles of democracy.

I think it perhaps wise at this point to say that I am a Democrat in party politics, that I work with the party organization, and that I have been and still am a good deal of a New Dealer, largely because the New Deal has been the only comprehensive program offered to meet the grave problems of this revolutionary and changing world in which we live. I am not unaware, however, of the faults and mistakes of the program nor of the idiosyncrasies of some of those involved in it. Nor am I deceived about the dangers to democracy which can grow out of it. One of the worst of the dangers is a top-heavy bureaucracy. It is, incidentally, a development of great importance and soundness that the word "bureaucrat" has gradually become a term of opprobrium in our American language.

And as I examined the alarming case of divorce between Washington and the rest of the country, it became more and more clear to me that the cause of this thing lay, not with the policy of the administration as a whole, nor with the policy of the President himself, but with the bureaus—the countless conflicting, extravagant, petty, tyrannical bureaucratic organizations. There were other reasons for the sense of divorce—the selfishness of individual citizens, political bitterness, regional feeling, and a lot of other things—but not all of them added together equaled the responsibility of the bureaucrats.

The germ of this unhealthy situation was of course inherent from the beginning of the New Deal. It is inevitably inherent in all reform movements—a welfare-worker attitude toward the people as a whole. It is the attitude which says, "Now, *we* know much better. Let *us* tell you what to do."

The people of the United States are not fools; they are not illiterate. They are not school children in class. They think. They are the best informed people in the entire world. Also, they have great reserves of common sense. It is well to remember, too, that democracy is not something which is imposed upon the people; to be alive and valuable, it must come *from* the people. When a democratic people begins to have the feeling that government is imposed upon them, whether by a dictator, a political party, or a bureaucracy, there is inevitable resentment and a sense of divorce between government and people, and efficiency and co-operation are impaired.

There is another element of a dangerous character involved, and that is the tendency of a bureaucracy to denounce any criticism of itself as treasonable, as disloyalty. Any one who has been lately in Washington has been made aware of it again and again—the tendency to turn suggestions or criticism against a bureau or an individual into a treasonable attack upon the country itself. This was the attitude of the army man and the bureaucrat who rose and left the meeting in Washington. And this, my friends, is not tolerable in a democracy.

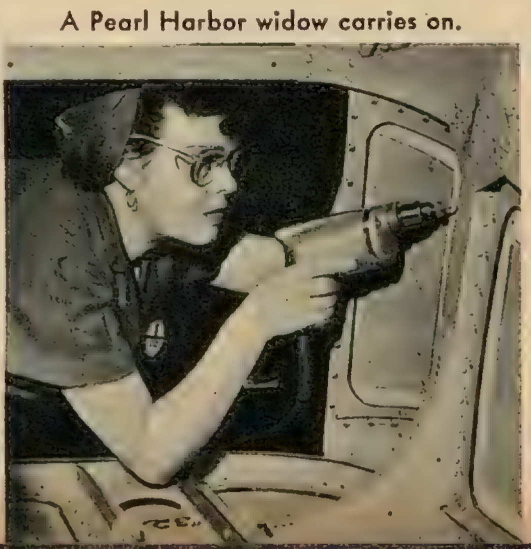
As to John Citizen, he is working like a beaver, no matter what any one may tell you. He will have to work harder, and he is prepared for that, as he is for the sacrifices which lie ahead of him. And he is no fool.

He is not imbued with the hysterical spirit of the last war. To him, this war is less a crusade than a call to defend himself and his family and a cold call to the duty of exterminating Nazis and Fascists and Japs as a farmer would exterminate rats, because if he does not they will overrun and destroy him. He views the peace

(*Continued on page 47*)

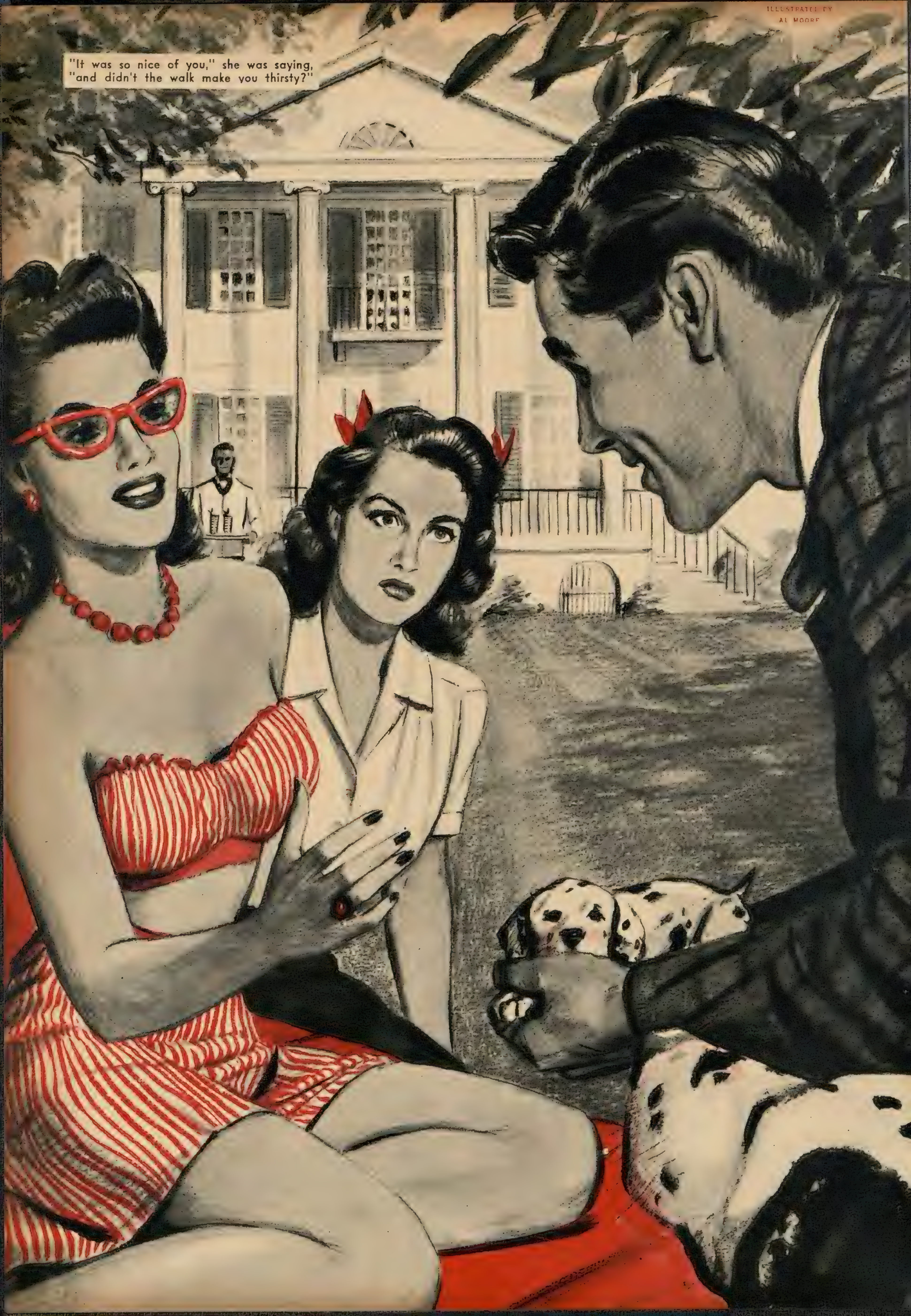
ding rubber for an army job.

A Pearl Harbor widow carries on.



Putting screws in a plane's tail.

The chemist analyzes an alloy



"It was so nice of you," she was saying,
"and didn't the walk make you thirsty?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
AL MOORE

CORN IN THE SCRIPT

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

Screwballs in love!—A lilting tale of a dizzy pair and a bold rescue from a serpent in Eden

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE car kept stalling all the way up the hill and I kept shoving my foot on the starter. I checked the gas gauge and then I got out and went around and kicked the left front tire. That was simply my peevishness—there was nothing the matter with the tire.

"My *dear* girl!" said somebody. "What's all this?"

I turned quickly around, and that was my introduction to Joe Parrish. I don't think I'd ever seen such a likable-looking little guy. He was built like a scrawny little cock of the walk and he had bright little black eyes in an ugly little face. He had a smile, though, that got to you—one of those smiles that set you right with the world.

I was smiling right back at him and at the same time I was taking in the blue gabardine lounge suit and the carefully knotted orange silk scarf and the four-cornered silk handkerchief sticking out of the blue shirt pocket and the blue-and-orange espadrilles. I don't know why it was, but the whole arrangement made me think of technicolor.

Now he was coming over to have a closer look at Little Combustion.

"Why," he said, "it's quite a nice little car!"

"Not if you want to go anywhere it isn't a nice little car! It just wants to sit there and pant. And I hate it!" I said.

"Well, now," he said, "why don't you come in and have a drink?"

And that was how my life began with the Parrishes. Naturally I went in to have that drink.

THIS wasn't any little vine-covered cottage by the side of the road. We went around the barberry hedge and over a lot of carefully weathered flagstones to the impressive pillars of a big white house, and a colored man in a starched white jacket flung open the door for us and I walked right in, feeling highly gratified.

"Hi!" shouted Joe. "Hi, Emmy!"

Joe's wife came ambling out of a room down the hall. She was a dark-haired young person—looking very cool and beautiful in a green-flowered dirndl.

"This is Emmy Parrish," Joe said. "And I'm Joe Parrish."

I told them my own name with my usual defiance.

"I'm Puritan," I said. "Puritan Forbes."

But they didn't make any cracks.

"Puritan's car broke down," Joe said. "She was kicking it."

"And could anybody blame me?" I said. "I was going to have a nice day in the country! And see some friends!"

"Well," said Joe, "aren't you?"

After that we went out on the terrace and the colored man brought us tall cold drinks and I lay back in the world's most comfortable chair.

"Now," said Joe, "about that jaloppy of yours. If you want to trade it in—"

"No," I said. "I want to give it to somebody I don't like very much."

"All right," said Joe. "But if you're ever in a practical frame of mind, I know of a pretty swell bargain over in Stamford. I could talk to the dealer."

I shook my head.

"But you don't know," cried Emmy, "how Joe can talk!"

"Can he talk," I said, "about two dollars and forty cents?"

Joe looked at me.

"You broke?"

"Yes."

"You want a job?"

"No."

Joe looked at Emmy.

"A screwball—wouldn't you say?"

"Of the McCoys!"

Joe looked at me again.

"You don't want a job as our secretary? You can't type? Take shorthand?"

"Type," I said. "No shorthand."

"You could learn shorthand."

I roused myself.

"Listen," I said. "I'm just out of college and I've had all the education I can take. I'm up to here with education!"

"Joe," said Emmy, "we don't dictate very fast."

"That's true," said Joe, "and I'm kind of getting to like this Puritan. I've never seen such complete repose."

I'd never heard it called repose before. They went on talking about me and I went on drinking my drink.

"She'll want to know," Emmy said, "why the other ones left."

"We'll get that over with," said Joe. "Puritan!"

"Yes."

"The other ones left because they were a lot of silly little robots. They wanted to work from nine to five."

"And Joe and I," said Emmy, "want to work when we feel like it."

"I would never work," I said. "I would never feel like it."

"You've got to work!" cried Emmy. "You've only got two dollars and forty cents!"

"That," I said, "was told to you in confidence."

Joe grinned at Emmy.

"You get that?" he said.

"I don't approve of it," said Emmy. "I think she ought to be pelting us with a lot of eager little questions."

I closed my eyes. I saw that job coming.

"Puritan!" said Joe.

"Yes."

"We're in radio, Puritan. We do the Kit and Leslie show."

There was absolutely no reaction from me, and that, I think, amazed them. I had never heard of Kit and Leslie, and out of 130,000,000 Americans I was the only one who never had. But that didn't make the least bit of difference. Before I was through with that drink I was in radio too. I had a job and a salary and a nice little room overlooking the apple orchard. The whole thing had arranged itself.

AND right away I was very glad of it—because, you see, I took to the life of that house like a fish to the stream.

The actual household consisted, at that time, merely of Joe and Emmy and me—of Henry and Delphine, colored—of a dachshund and a couple of Dalmatians and a short-haired lemon-colored cat with a bitten ear. That cat was Heliogabalus, the toughest cat in the world. He would come into the room and look at you and just spit. But there were always a lot of other people in the house, together with any animals they cared to bring along. There were actors and singers and boogie-woogie artists and famous violinists and titled émigrés and a motley collection of plain and complicated tramps—with everybody one degree crazier than everybody else. The house was big enough to accommodate all and sundry and there was always more than enough to eat and drink. Joe and Emmy made such an incredible amount of money that they were ashamed of it themselves—but they needn't have been, for they never had any of the money they made.

This haphazard "fun-living" would go on for days. Then, without warning to anybody, we'd suddenly go to work. We were supposed to be thirteen weeks ahead of ourselves on those radio scripts, but of course we never were. Joe and Emmy could never work up any real enthusiasm until they had a dead line breathing down their necks. But once we'd finally got started, we'd keep at it for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

I found out, working with Joe and Emmy, that after you've passed a certain point of tiredness you're not really tired any more. You only have to move very carefully so that the top of your head doesn't come off.

But I was getting along a lot better than you'd think. In college I'd developed a peculiar and original kind of speed writing; but if Joe and Emmy went too fast for the speed writing, I could always fill in, later, with a few lines of my own. Joe and Emmy had very bad memories. Sometimes they'd both take the credit for these alien lines they'd find in the script, and sometimes each one of them would blame the other one—more in anger than in sorrow. As a general rule, though, I could keep up with them all right. They couldn't always go full steam ahead.

"Hey!" Joe would say. "We left Kit in Chicago! How do we get him to New York?"

Emmy would ponder over this.

"Well, he puts down his coffee cup—with sound effects," I would help, "and he says, 'Listen, my sweet, I think I'll fly to New York today. I want to see the Bindlehursts.' "

"The Bindlehursts?" said Emmy. "Who are they?"

"I don't know," I said. "They sound all right."

"They do!" said Joe, leaping up. "I tell you! Old Mom Bindlehurst was Leslie's old childhood nurse. She's ailing. Leslie worries about her."

So I wrote it in. We had quite a script that time. . . . But that was the way we got our work done.

THE weeks ran into the deep summer and I felt as if I'd been living with Joe and Emmy all my life. It was all very easy and pleasant and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Then Emmy came hurrying in one day—with some news.

The house next door was going to be occupied at last—by the man who'd actually inherited the old manse from his New England forebears.

Emmy turned to me with a solemn look in her eye. "And do you know who it is?" she said. "It's Baird Hoyt!"

I groped through a lot of jodhpurs and polo ponies and debutante cotillions—and then I had it. Baird Hoyt was one of those young men who are forever having their pictures in the papers—not because they've achieved anything one way or the other, but merely because they're Such-and-Such the Third, enjoying the surf at Southampton. He was, you understand, completely unimportant. But it was that solemn look in Emmy's eye—and that respectful quaver in her voice—that gave me the first hint of Emmy's little fault. Now, we all have our little faults—and I was aware of that—and it didn't occur to me to throw any little stones. But it was rather a shock to find out about this little snobbish streak in our Emmy.

"DO you suppose we should call?" she said.

Joe was astounded.

"Call?" he said. *"Call?"*

"Now, Joe, you're just being deliberately obtuse. Maybe in a case like this we're *supposed* to call! What do you think, Puritan?"

"Maybe you ought to just hang over the fence," I said, "and talk about how white the wash is."

That amused Joe, but it failed to amuse Emmy. She didn't say anything more about Baird Hoyt, though, and Joe and I completely forgot about him. The house next door was a few hundred yards away and we had merely an occasional glimpse of the workmen who were repairing the place and, later, of the furniture vans.

In the meantime we were getting along with our own little affairs—although something happened, along in there, that had me a little bothered.

Now, all this time it had struck me that one of the reasons it was so pleasant to live with Joe and Emmy was their finding it so pleasant to live with each other. I had taken it for granted that they liked each other, and respected each other, and had for each other the celebrated appeal of song and story. It didn't matter, one way or the other, what I took for granted. But I was a bit worried to discover that Joe was taking it rather for granted too. What I mean is—Joe worshiped Emmy, but I don't think it ever occurred to him to tell her about it. It wasn't that Joe wasn't good with words. He was too good. I think he'd grown to distrust words as a means of expression. And that—I had the feeling in my bones—was a pity.

There was that time I'm talking about—the time they gave Kit and Leslie the baby.

"Joe!" Emmy said.

"Yes," said Joe.

"I was just thinking, Joe—sometime when we get around to it—why couldn't *we* have a baby?"

Joe went red with rapture.

"Oh, sure!" he growled. "That's all we need . . . a lot of little diapers and teething rings and bowls of smashed spinach. . . . Now let's get going with this thing! Puritan, what did I say? Where did I leave off?"

I read from my speed writing.

"Kit talking," I said.

Emmy had a funny look on her face.

"Yes," she said. "Go on."

I went on.

" 'Leslie'—this is Kit talking—'Leslie, my darling, if anything had happened to you, there wouldn't have been anything left in the world for me—not anything. There wouldn't have been any sun in the morning—there wouldn't have been stars at night. There wouldn't have been any—' "

"Any corn," Joe suggested helpfully, "there wouldn't have been any corn in the script—"

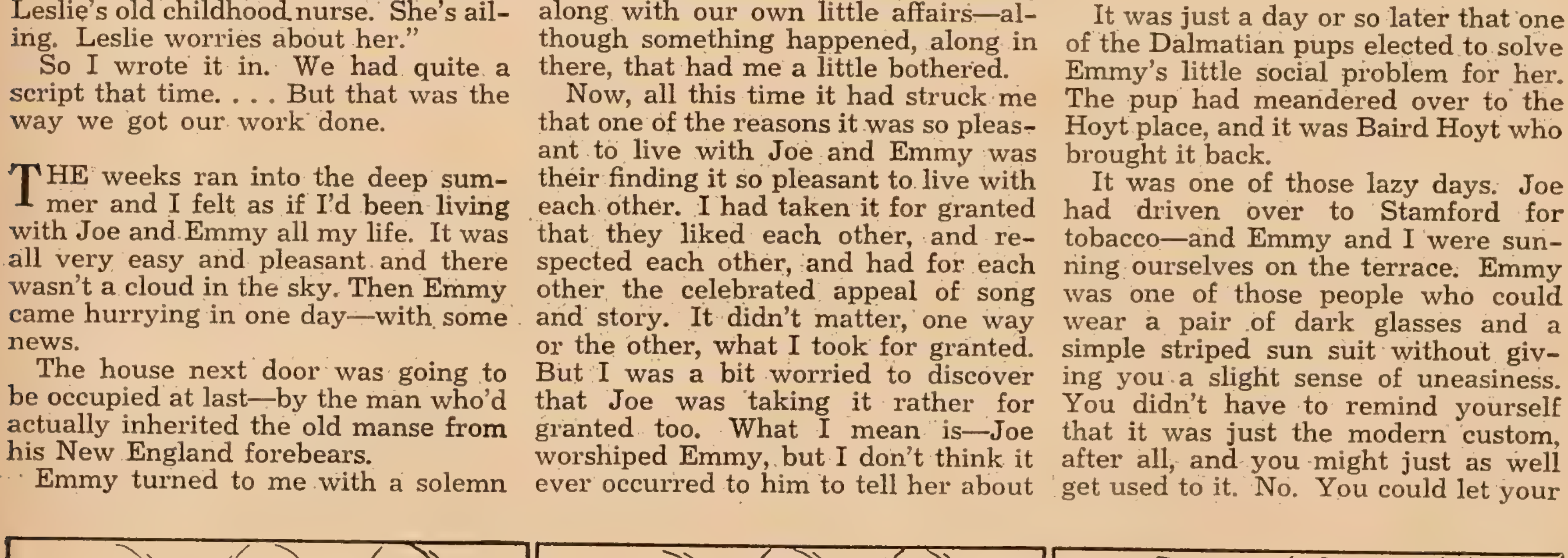
"Please!" said Emmy. "I like it. . . . What happens next, Puritan?"

"Sound effect," I said. "Baby."

THAT baby script stayed in the back of my mind and bothered me—but then I had something better to bother me.

It was just a day or so later that one of the Dalmatian pups elected to solve Emmy's little social problem for her. The pup had meandered over to the Hoyt place, and it was Baird Hoyt who brought it back.

It was one of those lazy days. Joe had driven over to Stamford for tobacco—and Emmy and I were sunning ourselves on the terrace. Emmy was one of those people who could wear a pair of dark glasses and a simple striped sun suit without giving you a slight sense of uneasiness. You didn't have to remind yourself that it was just the modern custom, after all, and you might just as well get used to it. No. You could let your



BY HERB WILLIAMS

eye rest on Emmy Parrish with the utmost confidence and pleasure.

I could see Baird Hoyt making that little discovery for himself even as he was handing over the pup. As for Emmy— I could see her taking to the six-year-old tweed coat, the soft white shirt, the well worn and well polished brown brogues. . . .

"It was so nice of you," she was saying, with an unwonted diffidence. "And didn't the walk make you thirsty? I mean, if you'd like a drink—"

He said he would.

He was one of those good-looking men who go on trading the eager boyish charm until they're ninety. I was prejudiced right from the start—and I nursed that prejudice, and it flourished like the green bay tree. I always do that with my prejudices—and it always turns out to have been a good idea.

Now our caller was being whimsically fretful about the neighborhood.

"IT'S getting rather run down," he explained. "So many of the wrong people have got in—theatrical crowd, for one thing."

Emmy colored faintly.

"I hope you won't think *we're* the wrong people!" she said. "We—my husband and I—we write for radio, you know."

He hadn't known. He admitted as much, smiling in apology. Not that it mattered. He was sure, of course, that Emmy was different.

Emmy hastened to assure him that she was indeed very different.

"Of course," she said, "I'd never worked before in my life, but Joe—that's my husband and you'll *adore* him, because everybody does—don't they, Puritan?"

I stared at her.

"Well," I said, "he gets by all right."

"Yes," Emmy said, laughing. "Well, he got me into this—and it's really a crazy racket—but we do have such a lot of *fun!*"

I could have pinned her ears back. What, I asked myself, was Emmy ashamed of? What did she want to do with her spare time? Play polo? But Emmy was going on in the same extraordinary vein. She didn't know, she said, what her father would have had to say about this career of hers.

"The poor old sweet was a clergyman," she said, "and what he would have thought of *show* business!"

I was listening by this time in open-mouthed astonishment. Emmy's father, I must tell you, had been an evangelist of the good old shouting hell-or-the-trail school of theological thought. But you'd never have guessed it if you could have heard Emmy now. You'd have conjured up a dear old ivy-covered rectory, complete with chintz and crumpets. . . .

Then Joe burst on the scene. Joe was wearing one of the more striking of his gabardine suits—and across Baird's handsome face there flickered for an instant an expression of incredulity and pain. But when Baird found out that Joe was Emmy's husband he accepted him with the utmost grace. And that, I said to myself savagely, was very darned good of him.

We all sat around and chatted about this and that for a while, and when Baird left us at last, it was with all too evident reluctance. He held Emmy's hand for that unnecessary moment the well known novelists are always putting into their scripts.

"I don't want to be a nuisance," he said, "but I'm hoping to see a lot of you—people."

"Sure!" Joe said. "Drop in any time you like!"

"Oh, no! I couldn't do that! But after you're through with the day's work—"

"That's all right," Joe said. "If we happen to be working we'll just throw you out on your ear."

"Joe," Emmy said. "Don't be absurd, darling!"

Then she was turning to Baird.

"You mustn't think we're as informal as all that!" she said, smiling. "Do come over around five—won't you?"

And Baird said he would.

It baffled Joe. He asked Emmy about it later, in all innocence.

"Why five?" he said.

"Well," Emmy said, "I've been thinking, Joe. I think it's kind of crazy the way we never know what we're going to be doing from one minute to the next! And if we ever have any civilized friends, it's going to make it *awkward!*"

JOE didn't know what to make of it—but I did. It was just that our Emmy had been given a glimpse of the conventional world—a world that had been the poor kid's idea of heaven, I suppose, when she was touring the country with a shouting evangelist. And here was her chance of moving into that world. It was right next door.

So we were all dragged into this new order of things. The first step was to be a general salaaming to the hour of Five o'Clock. Don't ask me why. But at that hour Joe was to climb out of one gabardine suit into another, and Delphine was to wear a little scrap of starched embroidery well to the fore of her kinky black head, and I was to remember to put on my stockings.

"There's no reason," Emmy declared, in this naïve burst of excitement, "for our not having a regular working schedule the way other people do!"

"No," said Joe blankly, "I suppose there isn't. But—"

"Now, Joe—please, Joe dear! I've got it all worked out! We can work in the morning," Emmy went on, "and then we can take time off for lunch, and then we can work some more in the afternoon. That would give us the evenings free for seeing our friends and going to the movies or reading a few books and improving our minds—if we find out we have any. What do you people think?"

She was so pleased with this revolutionary idea of hers that neither Joe nor I had the heart to tell her how completely silly we thought it was. Joe grinned at her.

"It's all right," he said. "But how do we get up?"

"Joe! The way other people get up! We set an alarm clock!"

"We haven't got an alarm clock," Joe said.

"But Delphine has! I saw it in the kitchen."

So that settled that. Emmy borrowed the clock from Delphine and that night she put it on the table by her bed. And she got up next morning, Joe said, as if it was Christmas.

We didn't think this new regime was going to last, so for a while we had quite a lot of fun out of it. But the days went by and there was no sign of any let-up and Joe and I began to be a trifle less blithe and gay.

We weren't getting any work done. How could we? The day would get off to a bad start. Instead of all of us getting up when we wanted to get up, we'd get up for that damned alarm clock—which, Joe said, was like having a dentist sneak up on you with a drill in the middle of the night. Then we had to rush through breakfast and get to the workroom before the last dream we'd had was eased out of our minds.

This was no way to do things. It was too vigorous. The three of us sat around the workroom and snapped at each other.

"Puritan," Joe said, "do you *have* to tap your teeth with that pencil?"

"Well," I told him, "I can't just sit here and look at it! I get cross-eyed."

"Joe!" Emmy said. "You don't need to take your temper out on Puritan. You might just think of something."

"All right." He sighed. "Where were we?"

"The house is quarantined and Kit can't see Leslie for three weeks. So what do we do with him?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "Maybe we just ought to read the paper for a while and let the whole thing work out in our subconscious."

Emmy flushed.

"Joe!" she said. "You aren't even trying!"

So Joe said he *was* trying but Emmy was unreasonable—and Emmy got sore at that—and I went on banging the pencil against my teeth.

You see how it was. They weren't having any fun with the script any more. They were just giving me a lot of words to put down on paper, and the words didn't spring together and come alive and mean anything.

Joe, looking worried, said it wasn't anything to worry about. Maybe they needed to go on a vacation. In the meantime Joe was just as relieved as Emmy when five o'clock came—and Baird Hoyt came with it.

ABOUT this time Emmy began to ease out some of the more preposterous of our old pals—easing them out in a nice way because, even in her present frame of mind, Emmy didn't like to hurt people's feelings. But she was making way for Baird Hoyt and the gentry.

"Listen, Emmy," Baird would say. "How about my bringing Pat and Mary and Bill over for a swim on the way home from the station?"

"Of course!" Emmy would cry in high delight. "And supper afterward!"

"No. You come over to my place. You and Joe. You and Joe and Puritan."

THAT was the way it was. Joe didn't see how it was. But I could see how it was, because of this penchant I have for believing the worst of people. I really couldn't help marking down in my mind the number of different ways Baird had of telling Emmy how lovely she was. He was one of those men who never fail to notice if a woman is wearing something new, or doing something novel to her hair, or even trying out a different look in her eye.

And then he was one of those grazing men. He was forever lighting a cigarette for Emmy and just grazing her finger, or showing her some pretty picture in a book and just grazing her arm, or leaning over to pick up her handkerchief and just grazing her knee.

I hated him on Joe's account—but even if Joe hadn't been in the picture I wouldn't have been worked up to any fever heat about Baird. He knew that and it worried him. I had to be one of the cheering villagers.

He found me on the terrace one day with a magazine over my face.

"Hello!" he said.

I let the magazine stay right where it was.

"You'll find Emmy in the house," I told him.

He pulled the magazine away and smiled down on me.

"See here," he said. "You don't like me very much, do you?"

"Oh, no!" I said. "I don't like you at all!"

"That," he said, "is an extraordinary thing to say."

"Well," I said, "you oughtn't to go around asking people if they like you—because a lot of 'em probably don't."

He was pretending now to be amused.

"There are a few conventions," he reminded me, "that are generally observed in polite society."

"Yes," I said. "I wish you'd observe a few of 'em."

"You might clarify that."

I looked at him almost with gratitude. He had given me my chance—and I leaped on it.

"Well," I said, "I can think of a lot of ways to tell you what I think about you."

"Can you?"

"Oh, yes! I think—for one thing—you're an unmitigated heel. I think—for another thing—you're a kind of inefficient wolf. And if you want to know what else I think—I think you're an abuser of hospitality and a false friend and a snake in the grass."

I paused then—merely for breath. He stared at me.

"All this for Joe Parrish?"

"All this," I said, "and a lot more!"

"It's very curious," he said. "If you're so interested in Joe Parrish, I should think you'd be rather pleased to find Joe's wife becoming a little interested in somebody else!"

I summoned a fine detachment. I looked him over from head to foot.

"I wish I were a man," I said. "Do you know what I'd do? I'd take my fist and I'd give you one to the jaw—left and right and left and right and then left and *wham!* I'd heave you into that swimming pool! And then, when you were almost drowned, I'd haul you out and start all over again! And," I said, in a very undignified frenzy, "you can just stop *smiling* at me like that! You can just get right out of Joe Parrish's house! You can just get right *out!*"

I was standing there shaking—and Emmy was flying down the steps.

"Puritan!" cried Emmy. "Baird!"

"It's nothing," Baird said. "Your secretary has just ordered me off the place, that's all."

"Puritan?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you want me to go, Emmy?"

"I want you to?"

Well, there it was. I'd given the man a chance to take Emmy by surprise. She was in his arms—crying a little—just as Joe came round the corner.

I THINK—on mature consideration—that people in general don't behave naturally enough. Their conduct, in the major crises of their lives, is based on too many half-remembered scenarios.

The scene on the terrace dissolved into further scenes with something patterned and unreal about them. There were any number of hushed-voiced conferences, with every one suffering a queer and shameful embarrassment—with every one assuming, for a time, an air of complete aloofness from every one else.

It was decided, in the end, that Emmy was to move over to her cousin's apartment in New York. I was to stay on with Joe and Henry and Delphine in the country house. The contract with the soap people had to be taken into consideration, but of course it would be impossible for Joe and Emmy to work together now. I was to be the go-between—taking the script that Joe had whipped into preliminary shape over to Emmy for revision, and then back to Joe for those final Joe Parrish touches.

"You can take my car," Joe told me, "and you don't need to look so disagreeable. The contract's running out in October—and we won't renew."

I stared at him.

"No more show?"

"No more of this one! It couldn't—*I* couldn't—oh, well, the hell with it!" Joe said.

SO I began shuttling back and forth between Emmy's place in the city and Joe's place in the country. Several times I found Baird with Emmy, looking very dashing and romantic. I came back to storm at Joe.

"Why don't you *do* something? She's going to Reno—do you realize that? And you—you poor goon—you just sit there!"

"Puritan," said Joe, "will you kindly pipe down? And you'll have to ask Emmy what Leslie would say when she finds the duck in the bathtub. Or would she just quack back at him?"

But his face was white. The news about Reno had reached him.

"She's going next week," I said.

"If she needs any more of her things from the house," Joe said, "you'd better have Delphine get 'em packed."

I could have strangled him. Joe could think on his feet—he certainly could have thought of something to do about this. But no! He had to be something out of a script—he had to be the current idea of a housebroken husband. I was beginning to be pretty scared. Nobody was doing anything to stop this thing. Emmy was going to Reno to get her divorce and in no time she would be getting her pictures in the rotogravures. Joe would be looking out at the world with the sad eyes of a broken-down old comedian, the soap people would be sponsoring somebody else's wisecracks, and I'd be working for a life-insurance company. I got pretty glum. But what could I do about it? Where did I ever have any bright ideas?

Then it hit me in a wonderful blinding flash. Of course I wouldn't have bright ideas! I wasn't the smart one, the one with the story angles. But didn't I know darned well who was?

I waited until Joe went to bed that night and then I got after the files. By the time I was through I could have turned in my thesis for a Ph. D. on the Adventures of Kit and Leslie Cameron.

AT 3 A. M. I fell groggily into bed, with Delphine's alarm clock under my pillow, and at 9 A. M. I was downstairs putting through a call to Radio Registry, and at 10 A. M. I was having breakfast with Joe.

"I'm driving to New York," I told him.

"Oh. You going to see Emmy?"

"I might."

"Then you might tell her—well, just say everything's on the up-and-up."

"Sure," I said. "Shove over the honey, Joe. . . . And listen. About today. Do you mind if a girl I know comes over for the week-end?"

"I'm not feeling like girls for the week-end."

I looked at him reproachfully.

"But this poor kid's been having such lousy breaks, Joe! She could do," I said, "with the country air."

"That's different," he agreed. "What's her name?"

"Toots her name is."

"Oh, like that?" said Joe.

"Like that," I told him.

Then I got in the car and drove over to New York. I picked up Toots in Central Park West and drove back to Connecticut—and I hung around just long enough to contact Joe. Then I got in the car again and drove all the way back to New York. . . .

I looked, Emmy said, a complete wreck.

"And the same," I said, "to you, my pet!"

"I've been packing. I could burst into tears," said Emmy.

"Does that mean you've changed your mind about Joe and that Lochinvar out of Wall Street?"

We were both in a pretty waspish mood.

"Puritan," Emmy said, "I resent your cracks about Baird!"

"You haven't heard the best ones," I told her. "They're still in my mind."

"And I don't want to hear them!" she snapped.

"Of course not," I said, "you being such a lady."

She ignored that.

"I suppose," she said, "I can buy hand lotion in Reno."

"Certainly. In Reno they take baths in hand lotion. I'm not going to help you pack—if that's what you're getting at."

"I wouldn't ask you. You're the most incompetent person I've ever known in my life. Is Joe really taking this pretty hard?"

"Well," I said cautiously, "I don't know. Toots is over there with him, of course."

Emmy paused. She had decided to take the hand lotion after all and she had been wrapping it up in an apricot-colored nightgown. The stopper had worked loose and the whole thing was pretty disastrous.

"Who," she said, "is Toots?"

"A girl."

"What's she doing over there? Who asked her?"

I lifted my shoulders and let them down again.

"She won't cost Joe much to feed," I said innocently. "She doesn't eat anything but rusks and pineapple juice."

"Where did she come from?" Emmy demanded. "What does she look like? Who *is* she?"

I ate a piece of candy out of the box Baird must have brought over. It was a nut—with brandy around the nut—and chocolate around the brandy. Quite a little confection.

"I don't know why you're sore at me," I said. "*I'm* not the one who's going to do over the workroom."

EMMY rose slowly from the suitcase she'd been trying to hold down with her derrière.

"*My* workroom?"

"Well," I said, "it isn't your workroom any more, is it? It's Joe's—and Joe isn't doing any work—so that takes the work out of workroom, doesn't it? And Toots thought she might just as well make it into a little cocktail lounge. She's going to have one of those little chromium bars they had back in the dear old '20s. And she's going to have herself a little red piano."

That is what I said. But it was my delivery that was so good. Emmy could just about hear the boogie-woogie on that little red piano.

At any rate, the results were wonderful. I offered Emmy the box of nuts-*cum*-brandy and she took the whole business and threw it out the window.

Then we—both of us—went back to Connecticut.

I have seldom enjoyed anything so much. It was hard on Toots—but she was right in there, I'll say that for her. Emmy hurled the red piano into the conversation and both Toots and Joe were entirely dumfounded—but Toots came out of it fast.

"And what's *wrong* with a red piano?" said Toots—with hauteur.

So Emmy ran right into Joe's arms and bawled her head off. She wouldn't have another woman coming into her favorite room in the whole house and sticking in pianos. She wouldn't and she wouldn't and she wouldn't. Joe wanted to know, then, where the piano was and who was Toots—and I kicked him in the shin. Toots ran upstairs to throw her things in the duffel bag and Emmy went right on talking.

"I MUST have been insane, Joe! I must have been out of my mind! Why didn't you give me a good poke in the nose? Why didn't you? Who'd I think I wanted to be? Lady Pass-Me-the-Butter? Why didn't you tell me you loved me, damn it, Joe? *Do* you?"

"Sure," said Joe.

The smart guy. That guy who could throw the words around.

"If you'd let me come back—" Emmy was pleading. "Because I couldn't stand it, Joe, if some other woman came in here and changed our things around—the things that had grown into our life together—"

Emmy hesitated. Then she repeated the words slowly, like a defective phonograph:

"—the things that had grown into our life together—"

She and Joe stared at each other.

"Well," Joe said, "it sure sounds familiar!"

They were such smart people—they got it right away. They both turned and stared at me. So I got tough.

"All right!" I said. "It was Script Three—if you want to know. Volume Five. Leslie walks out on Kit and the girl next door moves in with her portable sewing machine. Well, I had to get an idea somewhere, didn't I?"

Emmy's eyes were still very round.

"Yes," she said, "but who in the world is Toots?"

I was kind of bashful about that.

"Toots was my own idea," I said. "I mean her name isn't Toots. It's Maggie—Maggie Morton. I got her out of Radio Registry."

Joe was smiling broadly.

"She's good!" he said.

"She's wonderful!" said Emmy. "Let's write her into the show!"

"If that show is going on," I pointed out, "you'd better get to work on it. Joe's had about nineteen telegrams from the agency—and he hasn't opened one of 'em!"

I might as well have been talking to the piano that wasn't there. Joe was looking at Emmy—and Emmy was looking at Joe.

"I shall leave the room," I said, "with my customary tact."

But Emmy called me back.

"Puritan!"

"What?" I said.

"Thanks," said Emmy.

"Oh," I said carelessly, "it wasn't any trouble."

Then I left them. I thought it might be a good idea to drive Toots back to New York. But I wondered, in a vague way, when I was going to get any sleep. When I got back to Connecticut I knew I'd be in for one of those twenty-four-hour shifts.

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetca, our question tester, missed Nos. 7, 12, 17, and 20. Count double if you get them right.

1—There were two Presidents of American republics in the White House a short time ago. Who were they?

2—The harp is said to derive from what primitive weapon?

3—In bell time on board ship, do the even bells mark the half hours or the hours?

4—Were tunics of the ancient Greeks worn by menfolk—or by the ladies?

5—What source of disaster was known as the Fata Morgana?

6—Castor and Pollux are known as the Gemini, meaning "the Twins." Where can you find them?

7—How many states of the forty-eight have been listed as the "home states" of U. S. Presidents?

8—If you "catch a tartar," have you done good or bad?

9—What is the WAAC?

10—San Salvador is noted because a certain individual stopped there long years ago. Who was he?

11—If a cat howled outside the window of an ancient Egyptian householder, would he have thrown something at it? If not, why not?

12—What kind of person is known as a "toadeater"?

13—In what direction does the main entrance of a cathedral always face?

14—If you were buying rubbers for an apod, how many would you get?

15—Why is it called the "drawing room"?

16—From what legend do we get the phrase "talking turkey"?

17—Is the balalaika a guitar, a girl's dress, a kind of wagon, or a woman's hat?

18—What character created by Eleanor H. Porter became a famous creature of literature?

19—M. P. on a soldier's arm band, and S. P. on a sailor's mean what?

20—What famous line precedes the following:
"Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat"?

(*Answers will be found on page 42*)

FASTEST HUMAN No. 2

Fastest "devil dog"; Hal Davis sprints with a marine cap on. Above: winning the Pacific Association's 200-yard dash in 21 seconds flat.

Remember Charlie Paddock? Here's a new speed marvel from California who may share his immortal fame

BY AL WESSON

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE year before the town of Morgan Hill, population 908, built its beautiful new city hall, the local constabulary pinched more motorists for speeding than were nabbed in the entire city and county of San Francisco, population 650,000.

But Morgan Hill, sixty-five miles out of San Francisco, now has a more popular claim to glory. It's the home town of Hal Davis, the national sprint king and hottest prospect for world's record breaking since Arthur Duffy, Charlie Paddock, Frank Wykoff, or Jesse Owens.

Today Hal is the overwhelming favorite of track-and-field fans to race to victory in both sprints in the national intercollegiate championships, June 12 and 13 at Lincoln, Nebraska, and in the national A. A. U. championships that will follow.

First athlete to be universally acclaimed the "fastest human" was Charlie Paddock, the bounding powerhouse flier from Pasadena, California. All of Paddock's standard records are gone now. Timers, clocking in tenths instead of fifths, have caught Frank Wykoff, Jesse Owens, and Clyde Jeffrey in century dashes of 9.4 seconds, Owens in 10.2 seconds for 100 meters and 20.3 seconds for 220 yards and 200 meters.

But in spite of the record-smashing of these speedsters and sensational championship flights by other sprinting marvels, there has been no other "fastest human" to the public since Paddock.

That is, not until Hal Davis.

National champion in both sprints two years ago at the age of nineteen, national 200-meter king again last year, a consistent winner in time that has been the barest fraction off present world's records, Hal fits Charlie Paddock's old "fastest human" mantle like a glove. Like Paddock, he *looks* the fastest. Watch him as he pours it on with that unbelievable nine-foot stride. See his arms flying far out in front to maintain that tremendous ground-eating reach and fighting to increase the rhythm of the leg beat. Look at his body angling forward into the wind like a P-38 roaring for the take-off. You suddenly find your heart thumping. You jump to your feet without knowing it. "Wow!" you say. "*Look* at that boy go!"

That's what Paddock used to do to 'em. That's what Davis does to you now. It's what he did in the West Coast Relays at Fresno last month, on May 16, when he tied the world's record of 9.4 seconds in winning the open 100-yard dash.

Four years ago, when he was a junior in Live Oak High School at Morgan Hill, skinny young Hal interrupted a class being taught by his coach, Bill Parker:

"Think I'll ever be a runner, coach?"

"Do you want to be?" Bill inquired.

"Sure I do, but how about it? Do you think I'll ever make it?"

"You can if you set yourself a goal to work for."

"O. K. I'd like to win the sprints in the 1940 Olympics."

When Adolf Schicklgruber invaded Poland he ended the last hope that was held for the 1940 Games. Hal had won the American national sprint championships that year and his times of 10.3 seconds for 100 meters and 20.4 seconds for 200 meters would have made him the international pre-Olympic favorite.

He'll settle that matter of not having had his Olympic Games chance with filthy Shickl one of these days. He's enlisted in the marines and he'll train for a commission whenever they decide to call him out of college.

You may wonder what Hal had done in track before he set the world's highest sprint goal for himself. Not much. His first race in the fifth grade in grammar school was inglorious. He was beaten in the fifty-yard dash. As a high-school freshman he was allowed to select two events to try in the 120-pound division. He chose the low hurdles and the 220 sprint. In his first race in a field of four low hurdlers he finished fourth. He won the 220 in 24.2 seconds, which isn't good time for the distance.

IN his first 100-yard dash in Class A competition he was beaten by Dave (Dusty) Rhoades, a Morgan Hill neighbor who is now a teammate at California. Early in his junior year they hadn't even heard of Hal twenty miles away in San Jose. But a few months later he scored his first important victories there on the State College track. In the Junior Pacific Association A. A. U. championships he won the 100 in 9.7 and the 220 in 21 flat.

A year later, in this P. A. meet, he faced Clyde Jeffrey of Stanford, the national 100-meter champion who had just tied the world's 100-yard mark. Jeff won by a bare yard in 9.5 seconds. Hal was given credit for 9.6, his fastest mark while in high school, and that was the first and last time Jeffrey was to beat him.

After Live Oak High, Davis enrolled in near-by Salinas Junior College, where Lloyd "Bud" Winter, an old college teammate of Bill Parker at California, was handling track. Again Hal was fortunate, in being turned over for his next training to energetic, conscientious Bud. Realizing that a pearl of great price was being entrusted to him, Bud read every book and coaching treatise on the subject of college sprinting, buzzed over technical points with famous varsity teachers, and then conducted his own experiments with Hal's style.

Under Bud's direction Hal gained speed in his pick-up by overcoming a tendency to duck his head in the first twenty yards. In full running stride the lad had a starboard list from the habit of carrying his right elbow out from his body and pumping his arms with a cross-chest motion. Bud got him to carry his hands palm up, which forced him to keep his elbows close to his sides. Bud added to his stride length by training him to reach straight forward with his arms.

HAL was soon down to 9.5 in the 100, and this brought him an invitation to meet Mozelle Ellerbe, the N. C. A. A. champion, and a group of selected varsity aces in a Finnish Relief meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Along with the varsity hot shots, he was given a tremendous pre-meet ballyhoo. Came the big invitational 100. The gun went off—and in his first taste of real varsity competition Hal fell flat on his face.

Some of the sports writers opined that this Davis was just another flash in the pan. Did that worry Hal?

"Sorry I flopped on this one, coach," he told Bud. "We'll get 'em next time."

A few weeks later he was back in Southern California for the Compton Invitational championships. In the 200-meter sprint he went to the starting line with Jeffrey, the champ. High-strung Bud bit his nails, mopped his brow. Hal saw him and laughed: "Calm down, coach. I'm the one who's racing this guy."

Jeff, ordinarily cool under fire, had the fidgets. He knew Davis was no flash in the pan.

"Relax, Jeff. Take it easy, old boy."

That was the punk kid trying to help out the champ!

The boys sped neck and neck for 140 yards. At the point where Jeff usually turned on the power, it was Hal who poured it on to go in front.

From there Hal went on to become national junior college champion and to establish world's jaysee record times of 9.5 and 20.6 for the century and furlong.

Jeffery went lame and Coach Charlie Hunter of the San Francisco Olympic Club team wondered if Hal could fill in for the National A. A. U. champ. "Don't worry, Mr. Hunter," said Hal. "I'll try to win 'em for you."

Hal is immensely popular with competitors as well as teammates. He doesn't say much, but he's always courteous, friendly, and smiling. Deep within him, though, are championship qualities of determination and competitive spirit. He has been known to jump up in his sleep and cry out, "I can beat him! I can beat him!"

In the 1940 national junior college championships he ran hard in his heat, hoping for a record, and was timed in 9.6. His principal rival, Bob Hylton of Pasadena Junior College, appeared to loaf in his heat and also was clocked in 9.6. This didn't look so hot.

Before dinner Hal sat in the hotel lobby pounding a fist into a hand and saying over and over, "I'll beat him —I'll beat him!"

This was still on his mind as he went into the dining room. Ordinarily careful in his diet, he wolfed six large soggy hot biscuits, about as helpful to a runner as an anchor. But you already know the answer—Hal won anyway.

Some track experts have said, "If Davis could only run fast enough to lead in the early stages, he'd be a cinch to break records."

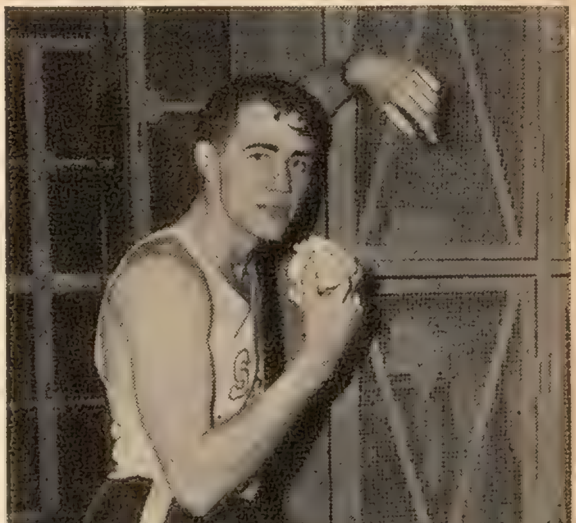
Actually Hal's best time has been made when he had to come from behind. When he tied the world's record of 10.2 at 100 meters in the Compton Invitational last year, he trailed Hylton by three yards at forty meters. In the national championships at Fresno two years ago, he was a yard behind Barney Ewell at the fifty mark in both races. Then he went by. And when Hal decides to go by, he booms past like a shot.

When Cliff Bourland, a great quarter-miler and Pacific Coast Conference 220 champion from Southern California, finished a recent race against Davis, his teammates asked him what happened.

"At fifty yards we were shoulder to shoulder," said Cliff. "I thought I had him. Then he tied me to a post."

Payton Jordan, an ex-Trojan captain with plenty of 9.5-second 100s to his credit, summed up all the sprinters' ideas on the subject when he said: "Running against Hal Davis is just downright humiliating!"

THE END



Here you see the sprint king training on lettuce. On this diet, Hal gets a head.

MOSCOW WA

MOSCOW WAR DIARY PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK. COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY ALEXANDER WERTH

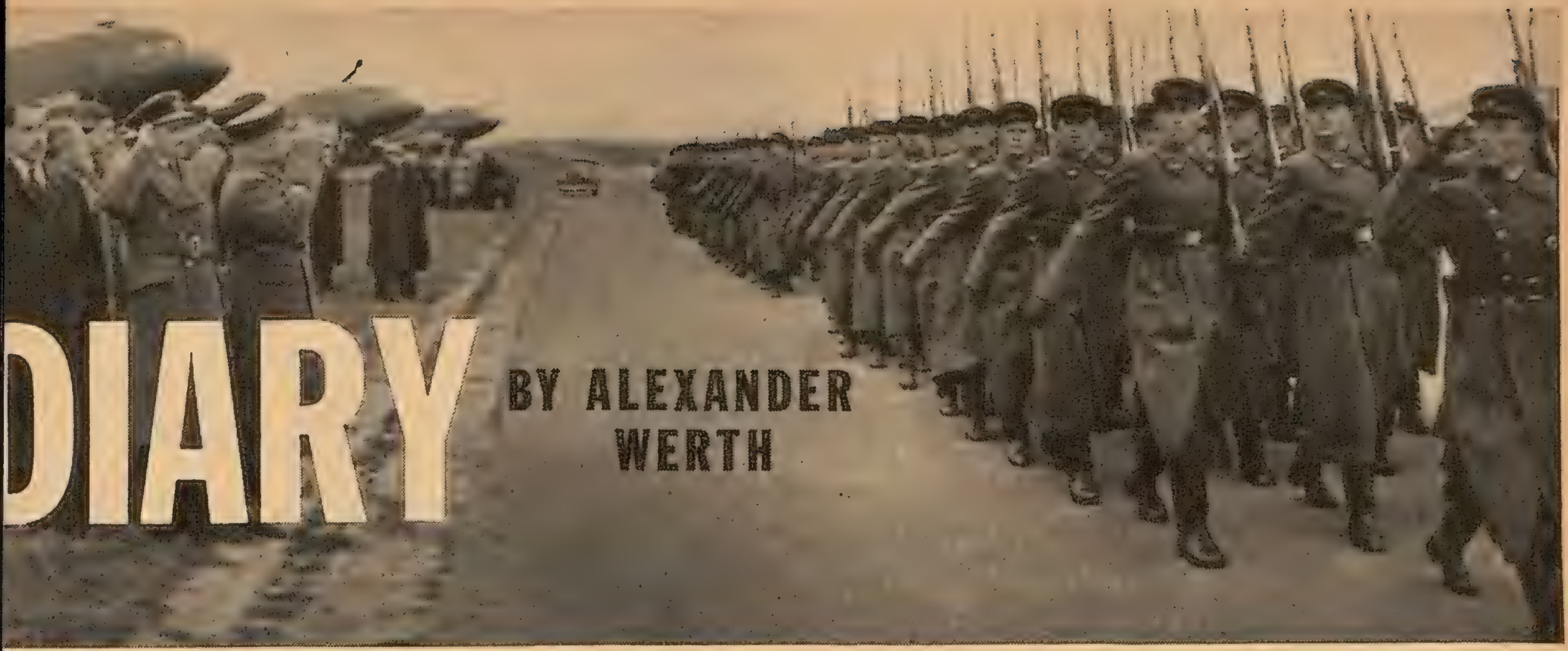
Nazis march by what were Russian homes.

A Red counterattack in Rostov's streets.

Bogged down in Russian mud is part of a motorcycle detail in a Nazi advance guard.

"Kamerad! We're *good* Germans!" They're surrendering to Reds in the Kharkov area.

Nazis third-degreeing a Soviet housewife.



DIARY

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Arriving in Moscow for the Economic Conference, the British and American delegations were saluted by the Red Guard of Honor.

A Liberty condensation: Vivid eyewitness report of the Russians' death struggle with the Nazis

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

This is the second and concluding part of Liberty's condensation of Mr. Werth's book, a record of his summer in Russia as Reuter's and London Sunday Times correspondent.

September 16 to 25, 1941—Continued

IN the morning, by about 7.55 all the foreign correspondents whom Palgunov had invited to visit the front were at the Narkomindel, and so were the Russians who were to accompany us: the pince-nez colonel, a political commissar, and Anurov, the censor.

We drove out of Moscow on to the Mozhaisk highroad. The Russians had driven the Germans back along a front of sixty miles and had smashed up eight German divisions. Yelnya had been retaken. Our driver said, "Yes, Yelnya is where we are going, but I think we are spending the first night at Vyazma."

He was a young-looking army driver, Andrei Pavlovich. He talked volubly about his wife and his two little boys he had sent to the country at the beginning of the war. Get a Russian to talk about children, and he will never stop. There is nothing I don't know about Vanya, aged eight, and Petya—"He's quite a little one, *sovsem malenki*"—aged three and a half. And it was said with infinite tenderness. How these people must loathe Hitler! . . .

We passed a number of large army haycarts driven by Mongol soldiers. "Who are they?" I asked Andrei Pavlovich. *"Asiaty, Mongoly,"* said he. "The Germans imagine they're fighting only the Russians; but they've got nearly the whole of Asia against them. Very good chaps, these Asiatics—marvelous fighters. I saw them in the Smolensk battle last month."

After six hours' driving we got to Vyazma. It looked almost normal, except for a few broken windows. Why bomb it? It seemed such a harmless little town, most of it a mass of quiet little provincial streets with wooden houses. Old women with scarves round their heads chatted in front of the garden gates.

Our caravan of five cars stopped at the hotel. We had a quick meal downstairs. Next to me sat a young captain who had been stationed at Vyazma for some weeks. He declared that the Germans had never got anywhere near the town, but that it had been bombed a number of times. They had usually aimed at the railroad station, but had missed it every time; he thought their airmen's marksmanship very poor. There had been no raids on Vyazma for nearly a month now. He had been machine-gunned on the roads nine or ten times, and had never got so much as a scratch. He admitted that it was a very unpleasant sensation.

I told him machine-gunning stories I had heard in Spain. "Pity about Spain," he said. "In the Red Army we were intensely interested in the Spanish War. Pity the British government let us down so badly."

"Yes," I said; "and the French."

"Ah, well," he said, "what could one expect from a country like France? Rotten to the core. So many fifth-column people, one wonders where the other four columns were!"

I tried to assure him there had been columns other than fifth in France. . . .

That evening some of us were driven to an airdrome some miles out of Vyazma. Suddenly, despite the growing darkness, a Russian fighter swooped down and landed gracefully. A crowd of airmen ran to it. We joined them. So here were the "Stalin Hawks," the *Stalinskie Sokoly*. How often I had seen them on the screen! What good, fine, strong, and yet human faces they all had!

The plane was a fighter but had been adapted to dropping bombs and doing other stunts. The young pilot was busily examining one of the wings which had been pierced through the middle by an antiaircraft shell. He had dropped bombs on a German airdrome near Smolensk, and there had been some heavy antiaircraft fire. He had set fire to a hangar.

"How many Germans have you brought down?" one of us foolishly asked. The boy looked embarrassed. "I haven't brought down any," he said. I asked how much flying he did. "From here to the German lines—oh, five, six, seven raids a day; only takes about an hour or so, there and back." He said it perfectly simply, with nothing to suggest that he was risking his life five or six or seven times a day. Had he been badly shaken by the shell that hit his wing? "It was a bit unpleasant for a moment," he said, "but I saw at once that it was all right."

It was strange to be here among these young fellows whom one had heard so much about in Moscow but had never seen in their real surroundings. "So you often bomb Smolensk?" somebody said. "No, we never bomb Smolensk at all," a short, stocky little fellow replied. "We bomb airfields near Smolensk, but Smolensk is Russian, and we shall want it back ourselves."

THEY all wanted to hear about the British Air Force, and we told them that a wing of the R. A. F. had landed in northern Russia. The news was received skeptically. . . .

The pince-nez colonel with our party asked if we could be shown one of the latest inventions which the Russian Air Force has been using with remarkable success. One of our air experts in Moscow had told me that it was, in his opinion, the most successful of all the inventions this war had produced so far. It was a kind of shell which the Russian airmen were successfully using for attacking not only enemy aircraft but also tanks, and the mechanism of the

A Red antiaircraft unit at the front.

Nazis up against Russia's "General Mud."

Red soldiers show civilians how to

whole thing was remarkably ingenious. But I cannot go into details. . . .

That night we received a visit at supper from General Sokolovsky, Marshal Timoshenko's chief of staff. It obviously was a great honor the Russian High Command were doing the foreign press. The general was barely forty, remarkably handsome, and had a charming smile and manner. He described what the Russian army had done on the central sector. Several German armies had been smashed up in the last month; in the first few days of September alone they had suffered 20,000 casualties; 1,950 German planes had been shot down over a number of weeks. "The German blitzkrieg," he said, "has become a blitzkrieg for the destruction of German men and equipment." All along the front the Germans were digging in; and there was no doubt that Russian artillery was greatly superior, and that the German gunnery was very diffuse and inaccurate.

The general then talked of the prospects of the coming winter. I asked whether the Russian army was short of any war material. He said there was no immediate shortage, with the possible exception of tanks. "But," he added, "the more stuff you can send, the sooner will victory come."

THE next morning, there was a bang. Vernon Bartlett was indignant: "These impetuous Slavs—why have they got to knock on the door of our room like this?" He looked at his luminous watch. "It's late, anyway. We told them to call us at seven, and it's seven thirty now."

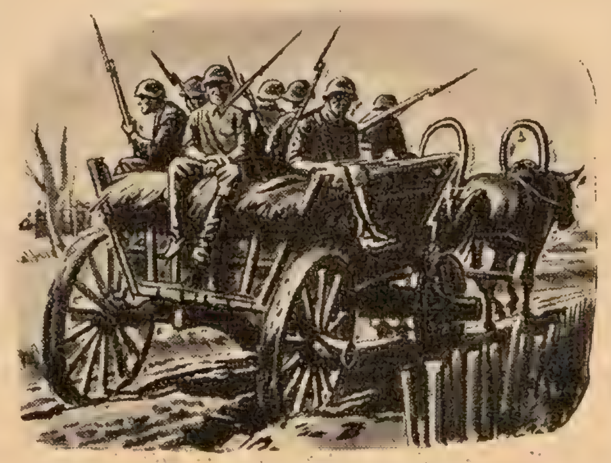
Whizz, crash. It was much louder this time. "Hell, it's a bloody air raid," one of us at last said. We were on the top floor of the little hotel—Bartlett, Jordan, and I. "Hadn't we better get under the beds?" said Vernon. It was pitch-black in the room and the floor was damp and cold. "Oh, hell, where are my socks?" I said.

"We'd better keep away from the window," said Jordan. It was a narrow room, and the window at one end was as black as the door at the other.

"Where *is* the bloody window? I want my socks!"

Whizz, bang. That one landed just outside; the window went to pieces with a clatter. At last I was able to find my socks. "You all right, Philip?" He was still in bed near the window, with the blanket over his nose. "Yes, all right, thanks—the glass just missed me." Vernon was sitting on his bed in his pajamas, with a tin hat on. . . . It seemed to be over; the Russian fighters must have chased them away.

One feels elated after getting safely through a bombing and we were all very cheerful round the breakfast table downstairs. . . . A bomb had hit a house some thirty yards away; several people had been killed. Two girls had been killed by the blast just outside the house, and an old woman. And the mother of the girls sobbed over their bodies, and there was a crowd of people round the house, many of them weeping. . . .



Haycarts driven by Mongol soldiers . . .

We drove out of Vyazma in a rather more subdued mood. In a wood we stopped to camouflage our cars with branches. All along, we saw large numbers of troops, and there appeared to be a variety of tank traps and other defenses, and there were numerous batteries, particularly near the woods.

We were getting near the front line—or fairly near it. Gunfire, louder and louder, could be heard. But even here life seemed to be continuing almost normally. At length we reached an open space. Through the trees we could see a plain; there were wooded heights on the other side. Somebody said that the Germans were "over there." The cars stopped, and we were taken down a forest path to a large tent, a regimental headquarters. We went down to a dugout and paid our respects to the colonel, whose name was Kirilov. He asked us to lunch in the mess—the big tent outside. The lunch was a Russian vodka dinner. He had been warned of our visit.

On our way into the tent I noticed a little fellow, in an army coat much too large for him, standing on guard with fixed bayonet. As we were going out, I asked the colonel about him. "Oh, you must talk to Sasha," he said. "He's the son of our regiment. We have adopted him. He lost his father and his mother in the bombing of Yartsevo, a few miles from here."

He was a pale little lad with a sad face. The colonel patted his cheek. "Well, Sasha, how do you like being with the Red Army?"

"Very much, comrade colonel."

"How old are you?"

"Just fourteen."

"Well, you are too young to be a regular soldier, but we'll make a good Red Army man of you yet."

"Yes, comrade colonel, I'll serve the Red Army all right."

I asked the colonel if I could give Sasha ten rubles. "No, don't give him money; but if you can give him a little souvenir, he'll be glad." I had with me nothing I didn't need except one of those unbreakable steel pocket mirrors. He had never seen one, and there was a broad grin on his pale little face as he looked into it.

WE walked through a wood to a battery. Intermittent shelling was going on from both sides. "These Germans," the colonel said, "are beasts. There's a little town not far from here which is nothing but a heap of ruins. One morning twenty planes came over and razed it. What for, I ask you! It was off the main road, and not of the slightest military importance. I have never known such cruelty."

A shell whizzed past. We were taken into a dugout which was a sort of soldiers' club. We sat on benches among the soldiers and drank beer. At last the shelling subsided and we walked back to our cars.

That night we were taken some five miles behind the front lines. It was getting dark when we entered a large village. A number of German airmen, shot down that day, had just been brought in, and an officer was asking them questions in broken German. A crowd had gathered on the other side of the road. *"Nemtzev poimali*—they've caught some Huns," a little barefooted boy of eight or nine joyfully informed me. An elderly peasant remarked, pointing to him: "They've

Nazi tank on the move east of Kiev.

Fellow Red flyers congratulating a victor.

Nazi antitank guns await a Red thrust.

got no chance round here, any airmen or parachutists. Once they're down, they're caught. Our village boys are great spy hunters."

We were put up for the night in a building that looked like a school. At the officers' mess we were welcomed with true Russian hospitality. Toward the end of the supper the major said there were some German airmen who had been captured that day; would we like to have a talk with them?

The table was cleared and three Germans were brought in. As they entered, one of them saluted. The major asked that we should not fire questions at them direct, but ask through the Russian interpreter. They looked slightly puzzled at all the English and American speech going on in a place like this.

ALL three were about twenty-five. Number one, the wireless operator, was the one who had saluted. He clearly tried to make a good impression and perhaps give one the idea that he was one of the "good Germans." He had been convalescing somewhere near Munich when he heard that the war against Russia had started. "To me it was like a bolt from the blue," he said. Was he sure it was in Germany's interests to attack Russia? somebody asked. "I have to carry out the orders of my superiors," he said; "we don't question orders." But did he still think Germany had a chance of winning the war? He smiled ingratiatingly. "Every soldier thinks he is on the winning side. We think so, and the Russians think so, and the English think so—*nicht wahr?*"

Number two, with one eye bandaged, was the type of the fanatical Nazi. With his remaining eye he looked at us with animal hatred. "What is your name?" He gave it. "And your Christian name?" "Walter," he snarled. "Do you still think you are going to win this war?" *"Jawohl,"* he snapped back. And what did his father do? "He's a manager of the N. S. V." Neither he nor the others would explain what that was, at first.

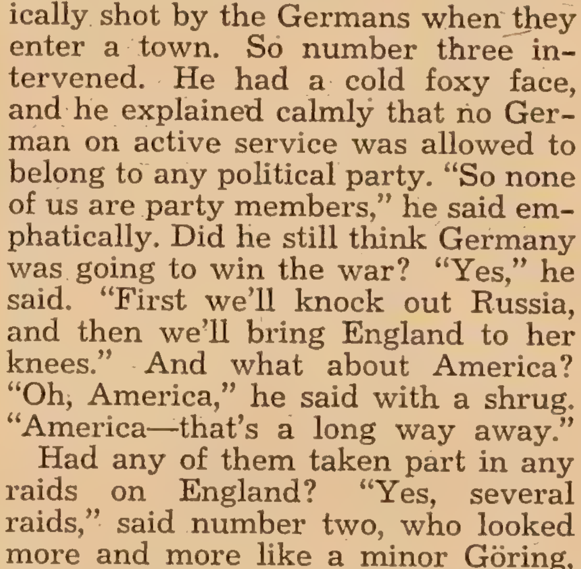
"N. S. surely stands for *Nationalsozialistisch,"* somebody said.

"Yes," said number two defiantly, "and N. S. V. means *Nationalsozialistische Volkswohlfahrt"* (National Socialist People's Welfare).

The fellows seemed to have the idea that if they were discovered to be Nazi Party members they might be shot then and there, just as Communist Party members are automatically shot by the Germans when they enter a town. So number three intervened. He had a cold foxy face, and he explained calmly that no German on active service was allowed to belong to any political party. "So none of us are party members," he said emphatically. Did he still think Germany was going to win the war? "Yes," he said. "First we'll knock out Russia, and then we'll bring England to her knees." And what about America? "Oh, America," he said with a shrug. "America—that's a long way away."

Had any of them taken part in any raids on England? "Yes, several raids," said number two, who looked more and more like a minor Göring, with the same mouth and jaw and the same snarling way of speaking. And what had they bombed? *"Lonndonn,"* he said with a touch of boastfulness.

We then talked about the raid on Vyazma. What was the idea? "We were given orders to bomb the airdrome." This was too much for one of us, old Cholerton. "Airdrome! You bombed *me,"* he cried in German, ignoring the arrangements; "me, in my bed at my hotel! Smashed the window. Center of Vyazma, miles away from the airdrome!" The Germans had nothing to say, and number two merely shrugged contemptuously. "And do you know," somebody else said, "that some of us saw the dead—two little girls and some old people?" Not a muscle moved. They took it with perfect indifference.


The boy had set fire to a German hangar.

They were then taken away. Numbers one and three saluted as they went out. There was also a number four, but he had been severely injured and was now in hospital. The next morning we drove to a large field, and there the Heinkel, riddled with bullets, lay on the ground.

That day and the next we got a good idea of Russian roads and of "General Mud." The major thought we could be put up for the night in a field hospital some ten miles north. We drove through the dark and arrived at the mouth of a large dugout. The hospital consisted of several such, dark but well heated. I caught another glimpse of the horrors of war—a young fellow with both his legs amputated; another who had lost both eyes. But there were some who were able to talk. A young fellow had received a flesh wound through the leg while dragging back across no man's land a severely wounded comrade. "I had to get him back at once," he said. "If I had waited till nightfall, he would have died from loss of blood." Only some twenty or thirty wounded were at the hospital now, but a week or two before it had had to handle as many as three hundred a day.

IT had rained heavily during the night. After some hours' difficult driving we reached a *sovkhoz*. Here two captains asked us for a lift. One of them, Captain Lebedev, had been a secondary schoolteacher in civilian life, and had studied history and economics at Kharkov University. He had been in heavy fighting around Kiev until his regiment was moved to this Smolensk sector. He was a realist.

"It is no use pretending that all is well," he said to me. "We shall need help from abroad, and very important help, before we are finished. If you people have any influence with the British government, for God's sake don't say all is splendid."

I said we didn't, but there was the censorship to cope with.

"You cannot imagine," he said, "the hatred the Germans have stirred up among our people. We are easygoing, good-natured people, you know; but, I assure you, we officers sometimes have a job in keeping our soldiers from killing German prisoners. They don't do it, but I know they want to—especially when they see some of those arrogant, fanatical Nazi swine. And there's some reason for it. Think of all those towns and villages over there, westward; think of all the torture and sadism and degradation—not to mention hunger—these people are made to suffer. I have seen the mutilated bodies of young girls—almost children; these beasts had not merely raped them but murdered them afterward, with sadistic refinements. Our people have made up their minds that when the day of reckoning comes, none of these things will be forgotten."

There was a flicker of mad hatred in his eyes. "And I cannot help thinking of Kharkov, of my wife and my little girl of eight. . . ."

He was silent for a time, controlling himself and hammering one knee with his fingers.

"Of course," he at last said, "there are the partisans; they are at least a *personal* solution to thousands of people over there. There comes a moment when people can't bear it any longer. They go off into the woods, in the hope that they may murder a German sometime. Often it's like suicide; often they know that sooner or later they are almost sure to be caught and put through all the beastliness that the Germans are capable of; but there's just the chance that they may live, or at least die without the indignity of seeing the Germans around them all the time. . . .

"The town of Dorogobuzh—just you have a look at it! A little masterpiece of German culture."

I said I had seen a few in England.

"If I had control of your air force, I'd have three hundred bombers over Berlin every night."

I said I thought there would be plenty of that this winter.

"I hope so," said the captain, and smiled for the first time.

THAT evening it was raining when we reached Dorogobuzh, and it was too dark to see anything clearly. We drove slowly through deep mud, crossed the river on a temporary bridge, and then drove on through a town of ghosts. On either side of us were the black shapes of houses, but through all their windows the dark sky was showing. They were skulls with empty sockets — burned-out houses.

We stopped, and were led through the dark toward a dim light. We were now in an army camp outside Dorogobuzh. In July, in broad daylight, waves of German planes had showered incendiaries and high-explosives on that town. There were no troops there at the time; the place was not of the slightest military importance. Men, women, children had been killed—nobody knew how many.

In the morning, as we went on, it no longer looked so grim. It was, in fact, no different from many parts of Stepney and Poplar in England. Practically the whole of the town on one side of the river had been smashed up or burned out. On the other side, many houses were intact. We drove through miles of fields. There was nobody to gather in the harvest. Along the road there were many bomb craters.

A Red Army major said we were nearing the scene of the great battle of Ushakovo. We got out of the cars and walked. Here was once a village, now razed to the ground. There wasn't a house standing; not a fragment of a house, not a plank. It was in and around this village that the Germans had dug themselves in for over a month. In serious danger of being surrounded, they had escaped through the Yelnya bottleneck one night. These fields were a mass of shell holes, and nothing grew on the wet yellow clay. What a strange rubbish heap! Here were scattered German tin hats, some with bullet holes; right across a path lay the carcass of a dead horse; beside the trenches, in the puddles, lay pieces of German newspapers, with an editorial on the "Rout of the Budyenny Army," and even a letter in smudged faded ink beginning: *"Lieber Rudolf! Wie geht es dir?"*

And then, on the other side of what had been the village, we came to a large grave with a primitive fence around it, painted purple. A rough tin plate said: "Soldiers of the Red Army who died at Ushakovo fighting for Country, Honor, and Freedom. July 28 to September 1." There were hundreds and hundreds of Russian men buried there in what in Russian is called a brotherly grave. The political commissar who was with us broke off a branch of a little fir tree and threw it furtively on the grave; he looked self-conscious in the presence of strangers. The Germans had been buried in shell holes.

USTINOVKA was the name of the neighboring village. Its people had fled, but now two little boys had returned; they were working in the deserted fields, digging potatoes. There was nobody else in the village except a blind old woman. I saw her wandering about the road, carrying dirty rags, a rusty pail, and a tattered sheepskin. She was here when the village was shelled, and she went mad. One of the boys told us she slept in her shattered hut, and she never uttered any articulate words, except the word *"Cherti* (the devils)."

We drove on to Yelnya. In this town of some 15,000 inhabitants the only building still intact was the large stone church. The town had been captured almost by surprise, and very few civilians had had time to escape. Almost all the able-bodied men and women were formed into forced-labor battalions and driven to the German rear. A few hundred elderly people and children were allowed to stay on in the town. The night the Germans decided to evacuate Yelnya, the people were ordered to assemble inside the church. Huddled together, they spent a night of terror. Through the high windows smoke was pouring in, and they could see the flames. After locking them up, the Germans had gone round the houses, picking up what few valuables they could still find, and then had systematically set fire to every house in the town.

Ushakovo, Ustinovka, Yelnya—perhaps the first villages, the first town recaptured from the German war machine on the continent of Europe . . . and all that was left of them was ashes. And what did it matter to Adolf Hitler and his 80,000,000 people

Driving on Moscow, Nazis cross a river.

Lozovsky, new arrivals General McNarney and Harry Hopkins, and Ambassador Steinhard how many families were left homeless, how many children starved, how many old women went mad? . . .

That was our last night at the front. No, it wasn't really the front. The Russians were pursuing their counter-offensive some ten miles west of Yelnya. Except for a few shells that had whizzed over our heads and that quite unexpected raid on Vyazma, we hadn't seen much of the actual fighting. Newspapermen are seldom taken into an actual battle, least of all foreign journalists in Russia.

But it didn't matter. In this one week I had seen more Russian men and women, I had seen more courage and fine human character, and also more human hardship, than I had seen in nearly three months in Moscow.

September 25

Back in Moscow; and the news is bad. Leningrad is holding out well, but the fall of Kiev is announced. This was not entirely unexpected, but has had a depressing effect. Kharkov is seriously threatened. . . .

Monday, September 29

The great Economic Conference opened this morning. They've all arrived: Beaverbrook, Harriman, and British and American experts. The main questions are: (1) how much Britain can give out of her own resources; (2) how much she can spare out of the stuff she gets from America; (3) how much America can give direct to Russia; and (4), above all, how the stuff is to be sent, and how quickly. It doesn't look, though, as if the Americans were going to give the Russians anything on a lend-lease basis. . . .

The Russians have been hoping for a big British landing somewhere on the Continent to draw off German troops and planes from here. It doesn't look as if we were going to do anything like that—least of all, now that autumn has come; so the next best thing to keep the Russians reasonably satisfied will be "all-out aid." *Can* Beaverbrook give it—taking account of the transport difficulties?

October 4

The conference is over, and is being acclaimed on all sides as a huge success. The Russian papers today are making a big display of the "united anti-Hitler front" by three of the greatest industrial powers in the world. People reading the papers in tramcars appear to be very pleased, though I don't think they are overwhelmed. They know that a fearfully hard winter is ahead of them.

On Wednesday I got a cable from Reuter's agreeing to my London visit. Yesterday I got my exit visa from the Russians, together with a return visa.

October 5

Rather disquieting news from the front. It looks as if another big German offensive had started, after all. Well, we shall just have to wait and see. We had the feeling, this last week or two, that the Germans had had about enough of it for this year. . . .

Maurice and I went to see Lucien this evening, and whom should we meet there but Jean-Richard Bloch! Bloch left Paris as late as April of this year. He said that, at least until the spring, the majority of the Paris police were absolutely opposed to co-operation with the Germans. In the streets they continually cracked jokes at the Germans' expense, jokes which the Germans were too stupid to understand. And when they were sent to search the houses of alleged Communists or de Gaullists, it often happened that incriminating documents were destroyed by the very *flics* who had discovered them.

But Bloch thought things might be less pleasant now, and there were, he thought, some dangerous elements among the *garde mobile* who might well form the nucleus of a French Gestapo. Even so, he didn't think that any large and solidly pro-German body could be assembled in France for any purpose. There would always be "traitors."

He thought the shooting of Laval a very promising sign. . . .

Monday, October 6

I hear a convoy is expected to leave Archangel next week, and I have been promised a seat on the plane (for Archangel) on Thursday or Friday. I saw X. this morning. He seemed remarkably unperturbed about the new offensive, didn't think it amounted to much. He thought the Germans were preparing feverishly for a winter campaign, confiscating winter clothes in Norway, Denmark, and Finland; but they had started much too late with their winter preparations.

Tuesday, October 7

It isn't looking so pretty, after all. Damn these Huns. The latest offensive promises to be the biggest and bloodiest yet. And there was some chap on the B. B. C. who smugly declared today that "on the eve of this winter he had a glorious feeling of spring in his heart." This was the third winter of war, he said in effect, and London was not being blitzed, and the Russians were such grand chaps. Grand chaps, quite. But what new sufferings and bloodiness are they going to face this winter—if they are not facing it already? X. was incomparably gloomier today than yesterday. He talked of a great German pincer movement ultimately directed at Moscow. . . . The last Hitler speech did not sound like mere bluff; he was clearly out for very big results.

October 8

The German offensive is even more serious than we expected yesterday.

In the afternoon I went to see M., who said that the plane would leave for Archangel on Friday morning, and the Narkomindel would fix me up, if possible. So I went to see Palgunov, who told me it would be O. K.

"You'll be back here in a few weeks, won't you?"

"Of course," I said; "and in Moscow, I hope."

"Yes, you may be sure of that," he said. "By the way, the news from the front is very much better this afternoon. I know you are a little fed up with not having seen Leningrad, but I think there'll be a pretty good chance of your seeing it when you come back. And when you are in England remember this: there may be some black days, but this country is a damned sight tougher than a lot of people imagine."

London, November 4

It is strange to be back in England. Two days ago I was still on the high seas. It took a long time to get back, much longer than I had expected. . . .

December 22

In a proclamation that is a little short of hysterical, Hitler has announced his decision to become commander in chief of the German army. He called upon German soldiers to stand firm, and to be an example to "our loyal allies"—who are, apparently, not sticking it too well. God Almighty and intuition have prompted the Führer to sack von Brauchitsch, who failed to fulfill Hitler's reckless, boastful promises of October 2.

Referring to his plans for surrounding and capturing Moscow, Leningrad, and the Donetz Basin, Hitler in an order to his soldiers on the eastern front stated that day: "In a few weeks the three greatest industrial districts of the Bolsheviks will be completely in our hands. At last we have created the prerequisites for the final tre-

Red soldiers trying out a new field gun.

Hitler's men around Russian farmhouses.

mendous blow which, before the onset of winter, will lead to the destruction of the enemy." . . .

Neither Moscow, Leningrad, nor the Donetz Basin is in German hands. The arrogant troops of Nazi Germany are retreating from Moscow, from Tikhvin, from Taganrog—almost all along the front. It is not yet a rout, but it is the greatest defeat Hitler's "invincible" army has yet suffered. It is *perhaps*—I say deliberately no more than *perhaps*—the beginning of Hitler's end. He is trying to reassure the Germans that Japan will greatly strengthen the Axis. But every German cannot help being reminded that the entry of Japan into the war has also brought the United States into it. Hong Kong and Malaya are all very well; but on the other side of the balance sheet there is the infinite industrial potential of belligerent in spite of herself but perhaps all the more so belligerent America.

"You all right?" He was still in bed.

The Germans are freezing to death in the vast snowy spaces of northern and central Russia. Trainloads of Germans with frostbitten hands and ears and toes and noses are being transported to the hospitals at Warsaw. Ersatz clothing has not stood up to the Russian winter. Perhaps the Royal Navy deserves some credit for that. But for its blockade during these two years, the Germans might have had plenty of wool. And no wonder the German prisoners captured by the Russians are whining about having been let down by the Führer. Gone are the days of the jolly rape and vodka orgies in the occupied towns of White Russia and the Ukraine. . . .

The Germans battered for two months against the defenses of Moscow, and exhausted themselves; and the Russians had brought up reserves of fresh troops, and the German retreat began. It was 1812—but with a difference. One must face realities.

WHEN I read through the diary, the gist of which was written during those months in Moscow, I sometimes wonder how I managed never to lose faith in Russia's ultimate victory. Was it the sight of the Russian people, and the feeling of their own profound confidence? For the news was—taken as a whole—almost invariably bad. . . .

Russia is fighting the most crucial battle against the only Axis partner who counts. When Germany is beaten, neither Italy nor Japan will matter for another day. Japan's greatest contribution to the German war effort was her closing of Vladivostok to American supplies. America must find other ways and means of sending tanks and planes to Russia.

Germany is Enemy Number One just as much to America as she is to Britain and Russia. Another German failure to achieve victory in Russia will mean the end of the war, maybe in six months, maybe in a year, as Stalin said in his realistic speech of November 6. If, in spite of everything, Russia were defeated in 1942, Hitler would still have a great chance of winning the war. The only thing that could then prevent his victory would be the landing on the Continent of a vast Anglo-American expeditionary force. It may save Britain and America two or three or five years of war and millions of lives if they help the Russians to win the land war against Germany in 1942.

As for Japan, the Russians have, for the present, enough on their hands. They—and we—would gain little from a Russian declaration of war against Japan, unless the valuable Siberian bases against Japan could be used, not by the relatively small Russian Far Eastern Air Force there, but by a formidable armada of American bombers. There is no point in bombing Tokyo unless it can be bombed out of existence.

Russia has made more sacrifices, in her fight against Hitler, than any other nation. She has sacrificed not only the lives of countless soldiers but also of many civilians. The "scorched earth" policy is a ruthlessly heroic one. Russia's policy of sacrifices was described by the Germans as "devilish." They have to bring almost everything from their distant bases to keep their armies alive. How unlike France, where the newly arrived German tanks could refill at any village petrol pump, and where the soldiers could gorge themselves on French food!

And what fearful sacrifices are yet in store in 1942?

January 7, 1942

What can I say, at this stage, of future Anglo-Russian relations? There is already a serious psychological basis for fruitful Anglo-Russian co-operation after the war, and that is the mutual admiration and esteem now existing between the British and the Russian people. When I returned to London I found it was perfectly true that the "common" British people were, as somebody put it, "madly in love with Russia." I remember one night coming home in a taxi. It was a clear starry night. "They wouldn't have left us alone a year ago on a night like this," I remarked. "I am *afraid,*" said the taxi driver, "that we are not going to get any blitz again. It's the Russians who are getting it. We should be busy knocking hell out of Berlin every night, and not a damned thing is being done!"

The old boy was unjust; but how was he to know that, on that very night, the R. A. F. were going to lose thirty-eight planes over Germany?

The Russian people, for their part, also began, after a while, to realize what the people of Britain had done in those two years of the war when little was told them by their press and radio about England's war effort.

All being well, Britain and Russia will inevitably be the two powers which will have a decisive role to play in the future reconstruction of Europe. Churchillian England and Stalin's Russia are determined that there shall be retribution for Germany's crimes. The whole Slav world is with them there. The Germans are a bloody people, and the Russians know it better than any one else from direct experience, and also from intercepted letters. Retribution—the Russians have given an indication of what they mean by it: the extermination of the SS and the Gestapo, and of other Germans directly responsible for all the Nazi abominations. . . . Perhaps long years of education and "conditioning" and at least a brief experience of the horrors of war on German soil will teach Germans that it will be in their interests to be "good Germans," and not to start their third World War. . . .

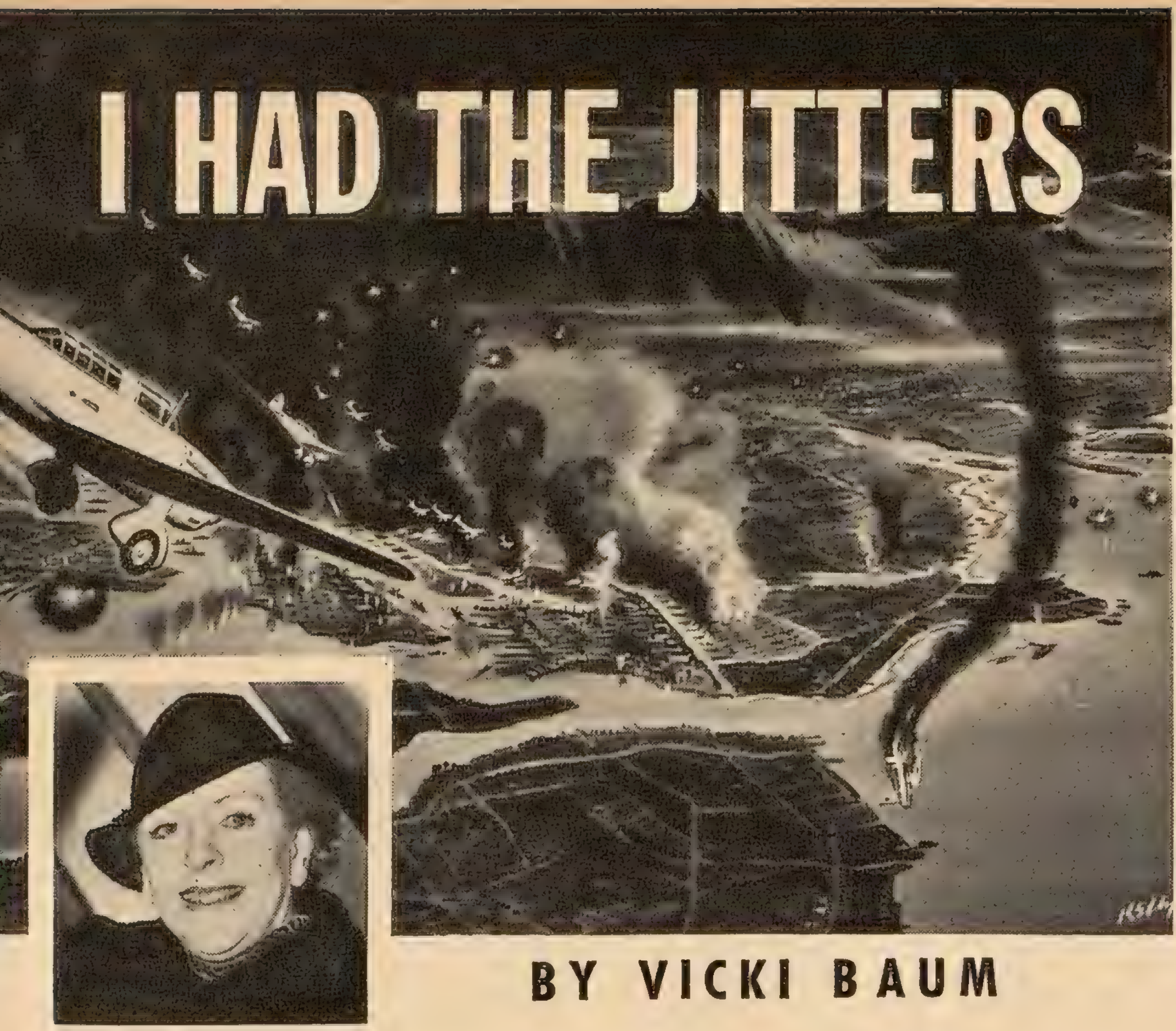
RUSSIA at the end of this war will be a tired, devastated country. She will, more than ever, be concerned with rebuilding her towns and industries and creating real prosperity for the Russian people. She will not be interested in world revolution—she hasn't been for years. But she will want security. And nothing should suit England better than if Russia took care of the security of eastern Europe. In the west there can be another security bloc, based on England and a resurrected France, and closely co-operating with the eastern bloc. After a long period of mental convalescence, perhaps Germany will become a reasonable member of the European community. But no premature risks must be taken. The Nazi poison lies so deep in the German soul that no "fall of Hitler" can be taken at its face value. . . .

"Yes, colonel, I'll serve the Red Army."

As for America, it is too early yet to assess her part in this war. It depends on the extent to which the Roosevelt spirit spreads—and lasts. If, after the war, America co-operates with Europe, then the next hundred years may become the golden age of civilization, of the human race.

THE END

I HAD THE JITTERS



BY VICKI BAUM

A famous novelist passes on a practical prescription for those wartime nerves

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A WHILE ago I published, in a national magazine, an article in which I told how I had learned the art of relaxing "like an old sock" from a little circus clown when I was still a child. Ever since, I have been swamped with letters from fellow relaxers and would-be relaxers. I felt that a whole old-sock school was growing under my very eyes and, naturally, I felt pretty proud of myself.

That is, I felt proud until December 7.

Came Pearl Harbor, came the air-raid scare, came the jitters. For two or three days I had a very bad case of them. I couldn't eat and my sleep consisted of listening for the fire siren and wondering when the first bomb would come through my roof. My son watched me for three days and then he said, with disgusted amusement, "Don't I remember you telling people how to relax? Why don't you try it yourself for a change?"

I tried it at once. It wasn't quite as easy and simple as it had been under normal conditions, but after a few attempts the old-sock technique worked again. I relaxed. To do so, I had to go down to the fundamentals of it; and, thinking that these fundamentals might help others too, I'm trying to put them down on paper.

The first rule—and a slightly paradoxical one maybe—is this: You can't relax without concentrating. The very concentration you put into the effort of relaxing will help you to forget everything else, and that's the first step.

Relaxing starts a bit like the setting-up exercises they give you on your radio; but that's only the start. You may open your window and take a few good lungfuls of air. You must be dressed comfortably and the room should be not too warm and not too cold. However, these are minor prerequisites. Once you relax fully, you won't care one way or the other. So now let's get up on our toes, higher, still higher, as high as possible. We tense our body, every muscle of it, as we grow toward the ceiling. We stretch our arms up, and up, and up. We look up and feel tense and tall and stretched far into the last end of the tips of our fingers.

Meanwhile we have forgotten for a minute to worry and to fear and to dread. So now we begin to relax.

We drop the first joint of the fingers, then the second, the third. Now we drop the hands from the wrists—the way piano players do it. Now we're getting limp in the elbows; and now we drop our arms—we just let them fall to our sides. They weigh a ton apiece. Next comes the head, dropping forward and rolling from side to side in the pivot of the vertebrae. Now let loose those tense muscles around the waist—it's like taking off a too tight corset. The next thing are the knees. They buckle up as if we were fainting. Got it? Fine! And now we just let ourselves fall to the floor. Don't stiffen at this juncture, don't be afraid to hurt yourself. Old socks can't get hurt and that's how we should feel by now—all loosened up.

If we have done it correctly up to this point, we should have forgotten all about the Japs and Herr Hitler and the sugar rationing and other major and minor disasters in our lives. We lie on the floor, eyes closed, breath even, the blood flowing pleasantly through our limbs. We're feeling much better already, oh, so much better. Now comes the second part.

Without stiffening, we begin to watch ourselves. Are there still any tensed muscles in this limp body of ours? You think there aren't? Why, you'll be surprised! What about that clenched hand on which we let our head rest? What about the toes of the right foot? What about that spot between the shoulders? That's the hardest one to limber up—especially for people who work in offices and shops, over books and typewriters. Letting the head roll around by its own weight will help. Feeling every pound of your weight is the main thing. My, how heavy those arms are, those hands, those knees. And the eyelids too. Let's keep them closed, it's too much bother to open them. Ah, that feels good! Just a few minutes longer let's lie like this. Just a bit of rest—not exactly sleep—just rest—or—

My family often teases me about my ability to sleep any moment, anywhere I want. On the floor, on a table, on a slab of granite. But the secret is that once you are completely relaxed, everything around you gets as soft as a summer cloud. Anything we may have to face is much easier as long as we have the ability to sleep, to rest, to replenish our strength. Insomnia is a very bad habit, and being able to sleep is a matter of discipline.

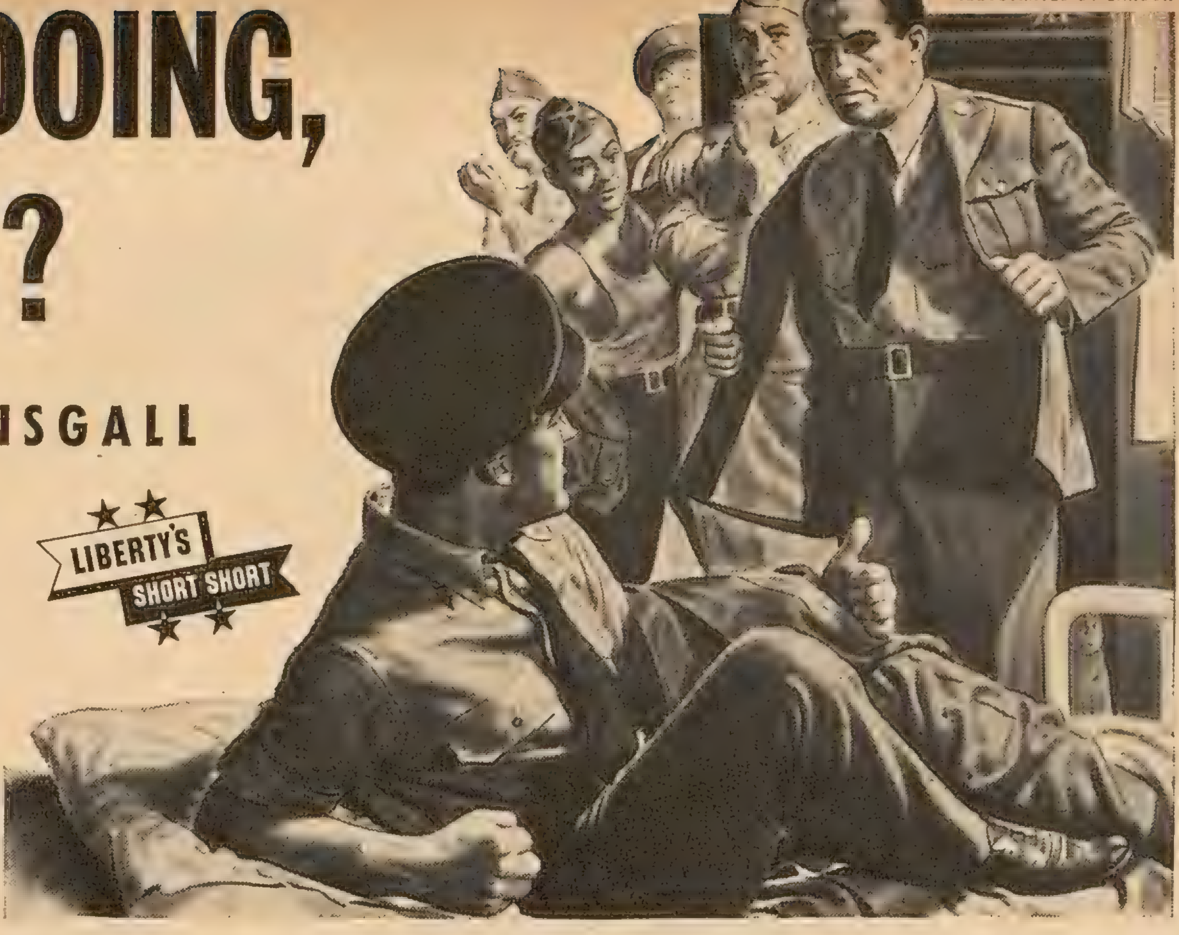
ONCE you know how to relax completely—relax yourself into sleep and forgetfulness—it will soon become second nature to control your own tendency to cramp or stiffen, and nip it in the bud. A hundred times during the day you'll have occasion to let go of some minor tension, mental ones as well as physical ones. Please do me and yourself the favor and try the next time, instead of the nervous grab for the cigarette, to loosen up for three minutes. You can relax very well indeed while you're sitting behind your typewriter or standing behind the counter. You can't drop to the floor, of course, but you can do something no one needs to notice. You can let your head drop for a second and your arms dangle at your sides, relax the wrinkles on your forehead, your pursed lips, your knees, your toes. Dancers do it, skiers do it, actors do it—or how, do you think, could they fall to the floor, roll down a flight of stairs like dead, and do all sorts of stunts without ever hurting themselves? It's nothing but the good old old-sock technique.

I'm afraid we're in for a lot of shocks before the war is won. We'll be better able to take them if we learn how to relax. Why not start today?

THE END

HOW'M I DOING, BABY?

ILLUSTRATED BY SANDOR



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE night he reached Camp Whitney and learned that Harris, the champ, was there too, Private Jerry Tulane could no longer stifle his bitterness. "For four years," he told the men in his corner of the barracks, "I punch my way toward the title. I beat every slugger they hang up in front of me. I fight my heart out. Finally there's nobody between me and that title except the champ. Harris has held it for five months, and every time I ask for a fight, he's deaf. I practically get down on my knees. But does he fight? No. He dodges me a couple of months and then enlists. Takes the title into the army, where it'll be safe for the duration. Couldn't fight me *before* he enlisted!"

Jerry stopped there. He was wondering how much Betty, the champ's wife, had to do with his refusal to fight. It still hurt deep to think about Betty.

Her father owned the Broadway gym where Jerry—and the champ too—used to work out. Jerry hadn't been there since her wedding. What was the use? He could remember, with a pang, the days when he'd be punching the bag with Betty watching from the balcony. Sometimes he'd grin up at her and call, "How'm I doing, baby?" And she'd answer with a song in her voice, "Swell, Jerry, just swell!"

She was slim and blonde and made for sweaters. He'd dreamed—before she married Harris—of tossing the title into her lap and asking, "How'm I doing, baby? How'm I doing for you?" But all that had been long ago. Six months ago. . . .

A soldier drawled, "Maybe Harris figured it was more important to fight this war than to fight you."

"Yeah?" said Jerry. "Well, *I* think he was yellow—too yellow to give me a crack at the title!"

Words like that travel fast. They reached Harris the next day, and when he came around to find Jerry he looked ready to swing a fist.

"So I'm yellow, am I?" he snapped. "Tulane, I was *never* afraid to fight you! I can beat you any day. Any time you want me to prove it, I'll beat you right here in camp!"

"I'll fight you," Jerry answered grimly, "when you show the guts to put up the title. I don't fight for fun."

Though the champ was pale, he couldn't back down in front of all those staring men. He said, "O. K. For the title!" And he added, "I'll notify the Boxing Commission. Let 'em send their own judges and referee. The recreation director can stage the bout right here—a free show for the boys in camp."

HEADQUARTERS promptly granted permission for the bout; it promised to be fine entertainment for the men. And Private Jerry Tulane wrote the good news to Eddie Lamater, his manager in New York. He wrote exultantly, swearing he'd come out of the army with the title. For a week he was the happiest man in camp.

But in the second week of training something happened to him. The men who watched him couldn't understand it. They saw him become worried, silent, preoccupied. He seemed to be losing confidence in himself. The night of the fight, when he entered the outdoor ring, his face was strained and his eyes were too dark.

Yet it was a wonderful fight—with six thousand soldiers yelling themselves hoarse. For seven rounds Jerry and the champ pounded each other to a body-bruising draw. Then the champ began to flounder and miss, and the yelling became crazy, because it looked as if Jerry was rushing in to win.

But in the eighth he slipped. His ankle bent, and he lost his balance just as the champ started a one-two for the jaw. For a second his guard dropped, and the champ's punches crashed home. Jerry went down on his back.

The crowd was hushed as he rolled over to his knees. At the count of nine he pushed himself to his feet. The champ swung six terrific blows to the head before Jerry fell, face down. This time he didn't hear the count at all. They had to drag him out of the ring. And the champ, breathing hard, knew he was still the champ. He'd had a lucky break, of course—one that might some day entitle Jerry Tulane to another fight.

THE morning after the fight Jerry had permission to sleep through reveille. When at last he sat up on his cot, it was daylight and he was alone—disheveled, with tape pasted over the cuts on his face. He reached for a pocket and pulled out the letter his manager had sent him during the second week of training.

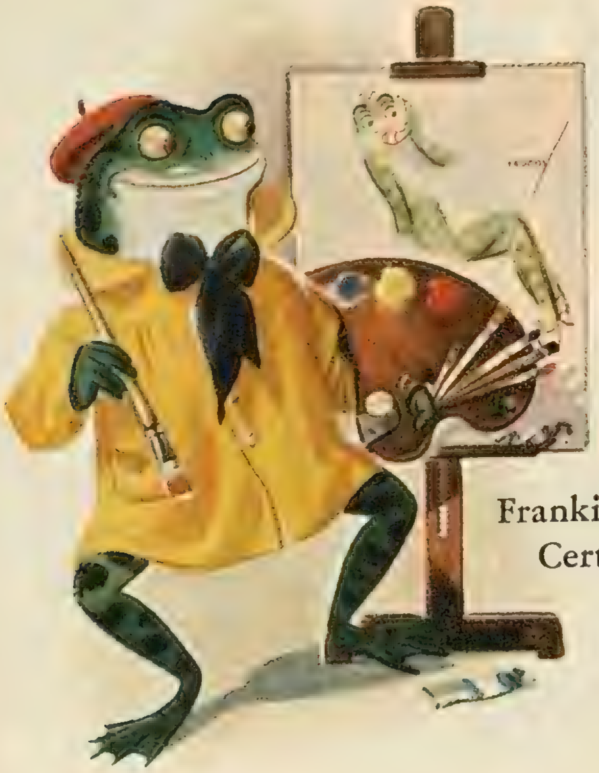
"After my talk with the champ's wife up here," Eddie Lamater had written, "I got to thinking this fight—with no money in it for you or Harris—is a mistake. Betty cried, and I'm a sucker for tears. She explained how all the money Harris had made before winning the title had gone to pay family debts. Now he's broke. They figured that when he came home after the war the title would be worth enough to give them a fair start. He'd fight somebody—maybe you—and, win or lose, he'd earn himself a stake. Enough to set them up in housekeeping, anyhow. This title is the only job he's got to come back to, and when she thought of his maybe losing it without ever having made a cent out of it—well, I'd never seen Betty in tears before . . ."

Jerry lifted his eyes to gaze at the wall. After a time he smiled a little, twistedly. He remembered the way he'd pretended to slip in the eighth, so he could drop his guard, and he thought of Betty: How'm I doing, baby? How'm I doing for you? . . . It seemed to him he could hear her answer in a whisper of her own: "Swell, Jerry, just swell! Thanks!"

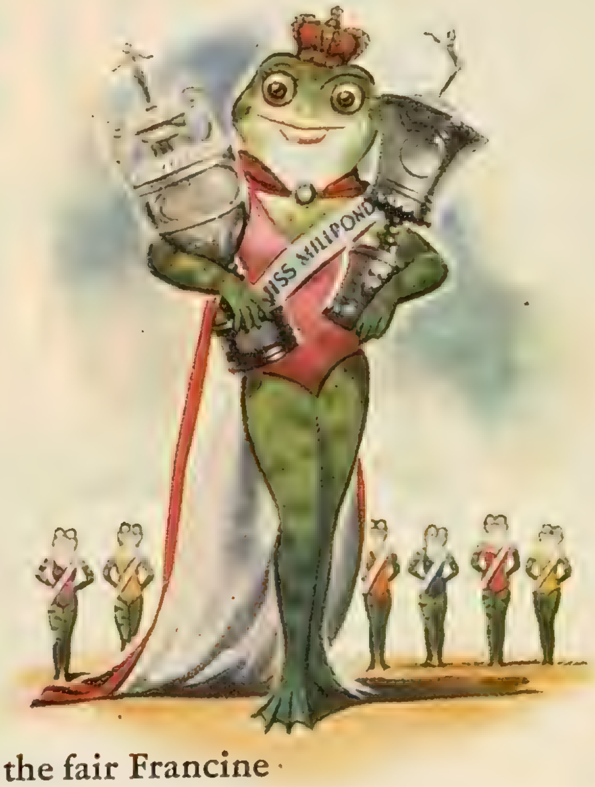
THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

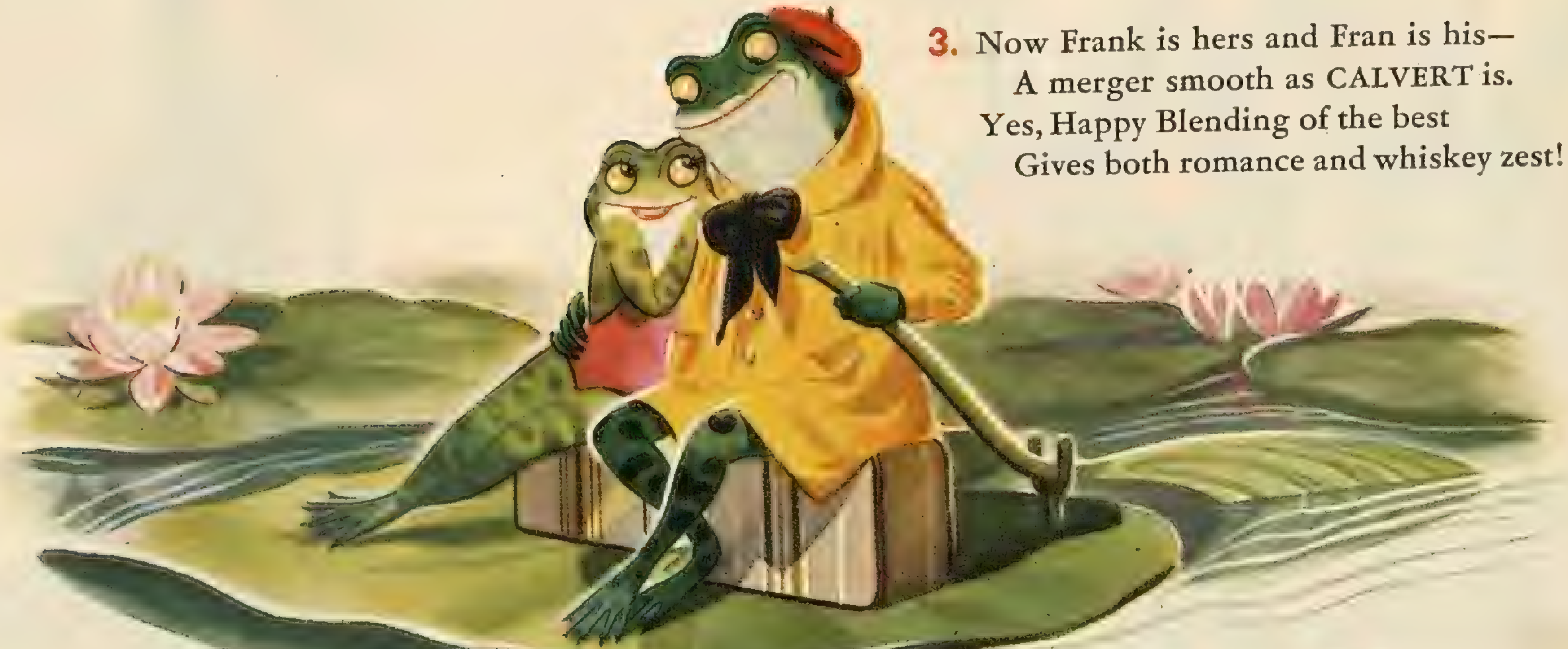
ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.
Frankie Frog, who painted cuties,
Certainly knew his bathing beauties.



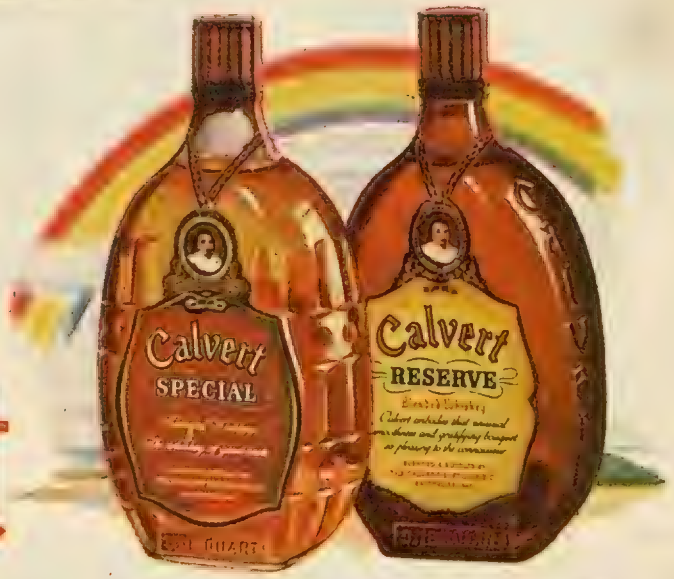
2.
So when he picked the fair Francine
As "Miss Millpond"—he picked a queen.



3. Now Frank is hers and Fran is his—
A merger smooth as CALVERT is.
Yes, Happy Blending of the best
Gives both romance and whiskey zest!

4. That's why each drop of CALVERT mates
The richest, rarest whiskey traits.
No drink has got what CALVERT'S got—
It's *Happy Blending*. Try a spot!

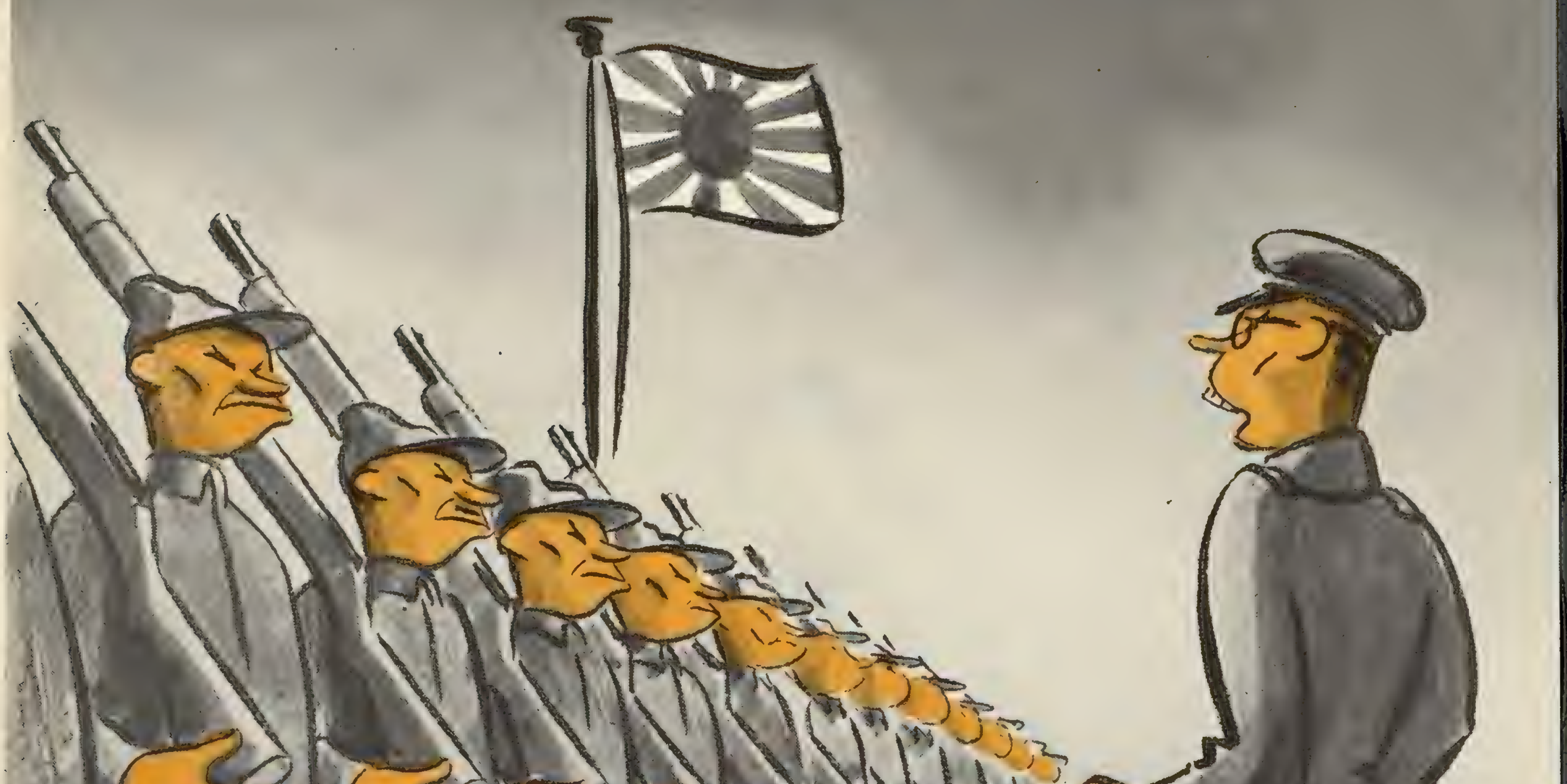
Clear Heads
Choose **Calvert**



THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

THE COPYCAT HAD CLAWS


BURR SHAFER

BY BURR S

"Be bold! Be brave! Don't be yellow!"

REVEALING HOW THE JAPS FIGHT

Did they outsmart us . . or did we just fool ourselves? Anyway, we have learned a lesson

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Editor's Note: Mr. Karig cannot reveal the sources of information on which this article is based. But the comments and revelations it contains come from high military authority.

MAYBE we all have been suckers for the most artful propaganda of the century, but the magnificent manner in which we underrated the Japanese will probably rank as the outstanding blunder of these historic times.

"We" means all of us who are fighting to make the world safe for decency—Australians, British, Americans in particular. It does not include the Chinese, from whose costly education in the military ways of the Japanese we refused to profit. Whether Hirohito's monkey men outsmarted the white race or we just made monkeys out of ourselves is a moot question, and anyhow we have learned our lesson. The War and the Navy Departments candidly admit it. Lessons learned in the galling school of hard knocks are not forgotten. Japan's defeat will be the more crushing for having taught us a war not fought according to the rule books or the orthodox pattern of what we sweetly called "civilized warfare."

Fighting men are quick to give an enemy credit for superiority in weapons and tactics. Admiral Thomas C. Hart, former commander of the combined Allied naval forces in the Pacific Southwest, declares that "the Japs have conducted a clever, well executed campaign" even though "the losses they have suffered have them decidedly worried." In every field, of course, the Japs had superiority in men and matériel; they had the initiative achieved by the stab-in-the-back technique of striking at Pearl Harbor and Malaya at the very moment their ambassadors were chattering about sweetness and light in Washington. With more men, more ships, more airplanes, plus the jump on the Allies, initial success was bound to be Japan's.

But they had more than that, did the little brown demons! They had a brand-new method of making war, a technique Admiral Hart calls "amphibian war." They had something new in the way of airplanes; and in the dirty foot-slogging business of infantry tactics they employed methods so old that they had become new again—methods boldly borrowed from our own American Indians!

For more than a generation we have laughed at the Japs for being copycats. Such droll stories were repeated in every wardroom from Singapore to San Diego! We used to recount—I have been guilty of it myself—the hilarious tale of the warships that turned turtle upon launching. The Japanese, it seemed, asked a firm of English naval architects to submit drawings for a destroyer. After a few weeks the plans were returned with a polite note of rejection. But a year later a couple of destroyers built according to those blueprints took to the water. It is a poor trick that won't work twice, the Nips giggled, so presently they asked another English firm to submit designs for a cruiser. The story of the pirated plans had been circulated, however, and the architects sent along a very special set of blueprints. As expected, they were turned down after the Japs had copied them. But when the two cruisers were launched they turned upside down. The not so dumb British had placed the center of gravity high above the water line. Ha-ha, and again, ho-ho!

And all of us who have been in the Far East know the delicious tale of the Japanese tailor who was given an old suit for a pattern and instructed to make a new one for his Occidental customer exactly like the model. When the new suit was delivered, the trousers had been carefully frayed at the cuffs and the jacket elbows darned, in exact imitation of the old garments. Very funny. Very stupid, these Japs. Copycats!

Their airplanes were just "made in Japan" imitations of American and British models, too. Oh, yeah?

Well, here is one thing right off the bat we have had to copy from the copycats: auxiliary demountable fuel tanks for fighting planes that give these light craft of normally limited range the flying radius of bombers.

Occidental nations have experimented with auxiliary fuel tanks, too: a reserve supply of gasoline to which the pilot could switch if he were kept aloft too long. But those Orientals, you know, do *everything* backwards. They hitched an auxiliary 70-gallon tank to their fighting planes, *but that fuel was used up first.* It gave the Jap fighters a 560-mile head start. Then the auxiliary tank was cut loose, dumped overboard, and the airplane was 560 miles from base with full tanks.

Their airplanes are not as good as the Americans', and the Japs themselves are not one-two-three with the Americans, British, Australians, or Dutch as combat pilots. That isn't an opinion; it is demonstrable by the records, especially the score hung up by the American Volunteer Group in Chinese service. But put the situation in reverse. We have had to send our bombers against the Japs without fighter escort because our pursuit planes did not have the range of the enemy's with their extra fuel tanks. We learned *that* lesson, and Tokyo itself will pay for our education.

As we followed the sickening news of the Japanese advance southward, we read a lot in the newspapers about the enemy's "infiltration" tactics. The English and Anzac troops drawn up across the Malay Peninsula to halt the Japanese advance would suddenly find the enemy behind them, too. So they would retreat, cutting their way through the foe at their backs, to take up a new stand. And the process would be repeated.

Only in the Philippines did the Japanese infiltration system fail to work. After one taste of it, Generals MacArthur and Wainwright recognized the flavor at once. It was just modernized Indian warfare, probably introduced to the Japanese through the Hollywood horse operas.

I have been in the Malay country north of Singapore. There steep mountains rise abruptly from the queasy swamplands, and the dirt roads heave like jelly under the bus wheels. The whole is draped with the most nightmarish assortment of jungle growth laced together with vines that grow thicker than an elephant's ankle, and the chinks in between seem to be plugged with the nastiest specimens in zoology—twenty-foot snakes that lasso a man right out from under the wheel of his car, leeches that lurk in the leaves, and bugs I just don't care to remember.

With such natural barriers at their backs, the British fortified their Malayan cities to seaward—a direction from which the Japanese never came. They came through the swamps and attacked from the rear.

Admiral Hart said that the Japs used lots of small ships of little value. They would pack a full battalion of troops into a dinky obsolete coasting steamer which would not accommodate a platoon of Americans or Anzacs. With a host of such vessels the enemy would cut a wide detour to seaward around the cities under attack, beach the ships, and send the soldiers scurrying through the muck and jungle to attack the defending forces from behind.

In a way, the campaign in Malaya and the big Dutch East India islands followed the story of General Braddock's disastrous excursion against the French and Indians in Pennsylvania.

That was the operation in which young Captain George Washington won his spurs and learned how to whip the Hessians in the War for Independence. If you recall your grammar-school history, Braddock's scarlet-coated troops marched to beating drums in solid columns through the wilderness, while the French *voyageurs* and their Indian allies sniped at them from the forest. In vain Washington protested that the English and American soldiers were inviting disaster, but Braddock swore by all the gods of war that the proper way to go into battle was in disciplined columns of squads with the colors flying.

So the brave and doughty but over-orthodox general led his little army right spang into a trap. All the rules of war were suspended by the French and Indians, who fought from ambush, while the redcoats with memorable courage wheeled and countermarched, fired by platoons, and died by whole companies under the bullets of the unseen foe. Braddock himself was mortally wounded, and the remnant of the expeditionary force escaped only because Washington's Yankee militia fought back Indian fashion to cover the retreat.

WELL, in the Asiatic campaign the Japs fought like Indians and the Allied troops fought by the book.

All except in the Philippines. Even when the war there shrank to the battle for Bataan, we gave a damn sight better than we took. MacArthur permitted the infiltrating forces to leak through his lines. Then the front closed up behind the Japs, and they were mowed down by cross fire. MacArthur and three or four divisions of Americans on the Malay Peninsula might have made a different story out of the war on the mainland. It is just a random opinion. We all did the best we knew how, Anzac, Dutchman, Englishman, American. Now we all know a lot more, and watch us use that knowledge!

Never once in their landings upon the islands, either in the Philippines, the East Indies, or anywhere in the ABDA region, did the Japs sail up to a wharf or pier to discharge their troops and tanks. All the fortifications, behind which the Allies waited with confidence, were outflanked. Harbors meant nothing to the Japs. Their industrious little fishermen had for years charted every fathom of water, marked every shoal and sandbar, every twisting turn of deep water that made it possible for the rusty little river steamers loaded to the gunnels with fanatical fighting men to discharge their loads within wading distance of the oozy shore.

And, once ashore, they had another trick up their sleeves. From prisoners and from the dead we got wise to that one. Belatedly, but not too late.

Every Japanese soldier was a self-sufficient entity. Our style of warfare depends upon an efficient service of supply. No greater courage or gallantry has been shown by the men wielding gun and bayonet than has been exhibited in this war and the last by the lads who man the goulash cannons, the army's mess sergeants, cooks, and K. P.s.

The Japanese army tosses all that stuff out the window. Every Jap soldier carries not only the emergency ration of highly nutritious food concentrates, such as our men have, but also his week's grub in the form of rice, salt, and tea. He augments that with whatever he can forage from the countryside — "forage" being polite military talk for stealing. The Jap doughboy, tank driver, or what not is his own rolling kitchen. Comes messtime, he cooks his own food. A few spoonfuls of dried rice will puff up in hot water to fill any belly comfortably, and with a can of tea it will keep a man going for quite some time—especially a Jap who has never had much more to eat in all his life.

Each Jap also carries his own first-aid kit, tiny, compact, complete to the inclusion of anti-fever pills. Rape, of course, is an integral part of the Japanese technique of subjugating captured territory. The methodical, indiscriminate violating of captured women of all ages, from small girls to grandmothers, is a cold-blooded military operation, but it might have evil consequences in venereal disease. So the private's first-aid kit contains not only prophylaxis unguents but a supply of disease-preventing contraceptives.

So, when the Jap generals sent a few companies into the jungle to shoot the Anzacs in the back, they didn't worry about the welfare of the men. They had their grub, they had their instructions, and if their mission did not succeed they were not expected to come back. If it did, they got a new supply of rice and orders. In the jungle the Japs fought naked except for the minimum of clothing needed to support the pouches in which ammunition and rations were carried. With their splay feet and prehensile great toes, they shinnied up vines and walked right over the heads of the white men to get to where they were going. It wasn't war by any accepted standards, our Intelligence officers report to the War Department, from whose records this account is partly obtained.

ANOTHER contribution to the Jap successes was the fact that their men reached the front lines fresh and lively. The answer? Bicycles!

When Occidental armies think of transportation, it is in terms of motors: trucks, armored cars, jeeps, motorcycles. It is that or hike. Bicycles are old jokes that went out in the '90s. Imagine a tough doughboy or a fighting marine pedal-pushing his way to war! Or an Anzac or a Seaforth Highlander! It is to laugh.

But the Japs came down those quaking Malay roads and the jungle paths gravely pedaling bikes. It was not very dignified, but it was doggone effective. A body of troops would be divided into three parts. One third climbed into light trucks, the rest mounted bicycles. And all during the march the troops would take turns riding in trucks or pushing bikes. It saved gas, it saved motors, it saved a whole lot of time and energy. The defending forces walked—mostly backward, alas! The Japs conserve their men up to the place where the shooting begins. Then they toss away lives with more nonchalance than the Crown Prince demonstrated at Verdun. Every Jap who dies in battle is convinced he is immediately transported to the bosom of his ancestors, whereupon he becomes a minor deity and all his kinsfolk forever afterward must pray to him. Pretty soft, being dead. Lots better than being a leech-infected coolie. So if it pleases the Emperor to have his subjects die at the rate of ten to the enemy's one, why, *banzai!*

THAT'S all very well in a short war against inferior forces; but in a long, long war against nations richer in materials and man power and at least equal in patriotism—not so hot. And Tojo knows it. He knew it from the outset. That is why he struck with everything he had on the widest front possible.

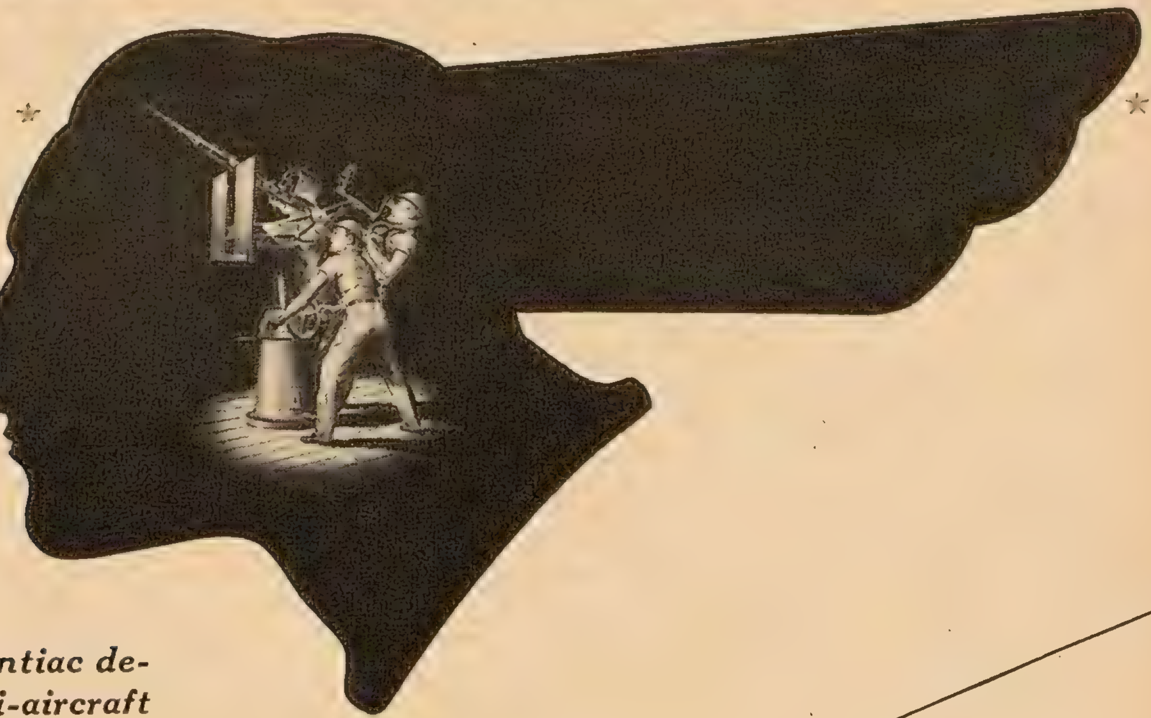
In the councils of the Allies in Washington the Jap High Command is given full credit for showing almost breath-taking imagination in initiating the fight.

For an opinion of the snide treachery that prefaced the fighting, you will have to go far to match the vocabulary of men who learned their adjectives in the cussingest crews of humanity; but as professional soldiers and sailors appraising a dangerous enemy they stop the cussing and take cold-blooded cognizance of the fighting machine confronting them. The "copycat" Japs didn't imitate anybody's tactics in smashing down simultaneously upon a 6,000-mile front. Their ambition was to knock us all groggy with one swift sock in the solar plexus and then methodically chop us to pieces. They failed at Pearl Harbor, and although we were driven to the ropes by the fury of an attack that was delivered while we were expecting a handshake, we are getting stronger while the Japs —and on the other side of the world the Germans—are getting weaker. The enemy has displayed all the tricks in his kit because he could not afford to hold any back, not even the highly efficient little gas-driven machine gun which was far ahead of anything the Allies had.

We have not yet shown our hand. When we do—and it will take months for us to get ready—it will be a fist clad in armor such as the world has never seen, and sinewed with the strength of 130,000,000 Americans and all their allies. Maybe, in outsmarting us at the start, the wily Japs outsmarted themselves the more thoroughly. But, just the same, we would like to know who started that cockeyed fiction that the Nips were a bunch of copycats fighting with ersatz weapons. He was a better liar than Doc Goebbels.

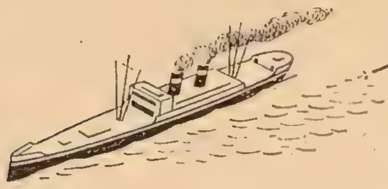
THE END

Pontiac Reports to the Nation on Arms Production!



On April 30th, at 11:50 P.M., Pontiac delivered its [redacted]th automatic anti-aircraft cannon to the United States Navy.

The contract covering this important war assignment called for the production of only [redacted] guns up to that date.



Thus, Pontiac deliveries of these vitally-needed weapons have exceeded the rate of production specified in the contract by 12 times and the time specification by 7 months.

ABLE TO disintegrate dive bombers with a spray of explosive shells, the [redacted] cannon was once the hand-made dream of a [redacted] ordnance wizard. Today, guns of the same type—*but officially recognized as better built and less expensive*—are being pressed into immediate service on the fighting ships of the U. S. Navy, the [redacted] Navy and on [redacted] that sail the seven seas.

The attainment of volume production on this desperately wanted weapon is but one salient in Pontiac's production of arms. Concurrently, Pontiac men are at work on six *additional* assignments involving the elements of victory on land, afloat and in the air.

Assignment No. 2 calls for the production of a total of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] mm. anti-aircraft guns for the U. S. Army. In a [redacted]-acre plant, tooling is proceeding, *ahead of schedule,* which calls for the delivery of the first gun before [redacted] 1st. [redacted]

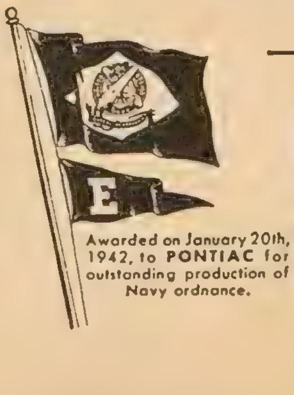
Far exceeding in complexity either of the foregoing is Pontiac assignment No. 3—one of the most complicated instruments of attack developed in the history of warfare. Comprising over 4300 separate parts, its production in quantity is a challenge which we at Pontiac have eagerly accepted. Previously, its maximum total production in this country was at a rate of only [redacted] a month. According to schedule, we will be producing [redacted] a day before [redacted] 1st, 194[redacted].

Supplementing these major activities are 3 others, widely different in character—each calling for special organization, facilities and personnel.

They involve respectively: the current production of [redacted] heavy-duty [redacted] engine inter-assemblies a month —which will be *quadrupled* in [redacted] months; the manufacture of vital transport mechanisms at a rate of [redacted] a day; the production of [redacted] large tank unit-assemblies a week in an especially tooled [redacted]-acre plant; and, finally, the crating each 24-hours for overseas shipment of [redacted] heavy-duty military vehicles being produced by an allied member of the General Motors family.

This is Pontiac's first report to the Nation on its progress to date in the production of arms for victory. In making it, we salute the men on the far-flung battle lines, to whose valor and self-sacrifice we all owe so much . . . and whose deeds serve as a constant inspiration to greater effort on our part.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.



Awarded on January 20th, 1942, to PONTIAC for outstanding production of Navy ordnance.

WE'RE BUILDING ARMS FOR VICTORY

Pontiac DIVISION OF
General Motors

AND NOW THE TIDES COME BACK

Continued from Page 10

Marble, get out of that stinking uniform.' And I'll say, 'My pet, my ship's just in port, and my nearest civvies are several thousand miles away in a navy locker at Honolulu—so you'll take me in uniform and like it.' "

"Good galloping grief!" Jill breathed. "You're the cousin—the navy flyer—"

"That's right," Martin grinned. "The putrid pilot of Pearl Harbor. Move over. That Arrowhead road needs a man's hand today. And now—let's get squared away. What's your name?"

THE Cunningham house, high up on the mountain, glowed like a candle in the snow-covered trees. A lot of shouting was coming out of it, and some music. Martin stopped the car and blew on his cold fingers. Then he blew on Jill's and rubbed them. That tingle from his nearness came again.

The house door flew open and made a shouting path of light on the snow. Voices yelled from inside: "Hello there, Jill!" Martin got out of the car.

John Cunningham's pudgy face and bald head gleamed in the doorway. "Anchors aweigh!" he shouted back to Nalda. "She brought Martin!"

Nalda crowded John aside. "Mind the stoop," she shouted. "It's as slippery as a banana peel!"

Martin said, "I'd better, Jill," and scooped her up in his arms. He tramped up the incline, carrying her, with Miss Gobragh scratching and scrambling behind.

Tom Emerson stopped banging the piano and said, "Well, what do you know?"

Beth Graham dropped her knitting in amazement to ask, "Where's Barney?"

Nalda said, "You would come in that horrid uniform!" and kissed Martin; and then, to Jill, "Where'd you pick *this* up?"

"We met in a telephone booth in San Berdue," Martin grinned. He set Jill down, but kept his arm around her. Miss Gobragh hedged to the fire and thumped a flea behind her ear.

Polly Darby came down from the Christmas-tree ladder with a colored ball in her hand and said, "Oh—then Barney won't be here?"

"Barney's in a duckblind on the Gila River," Jill said.

Beth said, "Well!" caustically, and Martin said:

"Well? So what? She's through with ducks."

"A sweetheart in every port," Beth said sweetly.

More people came. Christmas piled up. It was on the glittering tree; in the holly-tied packages under it; carols poured out of the radio, while outside the snow ceased and a moon rose on a white and silent world.

Martin kissed Jill first at ten o'clock, over the kitchen sink. It made her knees like melting snow, and she went against him, and then pulled back and fought the tingle.

"Let out the slack," he said. "It's O. K.—you're going to marry me."

Martin had three highballs. He kissed her again at midnight, sitting on the soft bear rug before the fireplace, the others crowded close, singing Christmas carols.

"I'm losing altitude fast," he whispered. "Let's make it a three-point landing."

Jill said, "You're high, darling," and laughed at him.

"I can keep asking," Martin said. "I've got forty-eight hours left."

The third time was in the pantry; and the fourth on the bobsled at three in the morning, whizzing down a moon-drenched slope. Jill shouted, "No!" and they ended in a snowbank, upside down.

"You'd save yourself a lot of spills if you'd give in," Martin told her.

The fifth time that he proposed it was five o'clock in the morning and they were in the upstairs bathroom. Polly was brushing her teeth at the basin, and Beth Graham was in the shower. Martin followed Jill into the already crowded area and backed her against the wall. "I'm proposing again," he said. "And this time I shall keep on proposing until you say yes."

The hot water gave out in the shower, and Beth started shouting, "For the love of Pete, Jill, say yes and get him out of here! I'm freezing to death."

So Jill said, "O. K., Martin—if you're around a year from now and still feeling the same way, I'll marry you," and pushed him out the bathroom door.

Beth parted the shower curtains and said caustically, "Here comes the bride!" Polly giggled.

Jill was crimson. "A fine thing!" she snapped. "Just because you're a softy and can't take a little cold water—"

"I think he's very handsome," Polly said. "Much nicer than Barney."

"But I only met him yesterday—"

"He's lit up like a plane carrier on review," Beth soothed. "He won't remember a thing about it, darling."

Someway, Jill didn't find this very comforting. "He asked me before he got lit," she said.

She took up her tube of paste and her brush and went outside thoughtfully. Martin had gone to bed.

NEXT day on the ski run, Martin came to her, plowing through the snow, with Miss Gobragh on leash. "Come along," he said. "Miss Gobragh needs a run."

Jill took off her skis and went with him. They broke trail across the virgin slopes, down to the cold blue lake's edge, saying nothing. Miss Gobragh flushed up a rabbit, and went leaping gracefully away after the scuttling gray blur.

Martin turned and cupped his warm gloved hands under Jill's elbows, pulled her toward him. "Your eyelashes are sugar-frosted," he said, "like the edge of a mint-julep glass—and you've got a holly-red mouth—"

His eyes were as blue as the lake waters, but they weren't cold. Jill pushed against his chest. "Stop trying to get away, woman. You're mine—I've got an option on you for a year—"

Jill said hurriedly: "We'd had too much Christmas cheer last night, Martin—we didn't know what we were saying—"

Martin said, "I know what we said—and I know what we felt, too."

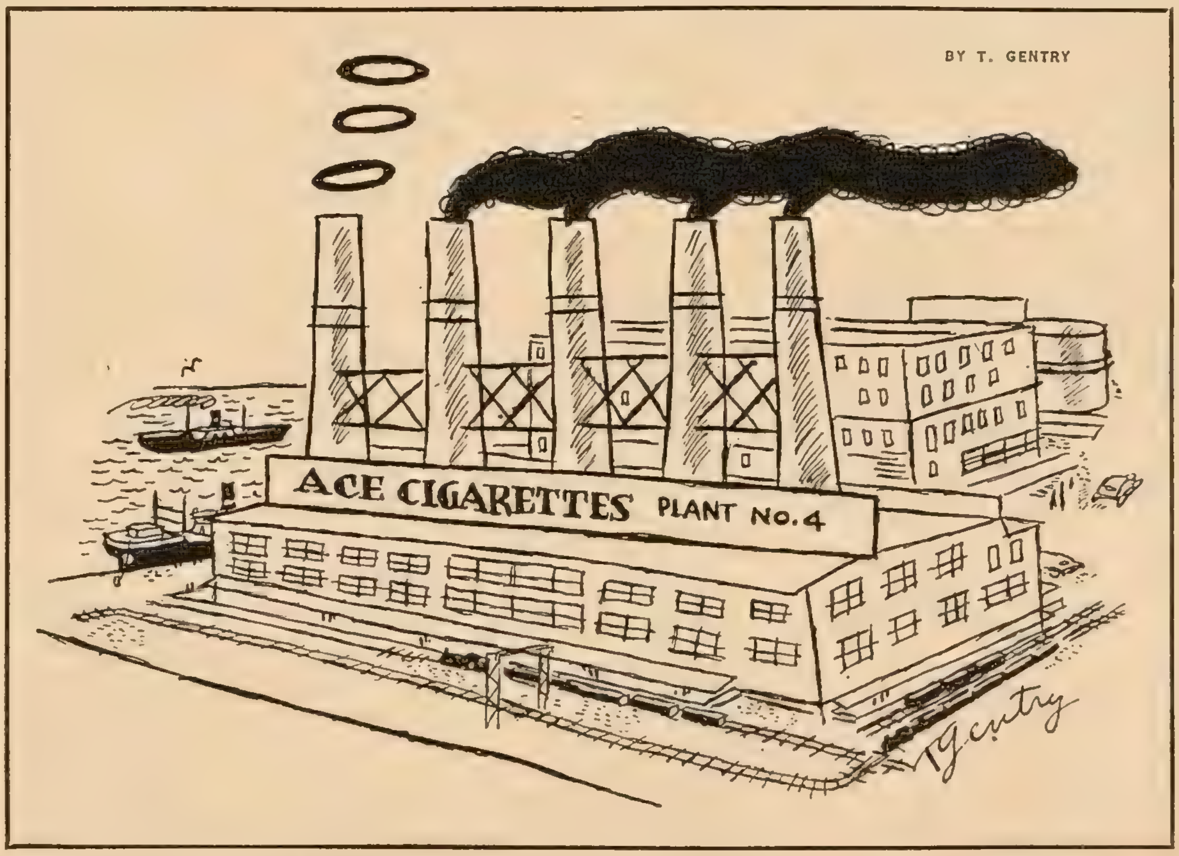
"But, Martin, this is crazy! We don't really know if this is love—"

"We'll have a year to find out," Martin said.

"Besides, I'd as soon have ducks as the navy! What sort of a life could we ever have, and you in Honolulu or Manila or Singapore all the time?"

"Look, Holly-mouth, I'm no screaming patriot. I didn't join the navy to save America or to see the world. I joined the navy for what I could get out of it. I hadn't the dough to learn flying, and the navy could teach me. The navy turns out the best flyers in the world. Navy flyers can always get jobs on the outside. Well, I'll be on the outside in nine months. We'll have our life together—"

"But it's ridiculous!" Jill cried. "It's ridiculous—the whole thing—"



"You're right," Martin said with decision. "Why wait a year? Let's get married now."

"M-married? When you haven't even had time to find out if you'll like my dog or the way I look before breakfast—or my Cousin Amy or—"

Martin pulled her closer. "I like your dog. I'll have to take Cousin Amy and the way you look before breakfast on trial. Time's short. Time's always short for navy men. We have to think fast and act in a hurry. The same goes for our womenfolks. So make up your mind—"

"But I don't know!" Jill said.

Martin pulled her closer and kissed her. His mouth was cold but that was all.

The impact of his kiss rocked Jill back on her heels, till she felt the snow crunch under her ski boots, felt herself going limp against him.

"You see?" Martin whispered.

THEY were married in Las Vegas that night. Martin shoved off for the Islands next day. It was March when he came back again for four days, and crowded his big, throbbing blond presence into Jill's two-room efficiency. The place bulged. Martin's sea bag filled the closet behind the wall bed; his skivvies and socks crowded Jill's lingerie to one side; his shaving gear overflowed the bathroom shelf. Ella, the beaming black maid of all work, strove valiantly to make a place for him in a space which allowed no man's place.

"Dey jes ain't room enuff, Mistuh Martin," she explained. "Somepun gotta be done."

Martin held Jill on his lap in the only chair in the living room, and rubbed his face against hers. "Ella's right," he said. "We've got to do something."

Jill sat up, rubbing her whisker-burned cheek. "Shaving would be a step in the right direction, Tarzan," she said.

"Not in that water-piped telephone booth." Martin kissed her. "I want free life and I want fresh air!"

"Let's go to the beach," Jill said.

Miss Gobragh was chasing sea gulls, yelping with delight. Far out, the Pacific was powder blue with silver puff dots for waves; close in, the surf raced in on the shore in high-crested curves, and broke just beyond two pairs of feet, side by side, toes dug into the sand, heels up: Jill's narrow brown heels; Martin's blond pinkish ones.

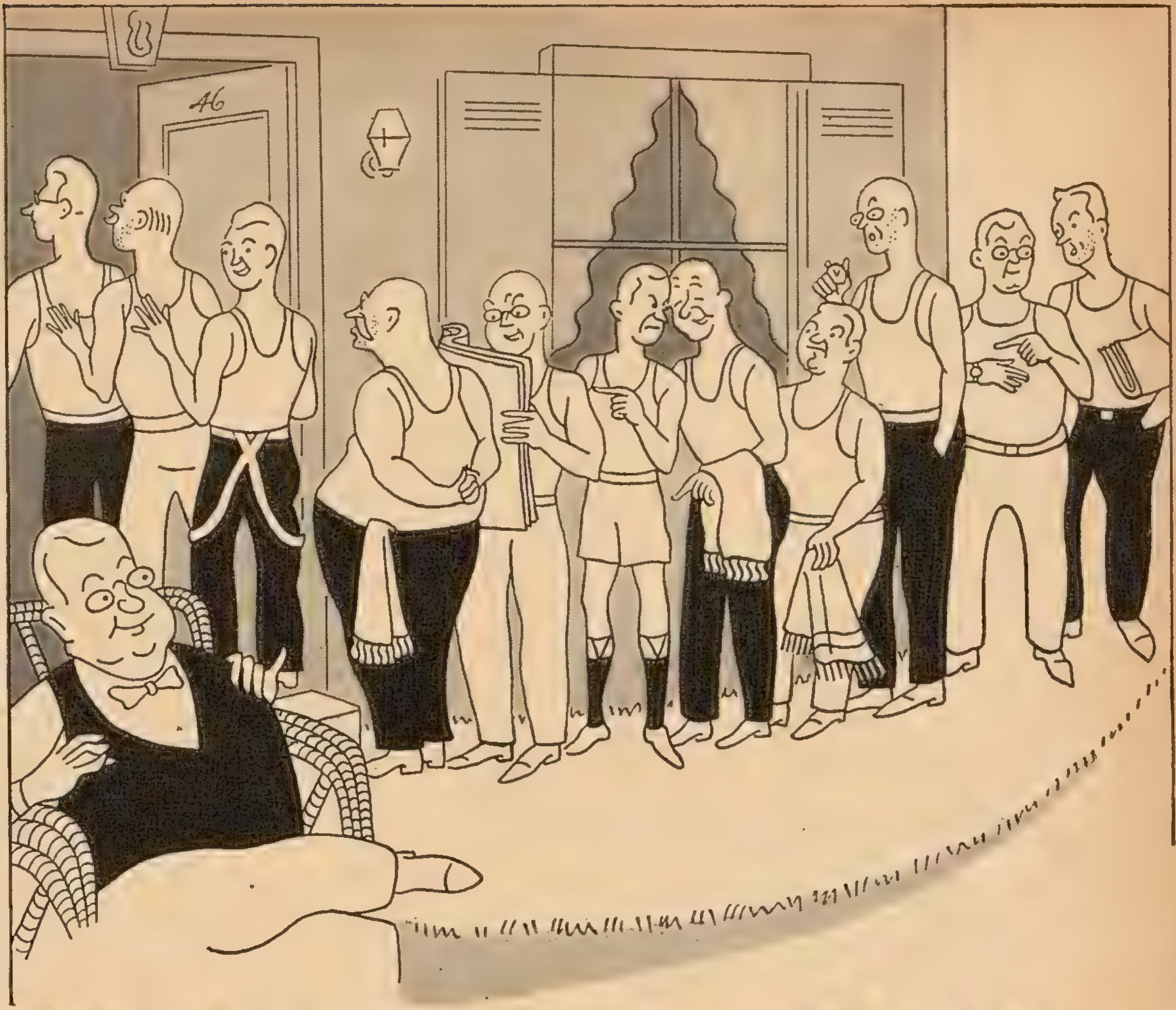
They were lying on their stomachs under the pale misty sunshine of spring, blueprinting their house in the sand.

"FHA does it," Martin was saying. "With my savings."

"And my savings too," Jill insisted.

"You can buy the furniture with your savings," Martin said. He strung pebbles in a curve. "The patio here—with lots of deck chairs and a beach umbrella."

"So's we can loll in the sun and have Ella bring us popcorn and drinks and the funny papers," Jill approved.



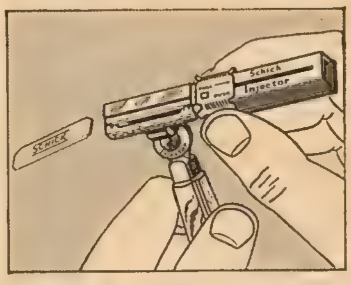
Why the neighbors Love Mr. Tabors

The odd Mr. Tabors is actually glad there aren't enough Schick Injector Razors to supply the demand this year. He's been lonesome for three decades. Now half the men on the block drop in every day—to use his Schick Injector Razor.

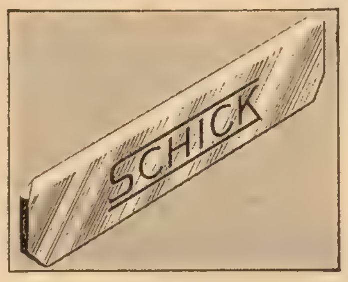
There's really nothing we can promise Mr. Tabors' neighbors. While there will *not* be a shortage of Schick Blades, war metal limitations now permit us to make only enough Schick Injector Razors for military demands. Our only suggestion is that those who haven't been able to get a Schick Injector Razor remain as contented as possible until the war is won.

If you *have* a Schick Injector Razor consider yourself a lucky man and *take good care of it.* You've got the "comfort shave" razor. The only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years are contained in the Schick Injector Razor.

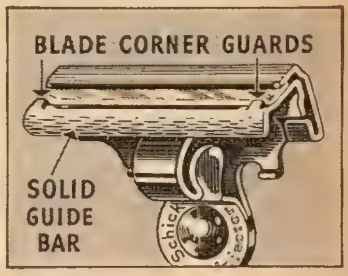
Shaving Improvements Every Man Can Have After the War is Won



Automatic blade change shoots out the old blade like a *machine gun* and slides in a new one instantly! Just a pull and push does it! No take-apart or fumbling with blades.

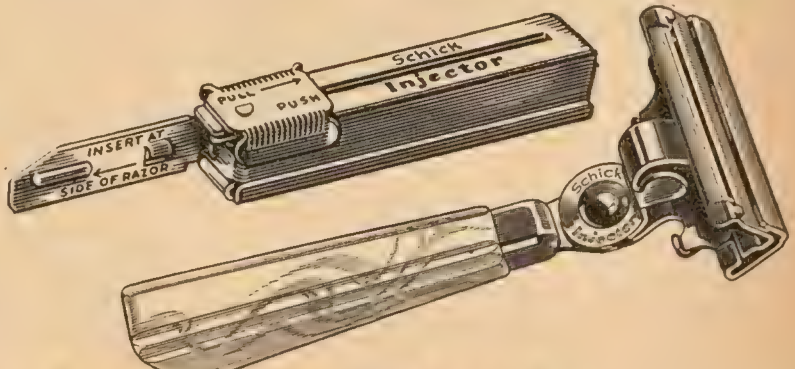


Schick Blades *measure* twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than paper-thin ones. Plenty of backbone for steady vibration-free shaving.



Solid guide bar stretches and flattens skin ahead of blade. Makes whiskers *pop up* for closer, more comfortable shave. Blade corner guards prevent nicks and scratches.

SAVE THE EMPTIES!
Don't throw away your empty Schick Injector Blade Cartridges. Give them to the Boy Scouts who are collecting them.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"We'll need a big fireplace in our living room." Martin put down a broken piece of pink sea shell for the fireplace.

"And a fireplace in the kitchen," Jill said.

Martin put down another piece of shell for the kitchen fireplace. "And a fireplace in the den, here—and one in the master bedroom, between the windows—"

Jill said, "Hey! Who's going to bring in the wood for those fireplaces?"

"That, cute stuff, will be my worry," Martin said.

Miss Gobragh, panting and sea-wet, came to lie at their feet, spread-eagled in the sand.

"But you've got them all over the joint," Jill protested.

"So what do we care? They're very important," Martin said. "Because why? Because every fireplace has to have a hearthstone, and hearthstones are the foundations of homes and families. Some ordinary folks get by all right on one. But us—well, we don't live cautiously, so we'd better put down deep foundations—and lots of them—to anchor us to the land. Because once I drop my hook, I don't want it pulled up again by the tides—"

Jill felt her heart tighten slowly. "Martin, you'll miss the sea!"

"Cut that gump," Martin said. "I'm not a navy man. No, sir. The minute I'm paid off, I'm through with the sea—"

Miss Gobragh let out a startled yelp and leaped into the air. The rising tide had swung a long green wave far up the beach, to swirl and swoop beneath her spread-eagled belly and curl up and over Jill and Martin.

They scrambled up together, laughing, dripping sea foam and sand. "Only the sea's not through with you," Jill said, shaking back her hair. "Look!" she cried, and pointed tragically. "Our house! It's gone."

The wave had swept back, taking living room and fireplace, patio and garden with it. Only a bit of pink shell that marked the kitchen hearthstone had caught and clung against a trail of seaweed—a bit of pink sea shell and the white driftwood that had been the patio fence.

"Foundations!" Jill scoffed, wrinkling her nose. "The very first wave washed them up."

Martin grinned. "No wave can shake the real thing, Miss Holly," he said. "I'm going to lay the foundations of our home so deep they'll go clear through to China, and weld themselves around the Poles, and even hook onto the equator. We've got a lot of living to do, Jill, and we want a home to do it in."

THEY dubbed the tiny plot of ground Mole Manor. "After all, the moles were here first," Martin said, surveying the ridged spaces of their domain.

Next day Martin had to shove off for the Islands again.

So Jill built the house in the valley, FHA, with Martin directing operations by Clipper mail from Honolulu.

In April Jill wrote: "That six-foot fence we planned will cost one hundred bucks, bare boards like God and nature made them; one hundred and fifty smackers sprayed with redwood paint."

And Martin Clippered back: "Take the fence bare, darling. Your husband will paint same with his own mushroomlike paws when he gets paid off, come September."

The house was finished in June, and Jill and Ella and Miss Gobragh moved in. Jill wrote a week later: "The flies are terrible. What about screening the joint?"

Martin wrote back: "I'll screen the joint. Buy a fly swatter and stand by till September."

Jill wrote Martin in July: "I can lay bricks for the flower beds, but building a trellis takes more precision. Meanwhile, the honeysuckle is running wild. Also Cousin Amy, who doesn't think I should live here alone with only Ella and Miss Gobragh. She suggests moving in to keep me company, but I don't somehow seem to get any thrill out of the idea. Any suggestions?"

Martin cabled on that one: "Bringing suggestions and thrills in September. Stand by."

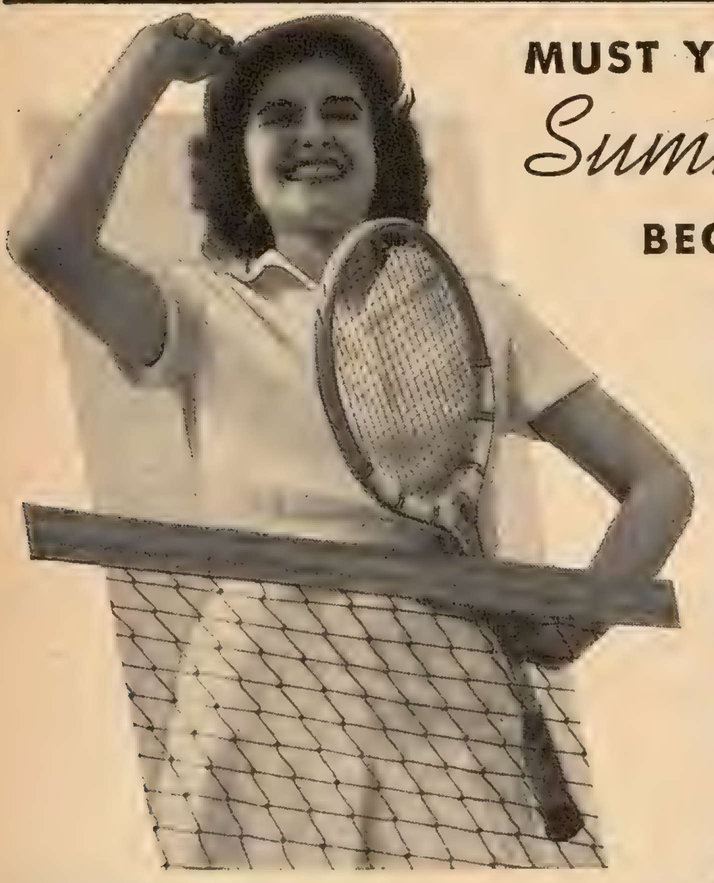
September became the goal toward which Jill climbed day after day, as up a high hill, marking each rocky mile off on a secret calendar in her heart. Come September, and Martin would be paid off. Before September was over, before the snapdragons and larkspur and zinnias had died in the little garden, Martin would come to the home he'd built but never seen—come swinging up the curved flagged walk that led to Mole Manor, and kiss her limp and breathless.

SEPTEMBER came; September passed. Martin wrote there was a new ruling that a navy man could only be paid off when his ship was in home port. And the Holloway's home port was San Diego. "However, don't worry, funny-face. The ship's overdue for overhaul. She'll be stateside soon. She'll have to."

In October he wrote, maybe for Halloween; in November he held out hopes for Thanksgiving—"if the Japs behave."

Jill came to listen to the news broadcasts with a tight feeling in her chest; the very word Nipponese made her short of breath. But news flashes built her hopes. They said that Japan had everything to gain by a United States alliance; that the Japs wouldn't dare start trouble—unless the Russians failed to hold the Nazis. But suddenly the Russians weren't holding the Nazis. The Nazis were plowing through—were nearing Moscow. And the Japs were getting cocky.

Something dark and horrible seemed to be clouding the Pacific. Jill flipped off the radio and lay on her stomach in the wide empty bed in the master bedroom, and prayed, "God, don't let it happen till Martin comes home again"; and then, in the next breath, shamefacedly: "God, I'm sorry. It's



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stinking of me to put a world crisis on a personal basis. But I want Martin home again—to see the house and the garden and to paint the fence—and read the funny papers with me. So, if you can hold off those Japs—please, God—"

And then Martin came home. Jill was standing in the master bedroom, in a silly red ruffled taffeta petticoat and a black bra, trying to decide what to put on for the day's work, when suddenly Ella's beam was in the doorway like a big black sun, and she was hissing: "Dem curlers—git dem curlers outen yo' hair, Miss Jill, and slush on de cologne! Mistuh Martin *heah!*"

And there he was, his blond blue-clad bigness in the doorway, dumping his sea bag—reaching for Jill, lifting her up in his arms, holding her, kissing her hard—hard!—while Ella beamed and quivered with happiness, and Miss Gobragh wriggled and nuzzled and thumped around Martin's knees.

"You're paid off," Jill said into his neck. "Oh, Martin, you're paid off—at last!"

"Well, practically." Martin sat down and held her on his lap. "I'm on special leave till the 15th; then I report back to the destroyer base at Diego till the 19th. The Holloway hits stateside the 19th for overhaul. And then I'm paid off, for keeps."

"Hallelujah!" Ella caroled from the door, clapping her hands.

"Praise the Lord!" Jill said fervently, thankfully. "Come on, Martin—look at your house."

THEY looked at the house. "Miss Hollyberry, you have done noble," Martin said admiringly. "All it needs now is the hand of the master."

"That's all we both need," Jill giggled. "How's to manhandle me, sailor?"

Martin swept her up and kissed her limp and set her down with a plop. "Ouch, you big brute!" Jill cried. "Don't get so tough so soon, even if you are the handsomest husband I've got."

Martin squared away. "I am now asserting myself," he pronounced. "Not only am I your handsomest husband; I am also going to be the one who has a closet all to himself in this bedroom. So start moving your duds, woman."

Jill said, "Aye, aye, admiral," and started moving duds.

"*And* also a whole drawer to myself in the bathroom," Martin went on. "I'm really digging in this time, Mrs. Marble. You won't be able to push me out of the picture from here on out. I'm dropping my hook for keeps."

Jill dumped a pair of oxfords on the floor, climbed his tall strength like a kitten, and clung to his neck. "Oh, you are, Martin! You really are home for keeps!" She leaned back and looked up at him, saw him dimly through a fuzzy mist of hard-fought tears. "It'll be fun, finding out if we really can live together, won't it? You

A while back, Davy
Joined the Navy.
And whenever he had leave
He'd visit, if he could, his old
girl, Genevieve.
But by and by her home which
receptions had been warm at
Lost the welcome from its
doormat.

NO ADMITTANCE
SMALL POX

Well, Davy got to be a C.P.O.
(Chief Petty Officer, just in case you
didn't know).
These higher-ups among the sailors
Look as if they'd been turned out by
swanky custom tailors.
The shirts they wear are crisp and white;
Might they be Arrows? Yes, they might.

Davy found their non-wilt Arrow Collars*
Are nearly as smart as Defense Bond dollars.
And whether you're small or big your
Arrow "Mitoga" fits your figure.

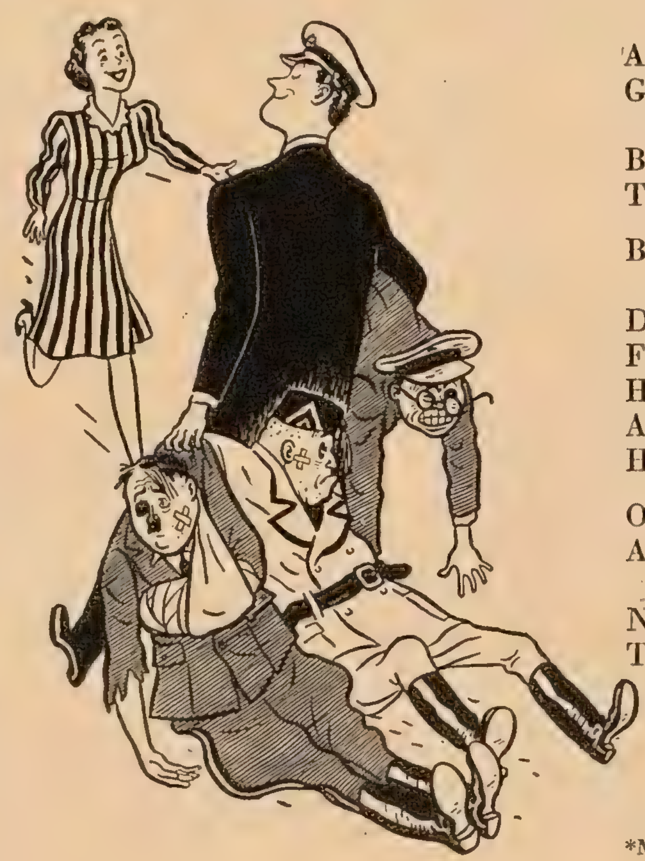
At last, or so Dave reckoned,
The fiddle he would play would *not* be second.
But when her man is way out yonder
A gal of other guys grows fonder;
And all the men that Genevieve knew
Wore, like Davy, Arrows, too.

NO ADM
TANCE
SMA
POX

And so when Davy called
Genevieve hemmed and hawed and
stalled.
But it was fated:
They dated.

Back to his ship don't think we're
sending
Dave without a happy ending.
For his term at sea
Had made him handsome as can be.
And in his Arrow Shirts, was Gen
Hard for him to win again?

Of her eye he re-became the apple
And *pronto* they were married in their
favorite chapel.
Now Davy's ego is so expanded
That he'll tell you it won't be planes,
or ships, or cannon that will win
the war, but that *he'll* win it
single-handed.



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HAVE FUN

with good fiction and cartoons, with crossword puzzles and quizzes . . . . .

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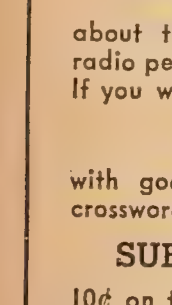
FREE FOLDER

Soothe Pain of Sunburn This Quick Way



Remember Sunburn is a real burn and should be treated at once. For quick relief apply OIL-O-SOL. It soothes, cools and comforts. Used by thousands. This effective inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating mosquito, chigger and other non-venomous insect bites and minor injuries—cuts, scratches. Quickly helps relieve pain—combats infection. Only 50c at druggist's. Must satisfy you or money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

know, I've never felt married to you, Martin—really. I was always just the other girl in that other port. But now—"

"Now you're just the only girl," Martin said.

Jill didn't go to work that day. She didn't go to work for a week. They de-fleaed Miss Gobragh. Then Martin "dug in" in the bathroom, dumping Jill's shower cap and bath powder to make way for his own toilet gear.

After lunch Martin became very much the lord of Mole Manor. "There's work to be done," he said. "Where's the paintbrushes? We're painting the fence."

Jill went to help him. But, someway, around four they decided to drive to the top of Topanga Canyon and watch the sunset; and then they had hamburgers, and let Miss Gobragh run on the beach, and bought the funnies and some popcorn, and went home to a hot shower and a pair of highballs. They never got back to the fence. Half of it's still unpainted. And the lemon tree that Martin was going to plant in the garden, so's he'd never be caught short for Tom Collinses—it's not planted yet, either; and there aren't any screen doors at Mole Manor. . . .

Martin had fifteen days—and then the Holloway would be stateside and he'd be paid off, and they'd have forever—maybe. But for fifteen days they didn't have to settle down. It was like bank-night money burning their pockets; it was a gift from the gods, unexpected. Time stood still for the fifteen days. They spent it fast and hard and splendidly, as if it were the last time they'd ever have on earth; spent it on the simple little things that make up living: popcorn in front of the open fire; sunsets from the seashore and the mountaintops; hamburgers and onions and funny papers in bed, late at night; and riding horseback in the rain along the canyon rim, shouting, "He's a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech and a hell of an engineer!" They spent seven days of the fifteen like that.

AND then it was Sunday.

Jill took the Sunday paper into the patio under the warm December sun and hunted out the crossword puzzle. "Bring out the dictionary and two bottles of beer," she yelled back to Martin.

"Check," Martin said. "Soon as I get into my trunks and turn on the symphony."

Jill spread a cushion and stretched along the grass, full length, studying the puzzle. Martin was a long time coming. She printed in a nine-letter word meaning King Arthur's sword. Still Martin didn't come. Jill printed in a four-letter word for arrow poisoning. The door banged. Martin was standing there in his swim trunks, holding the dictionary under his arm. His face looked funny. He said quietly, "Well, it's here, Jill."

Jill said, "You forgot the beer."

"The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor," Martin said.

Jill sat up. "Martin darling, that's a very poor joke—" And then all of a sudden she felt cold all over, and got up and ran to him, crowded against him, looking up at his tight face, feeling her eyes widen, hearing her own breath catching in her throat; not daring to say what her heart was screaming out: "You won't get paid off now—you won't get paid off—"

Martin put his arm about her; she could feel the heavy beat of his heart against her shoulder. "All leaves canceled, Jill."

They went in the house together. Martin called the destroyer base at San Diego and reported in. "Eight in the morning, sir? I'll be aboard at eight." He hung up. They sat there on the wide bed in the master bedroom and listened to the voice on the radio: "Battleships burning at Ford Island in Pearl Harbor—" (Jill knew the Holloway was tied up at Ford Island.) "United States fleet steams to sea to fight off invaders—"

She felt the muscles quivering along Martin's arm; his jaw muscles were like hard cords along his cheeks.

Jill said, "I'll open some beer."

PEOPLE came. Nalda and John, and Beth and Tom, and Polly Darby, and Cousin Amy. They sat in the living room, speaking in whispers (after they'd learned that Martin was leaving for San Diego at midnight)—like hired mourners at a funeral, Jill thought savagely.

Martin paced the floor and the news flashes went on and on. After a while Tom Emerson, his bony face thrust forward like the prow of a ship, sidled up to Martin. "How come they'd be caught napping like that?" he asked.

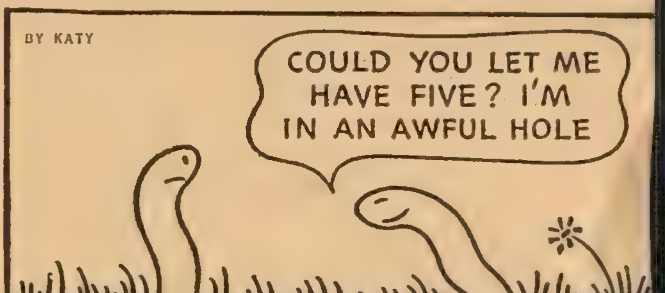
Everybody sat up to listen; it was a question they all had wanted to ask. Beth put in her two bits' worth: "Yes, Martin—and why were they so late steaming out of Pearl Harbor? Hours!"

Martin said stiffly: "On a Sunday morning by eight thirty a third of the men would already be ashore on liberty. As for steam—well, they must have had to get it up from scratch."

"Oh." Tom sidled away, looking at Beth significantly. "Then they don't keep up full steam continuously."

"No," Martin said.

There was silence among the hired mourners after that. Jill found she couldn't stand it. She dragged out the whatnot she and Martin had bought the day before for that bare corner in the hall, and started slapping on paint furiously.


BY KATY
COULD YOU LET ME HAVE FIVE? I'M IN AN AWFUL HOLE

As the afternoon went on, the mourners all lost their first awe of the radio and what it had to tell them. They began buzzing.

"To think we pay taxes for such a fiasco!" Beth said.

"What sort of a fleet have we got, anyway?" Tom demanded.

And finally John squared off ponderously to Martin with: "What the hell *do* you all do out there, anyway?"

"Yes, what?" Cousin Amy echoed.

They were all staring at Martin accusingly, as if he were responsible—as if he *were* the navy. Jill's paintbrush slowed.

John said pompously: "It's a swell commentary on our national defense, Martin, that we should be caught unawares!"

MARTIN thrust his chin out and faced John. Jill stopped painting. "It *is* a swell commentary on our national defense!" he told them. "We practice what we preach—democracy! We let the other guy alone. We don't start trouble. We're decent people—and decent people are always caught unawares!"

John's mouth came open in protest. Tom and Beth and Polly and Cousin Amy were looking at him as if he were crazy. Only Nalda was eager-eyed and a little breathless, really listening; Nalda and Jill. Jill felt choked.

"I could take a gun and go next door and blow Mr. Stanhope's head off," Martin went on. "Because Mr. Stanhope assumes I'm a decent law-abiding citizen like himself. He wouldn't be expecting me. But I couldn't do it the second time. Because why? Because Mr. Stanhope's wife and kids would be waiting for me with brickbats and the poker and kettles of boiling water. They'd stomp and beat and scald me to death before I could kill again! Well, they caught us unawares this morning—but they'll never get a chance to do it again. We'll make 'em pay for this morning a million times over. We'll beat the living hell out of 'em!"

Cousin Amy's excited twitter cut in: "But, dear boy, you can't beat people who have suicide squads that just want *nothing* better than to dive head on into a battleship and die for their emperor! You can't beat people like that!"

Martin said grimly: "Men who want to live—men who *mean* to live—in freedom and happiness, and make places for their wives and children to live in freedom and happiness, will fight twenty times as hard as men who live only to die for the glory of their ancestors and their emperor. What the hell do *they* care what happens on this earth, when they aren't going to be in it? Americans love living—not dying! We'll only die if we have to! And when we die, we'll die fighting—not committing suicide! We'll die fighting—but we'll beat the britches off those Japs before we're through! Just give us time and you'll see!"

Martin *was* the navy!

They went home after that, even Cousin Amy. And Jill left off painting to come and sit beside Martin on the arm of his chair. She pulled his tousled head into the curve of her arm. "You haven't said it," she whispered. "But I know it. You're wishing you were with your ship. You've wished it all day."

Martin burrowed into her bosom, held her tight. "It's not that I'm sorry I got to come home and be with you, Jill," he said. "I thank God for it. But the navy taught me to fly—I owe them for that; it's a debt—and I ought to be out there with them today, paying a little interest."

Martin took the midnight bus to San Diego. Next morning Jill went back to work. Bank night was over.

THERE were blackouts; and the recruiting stations were jammed; and the OPM moved in and started retrenching. Martin was two weeks at the destroyer base waiting for convoy.

He couldn't go over fifty miles away, not even week-ends, so Jill went down twice with Miss Gobragh. They took a cottage at Pacific Beach each time; and they did not talk of war, but of the house in the valley, and the honeysuckle trellis they really must build, and the rose trenches that had to be dug by spring, and the lemon tree that Martin would plant when he came home again.

Martin called up on Christmas Eve in the morning. He was in San Francisco. "How's to come up and give a sailor a Christmas thrill?" he asked.

Jill felt her heart tighten in her breast.

"Shore leave?" she asked.

"I have till tomorrow morning to make merry," Martin said. "Shake a leg, woman."

Jill said, "On the beam!" She took the afternoon plane.

IT was a very funny Yuletide. The only thing Yuletide about it was the sprig of holly Martin pinned on her coat when she arrived. "Christmas presents always have holly on them," he grinned. "You're my Christmas present."

It was cold. They walked in the wind along the Embarcadero, where the ships were loading for Pearl Harbor. Out in the harbor the destroyer convoy made gray blurs in a gray dusk.

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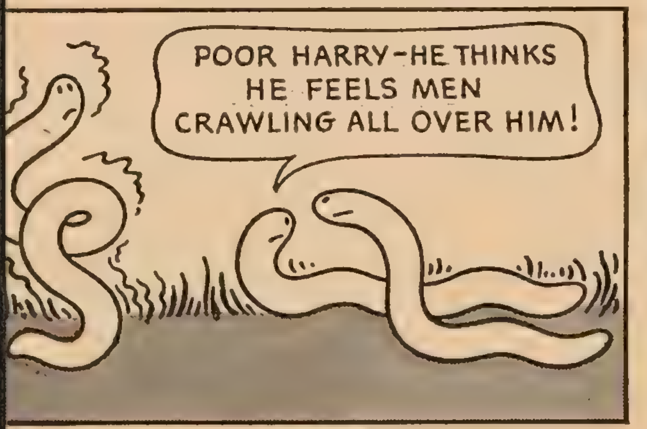

POOR HARRY-HE THINKS HE FEELS MEN CRAWLING ALL OVER HIM!

The armed guards honored Martin's navy blues. They let him and Jill pass, calling "Merry Christmas!" after them.

The words stuck in Jill's throat. She couldn't say them back, so she compromised with "Same to you, soldier."

At Fisherman's Wharf the newsboys were shouting, "Jap sub sinks ship off California coast!"

They ate soft-shell crabs at Joe DiMaggio's, and then trudged back up the hills toward the lights of town. It was nearing midnight. They passed a church, and heard the carols pouring out. Jill's fingers tightened on Martin's arm; she pulled toward the entrance. "Let's," she said. "For luck."

The high-vaulted, candle-lit chapel smelled sharply of cedar and sacramental wine. They slipped into a seat, and then to their knees while the minister prayed.

Jill prayed her own prayer, fiercely, urgently: "God, don't let them hit Martin's ship—please—please! God, get the convoy safe through to Pearl Harbor—"

MARTIN rode with Jill to the airport in the cold windy Christmas dawn. The air-line bus was bumpy and drafty, and the passengers were suffering from lack of sleep or hangovers or both. A girl up front cried all the forty minutes out to the field. Martin held Jill's hand tight.

Once he said: "I won't be able to write, you know, Jill. Just printed post cards with 'I am not well' and so on, and we mark out the 'not' and sign. Can't even put an X for kisses," he chuckled.

Jill said: "I'll know you're alive—that'll be everything."

And just before they reached the port Martin said softly: "It's a tough break, honey!"

"No!" Jill said. "No, Martin. We've been lucky. We've had such a wonderful year."

For the first time, his voice was ragged in his throat. He kissed her cold fingers. "I like the way you come in on the beam," he said huskily. "You're my kind of folks, Hollyberry, you're four-O."

There wasn't any taxi service from the field at this hour. They hadn't thought to ask about that when they started out. Jill looked at Martin with startled eyes.

"Oh, Martin—I shouldn't have let you!"

"Don't worry about me, funnyface." He tipped her chin up, looked at her long. His eyes were blue—blue as lake water, blue as the Pacific, looking into hers. "What's a thumb for?" he grinned. He kissed her. "Be seeing you." Then he was running down the road toward the highway, swinging his duffel bag, white hat bobbing in the morning mists.

Jill stood on the steps of the airport and watched him go. He reached the highway. Cars were whizzing past, bound townward. Martin's thumb didn't have time for a workout. A car saw him, slowed, brakes squealing, came to a halt fifty yards away.

Jill thought, They feel different about the uniform now.

The long held-back tears flooded her eyes, so that through a blur she saw Martin's navy-blue legs flying along the highway to the stopped car—carrying him away from her, back to his ship, back to the sea.

Cousin Amy was waiting at the house when Jill came back. "You poor dear little war widow," she twittered. "Blood is thicker than water. I'm just going to be with you every minute—for the duration. Always remember—I'm here for you to weep on."

Jill said dully, "That's sweet of you." She felt tired all over, for she had cried all over God's sky from San Francisco to Burbank. But it was finished now. She'd not cry again—not even with Cousin Amy watching and wanting her to.

Jill pulled open a drawer—Martin's drawer, the one he had swept clean of her shower cap and bath powder to make a place for his own toilet gear. He was digging in deep that day, so's he couldn't be pushed out of the picture in his home that had foundations reaching clear to China. He was dropping his hook in home port forever. . . .

Now it was her job to hold the foundations for him, to keep the port ready. . . .

A piece of pink sea shell—and a length of white driftwood—caught against a curve of seaweed, with the foam receding slowly over the beach, erasing the outlines of the home they had blueprinted on the sand. . . .

"But *that* house was made of sand."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—President Roosevelt and President Manuel Prado y Ugarteche of Peru.

2—The bow and arrow, the twang of the bowstring having been the original musical note from which came the soft melodies of the harp.

3—The hours.

4—By both men and women.

5—A mirage which was said to lead ships and men to disaster in the Mediterranean.

6—In the heavens—because, according to legend, Castor and Pollux, twin sons of Jupiter, were made into a constellation after they died. Gemini is one of the better known constellations.

7—Only twelve.

8—Bad. According to the story, Pat yelled to Mike during a battle that he had "caught a Tartar." Mike told Pat to bring the Tartar in. Pat replied that the Tartar wouldn't come. "Come yourself, then," called Mike. "I can't," yelled Pat. "He won't let go."

9—The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

10—Christopher Columbus. San Salvador was his first discovery in America.

11—No—because in Egypt the cat was sacred.

12—A fawning individual—the original yes-man.

13—The west.

14—None. An apod does not have feet.

15—Drawing room is a contraction of "withdrawing room." It is the room to which you withdraw after dinner.

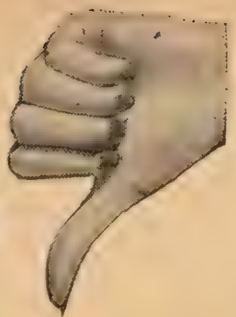
16—The story goes that an Indian and a white man went hunting and shot a crow and a turkey. The white man said, "Now I'll take the turkey and you take the crow, or you take the crow and I'll take the turkey." The Indian said, "When do you start talking turkey to me?"

17—It is a Russian guitar.

18—Pollyanna.

19—Military Police and Shore Patrol.

20—"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," by Rudyard Kipling.



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HAT? *ONLY* $25,000..?

BY EDDIE CANTOR

Fun's fun, but a ceiling on incomes is no laughing matter — or is it? A blithe comedian turns reporter to get the facts

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

CHILDREN in school are known to have a difficult time remembering important historical dates. I'll bet, however, that children in private schools will always remember April 28, 1942. On that day, their ever loving fathers heard President Roosevelt's now famous Seven Point speech. And the one point that made papa holler uncle was the proposed limited income of $25,000.

Oh, yes. April 28, 1942, will never be forgotten by the sons of riches in this country. The things that happened! In one swanky dining room a millionaire, listening to the President's talk, almost choked to death on a four-and-a-half-dollar hunk of pheasant. Another wealthy gent passed out cold. He had been a well known football player in his younger days—Harvard '09. Since April 28 he has regained consciousness twice, but all he mutters is "Roosevelt . . . 25 . . ." and passes out again.

Talk about Churchill's "blood, sweat, and tears"! I know penthouses in New York that were flooded with all three. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year! Why, some of these men would have to give up their sweethearts and go back to their wives! One retired banker of my acquaintance, who had been accustomed to a yacht and champagne, immediately switched to a rowboat and soft drinks. In a certain apartment on Park Avenue in New York City a group had just finished listening to Mr. Roosevelt's Fireside Chat. A gentleman farmer named Moss Hart turned to one of his guests, the son of a prominent Hollywood producer. "I'd love to hear what your father has to say about this $25,000 business. Just for fun—I'll pay for the call to California. Phone him!" Another guest spoke up. "Never mind phoning," he said. "Just open the window!"

Big business men who were like steel in a crisis became weaker than a Hamilton Fish alibi. One old bird started pounding his fist on a $7,500 antique table.

"THIS is war!" he shouted. "Damn those Japs! They can't do this to me! Twenty-five thousand dollars a year! Let's kill Hitler. Let's open another front. The Axis must be licked. It costs me more than $25,000 a year to live!"

He broke down and cried like a baby. And his tears kept the carnation in his lapel alive for a whole week, thereby saving seventy cents and starting a slight ripple on a wave of economy.

Of course there were some who heard the President's speech and remained perfectly sane. I met one man like that. He confided to me that he could manage on $25,000 annually. "Yes, I could make it do," he said. "Now all that's necessary is for the U. S. Army to add $24,748 to my salary." And the buck private laughed like hell.

The soldier boy's reaction gave me an idea. In order to get a true picture of what the man on the street thought, I became an inquiring reporter. The first person I approached was a bootblack. As he started to shine my shoes, I questioned him.

"Could you get along on $25,000 a year?"

"Yes," he answered, not even looking up. "But of course I'd have to cut down on certain things. The children's French governess would have to go. What a pity! I had hoped that they would learn enough French so that if they ever met Laval they could tell him in his own language what they thought of him. Then, those trips to Palm Beach with my family each winter would be definitely out. My box at the opera, naturally, I'd give up. I've already sold my polo ponies."

I felt a tug at my trousers. I noticed that both my shoes were polished and one of my socks.

"That'll be ten cents, please," the bootblack said.

I tossed him a quarter. I felt sorry for him, although I'm sure that part about the polo ponies was a lie.

Next, I interviewed a pretty salesgirl at a five-and-ten-cent store.

For hilarious listening, tune in Eddie Cantor's NBC broadcasts every Wednesday evening at 9, E.W.T.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"Could you get along on $25,000 a year?" I asked her.

She took one look at me and yelled, "Go 'way, you bum, or I'll call a cop!"

I dashed out of the store into the street and almost under a truck. The driver jammed on his brakes, and before he had a chance to bawl me out, I put the question to him.

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully scratching his head, "it being a hypothetical question, my answer would necessarily be ambiguous. Endeavoring, however, to be co-operative, I would lean toward the affirmative. Now scram, jerk!" And he was off.

On Broadway I met a former Ziegfeld show girl. I asked her if she thought she could manage on $25,000 a year. Her answer was, "I haven't seen twenty-five grand since Roosevelt was elected. Good old Teddy!"

I decided to tackle another group. I would take Wall Street. It was only thirteen years ago that they took me. But that's another story. (See Caught Short, Simon & Schuster, $1.) Arriving at the Wailing Wall, I noticed two brokers, patches on their trousers, seated on the curb sharing an apple.

"Is this your lunch?" I asked.

"Yes," they said in unison. "And we're happy to have it. Yesterday at noon we split a grape."

My heart went out to the boys. But I had another question to ask: "Could you get along on $25,000 a year?"

Not since the transformation scene in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde have I witnessed such a weird sight. The brokers' eyes became glassy. Their lips quivered and from their throats came a sound between an air-raid siren and Georgie Jessel singing. I ran as they fell prostrate in the gutter.

DEAR reader, you must bear in mind that, as yet, limitation of income to $25,000 a year is not a law but merely a proposal of our President. Yet the people whom such legislation would affect have started rehearsals for *Der Tag*—just in case. You would be amazed to know how many men have resigned from their country clubs and are doing their drinking at home. They have even given up patronizing night clubs. Instead of going to one of these upholstered sewers, a man gets himself two stale slices of bread with a slab of old Swiss cheese inside, topped with a tired olive on a toothpick, closes the windows of his living room, has the butler step on his toes and blow smoke in his face, while he scans a movie magazine for a glimpse of the lovely legs of Rita Hayworth or Betty Grable. At the end of such an evening he has saved a neat sixty dollars and a pair of eardrums.

All of the above, I must confess, is a slight detour from my original intention. What happened was, a group of big "bracketeers" appointed me a committee of one to write the President on their—on our—behalf. Here, then, is the letter:

Dear Mr. President:

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up, the night of April 28. They agreed with everything in your speech except that part which referred to limiting incomes. Of course they know you have a great sense of humor, Mr. President, and they figure you just slipped that one in as comic relief. Ha-ha-ha. But they feel that maybe Congress hasn't always a sense of humor equal to yours, and the boys feel that our congressmen, bless 'em, might, with an election coming up, make this a law in order to get in right with their constituents at home.

So we have taken the liberty of showing the government how an equal amount of money can be raised through a new series of taxes, which we hope you will think is just dandy.

(*a*) In places where they have been removed, put back the pinball machines. But station a man at each one and tax ten cents any guy who tilts the machine. Statistics show that there are more than 11,000,000 tilters in this country, not counting those who use "body English."

(*b*) Tax each radio comedian for every mention of (1) Bing Crosby's horses; (2) the unusual weather in California; (3) the movie he's making; (4) Hedy Lamarr.

(*c*) Tax the amateur strategist who says, "What Russia should do now is open up a new front in Newark, New Jersey, thus bringing a Nazi army to this country so that we won't have to send our armed forces abroad. In that way, England could start a pincer movement through Bulgaria, attacking the Japs on the Turkish border, which would give General MacArthur a free rein in Czechoslovakia."

(*d*) We could raise a fortune by taxing the individuals who say, "Don't say I said so, as it's strictly off the record, but a friend of mine who is close to the administration in Washington told my brother-in-law that the war would be over now, except that we have such a large surplus of sugar that our soldiers must consume it before peace can be declared."

(*e*) If this item doesn't get the country out of the red, then I just don't know: Millions of people go to the movies not for the double feature, not to hold hands, but for—of course—bank night. All right, then. Charge everybody in the country one dollar per card, which can be sent free by the Post Office Department. Each Thursday night you, sir, will call the numbers over the radio. When one's card is completely filled, he runs to the telephone, calls the White House, and yells "Bingo!" Immediately you send him $1,000,000 by the National Guard. Clear profit of $129,000,000 every Thursday ain't hay, Mr. President.

The above is just a slight sample of how our minds function. If you would like to avail yourself of our services, we'll come to Washington as dollar-a-year men. And, believe me, we're worth it!

Now, as to limiting income to $25,000 a year . . . er . . . er . . .

Respectfully yours,
EDDIE CANTOR.

THE END

ICTURES
OU OUGHT TO SEE

irley makes a personal hit in Miss Annie Rooney.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ MISS ANNIE ROONEY (for good acting)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S a big girl now. In the leading role of this hoary classic she is a full-fledged adolescent. She tosses jitterbug slang around, she cuts a mean rug in several jive sessions, and learns a lot about social distinctions when she runs into a youngster from Sutton Place. The point is that she's as attractive as she is exuberant and as artful as her material is shabby.

You must have heard of Little Annie Rooney. Mary Pickford once played in this fable about an Irish cop's granddaughter who was humiliated by her brilliant but featherbrained father. Edward Small has had the yarn streamlined and given up-to-date references. It is still awfully old hat. Annie and her pals showing a poor little rich boy how to have a good time, or Annie fixing up everything around her, doesn't make for very solid drama, today or ever.

To her immense credit, Miss Temple is never baffled by the slipshod script. With Donald Meek playing her devoted grandpop and William Garvan in the role of her somewhat screwball pop, she gets a lot of warmth and comedy into the domestic background of the show.

It still seems to me that she should have fresher material if she is expected to make the difficult transition between being a child actress and an ingénue. She can act. Let her have something better than Miss Annie Rooney to act.

(United Artists.)

★ ★ ★ THIS ABOVE ALL (for Power and Fontaine)

THE stars make the picture in this case. And even so, it has a way of getting out of focus, for you just can't set up an individual love story against the horrors of Dunkirk and the aerial blitzkrieg of London with completely satisfactory results. We are too close to the war at the moment. There are poignant and stirring stretches in This Above All. They might better have been framed by the first World War.

There is no mistaking the stars' contribution to the show. Tyrone Power, as a nervous and emotionally run-down soldier after Dunkirk who deserts because he can't see what he is fighting for, is splendid. The lovely Joan Fontaine is understanding and sympathetic in the part of an aristocrat who casts in her lot with the bitter and class-conscious hero. They have scenes of tender romance and high courage together. They finally see eye to eye in realizing that the war must be won first before a new and better world can be established.

Playing with great good taste and feeling, Power and Miss Fontaine rarely fail to make situations engrossing, provocative, and even powerfully moving. Their first meeting, when the heroine is billeted in a WAAF camp, is casual and yet mysteriously important. The development of a love affair as they go to the seaside is delicately related and the resolution of their rather somber romance in a London hospital under bombardment makes a stirring climax.

Good as the stars are, however, they cannot conceal the inherent defect of the film. There is far too much talk along literary lines, making it quite obvious that the film was once a book. And there is never a sharp fusing of the personal drama and the war background. The show comes closest to this when the redoubtable Thomas Mitchell is trying to explain to the bewildered heroine the hero's determination to desert.

The picture has been made unstintingly. Anatole Litvak has made the most of the imagery and the human drama. They still don't weave together into a show that fully justifies its intense and knowing acting.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be.

★★★—This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship, Aboy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy.

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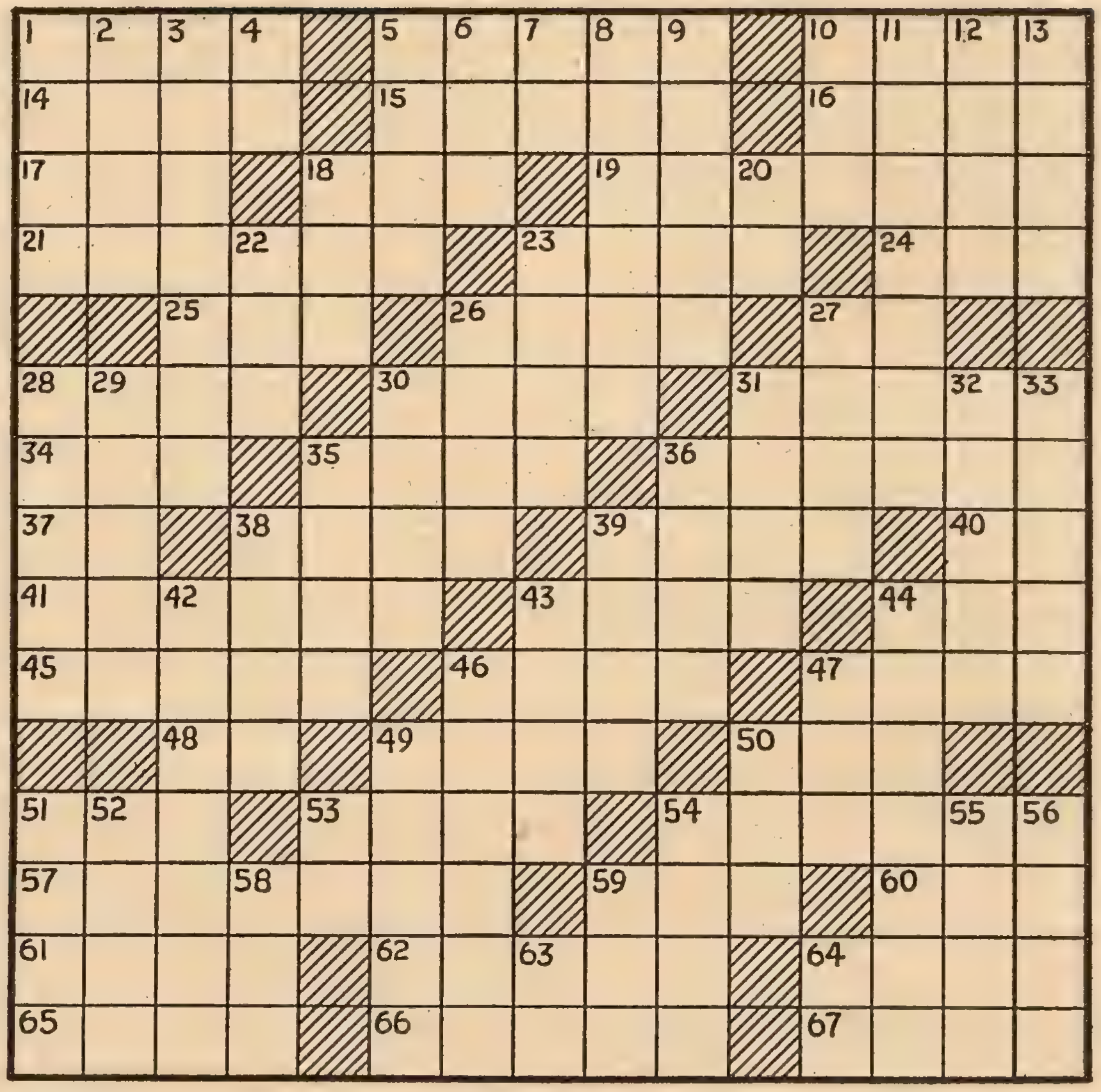
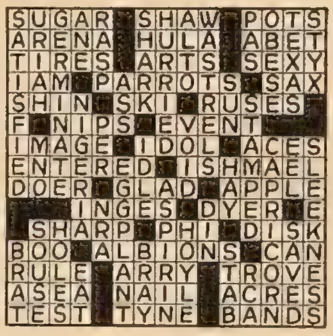
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Bean
5 Priestly vestment
10 On top of
14 Cheese
15 Wing section of airplane
16 Prefix: half
17 Neither
18 Encountered
19 Relating to arrangement of musical sounds
21 Slurred over
23 Bright star
24 Suffix: citizen of
25 Unused
26 Large number
27 Pronoun
28 Bird of duck family
30 Final
31 Look gay
34 By
35 Fastening device
36 Annoyed
37 By, near
38 System of signals
39 Unruffled
40 Note of the scale
41 Mexican dish
43 Game
44 Kitchen utensil
45 List of candidates
46 Similar
47 Preserves, as leather
48 Preposition
49 Withered
50 Pronoun
51 Winglike part
53 Precious stone
54 Appetizer
57 Golf club
59 Part of a machine
60 Secured
61 Metal
62 Field work
64 Philippine knife
65 Mend
66 Figure of speech
67 Soon



SUGAR■SHAW■POTS
ARENA■HULA■ABET
TIRES■ARTS■SEXY
IAM■PARROTS■SAX
SHIN■SKI■RUSES■
F■NIPS■EVENT■■■
IMAGE■IDOL■ACES
ENTERED■ISHMAEL
DOER■GLAD■APPLE
■■■INGES■DYER■E
■SHARP■PHI■DISK
BOO■ALBIONS■CAN
RULE■ARRY■TROVE
ASEA■NAIL■ACRES
TEST■TYNE■BANDS

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Unaspirated consonant
2 Image
3 Sailor
4 Part of to be
5 Imitated
6 Tangle
7 At home
8 Adhesive substance
9 Funeral song
10 Japanese herb
11 Disease of horses
12 Leave out
13 Fastidious
18 Cry
20 Note of the scale
22 Moisture in small drops
23 Extensive
26 Masculine
27 Eastern prince
28 Quarrel (pl.)
29 Molten glass
30 Vein
31 Personality
32 Fruit
33 Corrects
35 Part of a tree
36 Story
38 Roman patriot
39 Form of fuel
42 Bullfighter
43 Young woman
44 Model of perfection
46 Thinner
47 Number
49 Game
50 Part of the thigh
51 Among
52 Italian coin
53 Either
54 Hollow jointed stem
55 Sport
56 Kind of collar
58 Hotel
59 Top or summit
63 Perform
64 Element (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

IS JOHN CITIZEN IN THE WAR?

Continued from Page 13

as something which must make sense. He believes that certain of his enemies must be put out of the running for good and that certain of his allies, who are not always the believers in democracy they pretend to be, must be put in order and prevented from creating again conditions which lead to war. He is proud of his country and has confidence in it and in his neighbors, far more at this moment than at the moment of Pearl Harbor. The growing unity of the nation is founded upon something more real and more enduring than the furious indignation of that moment over the treachery of an enemy. And all that is good. It is no use trying to work him into a frenzy of crusading spirit; it can't be done, and shaking a finger at him and scolding him is not going to change his attitude. He knows, with remarkable intelligence and objectivity, what this war is about. He suspects it may be only one manifestation of a kind of world revolution.

John Citizen has swung into line and is doing his part. His sons are being killed. His daughters are going into factories. In some cases his business has been ruined overnight. He has had his taxes raised. In several million cases he is paying taxes for the first time. His government is taking away his tires, putting ceilings on what he sells or makes. He is accepting many things which he does not like and many things which are actual hardships. I have not heard him complain. That is why I am writing this: I have never felt a greater admiration for, or sense of brotherhood with, my fellow Americans.

Of none of these things is he complaining, but he is asking many questions which he feels are his right to ask. Above all, he is asking his fellow citizens in Washington to make the same sacrifices he is making.

He wonders why the farmers are told to produce more and more food against the famine that is certain to encompass the world at the same time that millions of dollars are being paid to farmers for *not* producing. He wonders why corn, of which there is a surplus, is not used for the manufacture of alcohol instead of basic molasses, of which he is told there is such a shortage that he must cut down on the use of sugar through an elaborate and expensive system of rationing. He is asking why there should be a sugar shortage in a nation located in the very midst of the cane-sugar area of the world. He is asking why foreign cane sugar should be excluded while a pretty big sum of his taxpayers' money is being spent each year to subsidize the sugar-beet industry which but for government subsidy would go at once into bankruptcy.

HE is puzzled by the goings-on in the Office of Civilian Defense, goings-on so curious that there is virtually no civilian defense save where it has been organized by some local individual with the ability and initiative. He would like to know why 600,000 automobiles are frozen and then unfrozen when it is too late to dispose of them easily because no one can get tires. He would like to know why Jesse Jones was permitted to get a strangle hold on national initiative. He would like to know why departments and bureaus in Washington are not reorganized with the end of greater economy and efficiency in time of need. He would like to know why some congressmen have as many as ten or twelve members of their families drawing government salaries. Why doesn't Attorney-General Biddle abandon his wishy-washy liberal attitude and go for those seditionists who are doing everything possible to defeat what John Citizen is working and sacrificing to achieve?

John Citizen Farmer sits back and hears over the radio and reads with astonishment in the newspapers that he is trying to profiteer when he knows nothing whatever of "the farmers' plot to keep prices going up." He burns under the collar when he hears Washington wisecracks like that attributed to Leon Henderson that "The farmer is more interested in raising prices than in raising crops." He knows that the so-called "Farmers' Bloc" is made up largely of lobbyists for manufacturers who sell the farmer things, of all sorts of people who have never been near a plow.

It is made up, too, of the bureaucrats and theorists who are determined to carry on their pet theories of crop control and parity prices, whether the farmer favors them or not, whether we win this war or not.

A good farmer from the northern part of Ohio said to me not long ago, "Good farmers don't want special treatment at a time like this. A good farmer can take care of himself and is proud of it. I don't know whether Washington is playing for the farmers' vote or not, but certainly they're not going to get it by lumping the farmer in with labor as a specially favored class of citizens. The only ones who like it are the ones who are being pauperized by it. They don't want to work anyway. They take their payment for not growing wheat as their yearly profit and don't farm at all. They just keep a cow and some chickens. But all that costs the taxpayers money."

When the farmer thinks of the high wages of labor and the continuing demands for increase to meet the rising cost of living, he gets mad, especially when he himself is called a profiteer. He has lost a large proportion of his best labor to the draft and to industry; he is getting very short shrift. He is carrying on; he works sixty-five to eighty hours a week. He is aware while he is doing this that he belongs to practically the poorest-paid group in the nation, with a per capita net income of less than one fourth that of non-farmers. In spite of that, he has no love for the men at desks in Washington who are trying, not very successfully, to regulate his life more and more each day in return for subsidies which cost his fellow citizens money in taxes and which he does not really want.

WHEN the ridiculous "fan dancer" uproar broke out in Congress, the incident itself was cheap and ill-timed and a political football, but it was a kind of symbol, with a great under-

Ed. Nofziger

BY ED. NOFZIGER

"I've given up man eating—from now on let them eat each other!"

lying significance. It meant that the common sense of the common people was stirring and asserting itself. John Citizen felt there was something silly going on in the Office of Civilian Defense. I myself felt that way when the Office of Civilian Defense asked me, as my first assignment, to address a joint meeting of the C. I. O. and the state Co-operative associations on the need of defending civil rights in time of war. I declined because it seemed to me that the whole thing made very little sense, and that the vital Office of Civilian Defense was being used to put over all sorts of things which had nothing to do with the grim necessity of winning the war. Here again was the attitude in Washington itself of "business as usual."

The questions being asked, these protests being made by John Citizen are not necessarily those which I would myself have asked and made, although with most of them I am in agreement and in all of them find evidence of the common sense of the common people. They are on the whole very intelligent questions and protests. One hears them everywhere, especially if one has no ax to grind and wants nothing politically. The sum total of their significance is that John Citizen is asking his government to settle down to the execution of total war with victory and a realistic peace as the ultimate goal. He is asking his government to make the sacrifices and practice the economies which he himself is accepting, to do away with frills and fads, to cease experimenting until the war is won. The common sense of the common people is saying simply, "This is not a time when we can afford to go on working out theories. Much good has come out of the experiments already made, but there exist at the moment a great many frills, a great deal of extravagance, a lot of bureaus which can be done away with, and now the occasion and the justification for doing so exist as never before. John Citizen is sick of being told what to do, what to think, and of having government *imposed* upon him. He wants to participate, he wants to be trusted."

FOR this attitude Congress must bear a large part of the blame. It has, in the past eight years, sometimes behaved in a craven fashion, being ordered and bossed about, sometimes rightly, sometimes wrongly. It has suffered a great loss of face. John Citizen is asking himself a lot of questions and suggesting a lot of doubts to his neighbors regarding many of the men who are coming up for election in the next three or four years. As one lawyer put it, "What about Guam? What about these fellows who persistently blocked all efforts at setting up an adequate defense? What about the fellows who persistently voted and talked in the interest of Hitler and the Japs? Perhaps they sincerely believed they were right, but they should have been better informed; they should have been more foresighted; they should have thought less of gambling on a turn in the political future and more about the good of their country. That is what they were elected and paid to do. Perhaps if they had done it, there would be fewer dead American boys."

One thing which is notable from one end of the country to the other is, I think, the uniform lack of criticism regarding our foreign policy and the general conduct of the war itself. As the various polls have shown, the popular support of the President has shown a steady increase. When I have heard adverse criticism, it came usually from men or women who were addicted to reading various publications belonging to the category which hates Roosevelt more than Hitler. This is an unhealthy minority in our population, a minority of the kind which I knew very well in Europe. They were the ones in France who believed Hitler and Fascism would save their property from "the menace of Bolshevism." They were the appeasers and the craven and from among their ranks came the Quislings. For those of us who lived in Europe before the war this minority is an old story. You can smell it a mile away.

There is another curious expression of confidence in the President and in Secretaries of State Hull and Welles. It is best expressed in the words of a business man whom I heard say, "I'm a Republican myself. I voted for Roosevelt once and against him twice, but I'm glad we've got him now and Hull and Welles along with him. They can't put anything over on those boys, the way they put things over on poor Wilson. These boys are out for America and they know all the answers. They know how the game is played. I voted for Roosevelt the third time because I didn't think we had any Republicans who could do the world politics job as well as they could. And that is what is important now."

JOHN CITIZEN is doing a lot of thinking, of a kind he has not done in a long time. During the "crazy '20s" he almost forgot how to think for himself, and during the depression of the '30s he was willing to have others help him out or do his thinking for him. He is beginning again to think for himself as a free citizen of the American democracy. It is an encouraging sign.

It is well for Washington to remember one thing: John Citizen has only one way of making his common sense felt, and that is where it hurts —by way of the ballot. And sometimes, exasperated beyond endurance, he uses the ballot box as an instrument of violent reaction. His government, both in Congress and in the administration, has a good chance to win his confidence now by turning over a new leaf, by cutting down and controlling not only the expense of bureaucracy but its arrogance and pretentiousness, by showing that it is determined to streamline the war effort, not merely in the proportions of a gesture here and there, but sincerely and efficiently and ruthlessly—showing that Washington can be utterly serious at this time when the country is faced by the greatest crisis in its history.

John Citizen has begun to think again, and shortly he will begin to act. There is a new and healthy element in the present situation which many politicians have overlooked. For the past eight or nine years, a minority of the public paid income taxes, a good portion of which were spent sometimes wisely, sometimes idiotically, but almost entirely for the benefit of the non-taxpaying majority. This was good politics for the party in power. When it came to a national election, there were not enough of the taxpayers to make much difference against the great majority who paid nothing and received only benefits from parks and housing projects, WPA and PWA and AAA, vocational schools and a hundred other agencies. Suddenly, through necessity, the minority which paid income taxes has become a majority. In many cases the new taxpayers are making greater sacrifices than any of the richer minority were ever called upon to make. For the first time they have become aware that government costs money. Even more than the old rich taxpaying minority, they are going to want to know where the money is going and how it is being spent.

THE common sense of the common people is becoming articulate once more, and what the common people are saying is, "This is all-out total war. The time of experiment and extravagance is past. We no longer like being scolded and lectured *to*. Let us participate as citizens instead of being held at arm's length by the bureaucrats. Now is the time for consolidation, economy, efficiency, and a rebirth of our own democracy through the assertion of the people's will. Let's really get down to business. No more theories, no more theorists, no more experiments until we have finished this job. And stop telling John Citizen what he is to think. This is a terrible and tragic crisis. He is not only able and willing, he is eager to meet it. His morale is all right."

I have seen a lot of John Citizen lately. I'm not worried about him. He's doing a fine upstanding job and will continue to do it, if he is left alone and asked to participate in the running of this war effort.

If John Citizen is allowed to participate in this greatest of all national efforts, it is possible that we shall have a rebirth of democratic principles in this country which before Pearl Harbor was drifting rapidly toward the sickness which afflicted France and brought about her ruin. There never was a moment in our history since the American Revolution when the participation of John Citizen was so vitally important, when "the sum total of the common sense of the common people" could be of such immense value to democracy.

THE END

TO THE LADIES

"BLITZIE" SHIRT CHEMISE FROM MARY LEWIS, N. Y.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOR staying out too late nights Genevieve Tabouis was tabooed from a Salvation Army hotel in Switzerland. That's how her career as a lady oracle of international politics got started. She doesn't tell the story in her book, They Call Me Cassandra, but only revealed it the other day when I met her and asked the origin of her success. She said: "I was bored with being a sweet young society teacher of archaeology, so I went to Geneva, where my uncle, Jules Cambon, was attached to the League of Nations. After the hotel episode my family cut my allowance, which meant fewer smart clothes, and I *loved* clothes. Uncle Jules suggested that I write some of the inside facts I'd learned about League affairs. I took his advice and have been writing politics ever since." . . . The world prophecies she made in her syndicated newspaper column, a Geneva Merry-Go-Round, led to universal fame. Exiled from France, she now lectures widely in this country; also conducts a Free French paper, Victoire. She's a frail, birdlike lady whose reputation for pessimism does not seem justified when you talk with her intimately. Gay, humorous, very feminine, she is far from the brawl-and-bombast type of female commentator. In her handbag she always carries a snapshot of Lotus, white Angora cat given her by Roger Langeron, last independent chief of Paris police. Two of France's disastrous politicians, Mandel and Herriot, are cat haters. They used to squirm in the presence of Lotus. . . . If you're a hostess interested in developing a political *salon*, Mme. Tabouis says, stay home and keep open house one certain day each week. Invite important people often enough, and they'll come once out of curiosity—then it's up to you to hold them. She thinks our tire shortage may help. Now that we can't ride all the time, perhaps we'll visit and talk more.

SEASONABLE sandwiches, different for summer than for winter, aid such informal entertaining as La Tabouis has in mind. Try these three: (1) On cracked-wheat bread spread creamed avocado mixed with a little mayonnaise. No butter. Fill with flaked tuna and grated cucumber, well drained. . . . (2) Fresh radishes and ham minced together, mixed with cream. Whole-wheat toast. . . . (3) Cream cheese and chopped mint between slices of white bread spread with crushed fresh raspberries.

A TANGLE of national customs can bring slapstick comedy to the most stately functions, as seen at a recent Washington dinner. I mustn't mention names, but who's to stop you from guessing? . . . Banquet at the embassy of a Latin-American republic honoring the envoy to Washington from a mighty empire. Huge dogs—Great Danes—have the run of the place, dining room included. Native custom is for the hostess to carve, and the dogs respect this. But as a tribute to the home customs of the ambassadorial guest, in whose land the man carves, it was in front of *him* the servants put the splendid juicy turkey. He picked up the carving knife and set in. At once the dogs jumped him. Knocked him down on the floor, bird, gravy, and all. To them, any carver except the lady of the house was an impostor!

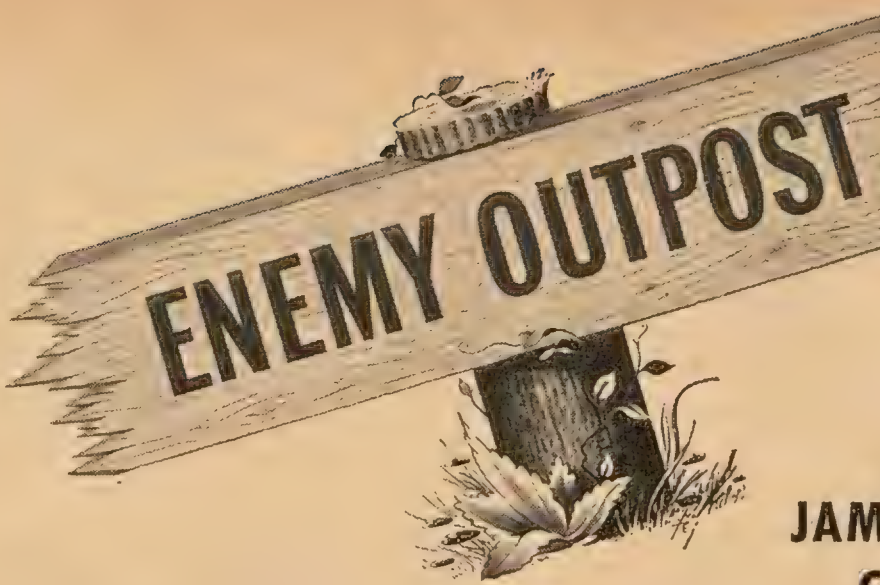
PERFECT gift if your hostess likes novelties: the new thermometer swizzle sticks that tell a drink's temperature while they stir; $2.50 for a set of eight. . . . Have you seen the new blitzie garment for girls who dress in a hurry? Shirtwaist and pantie all in one. Ideal with slacks. About $6. . . . Newest finger decoration, launched by Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco: three identical gold bands worn on middle, fourth, and little fingers. No standard price.

WAY up in Alaska, the Eskimo girls are extremely war-conscious, as they should be, considering the potentialities of Alaska as a future spearhead of the Pacific battle front. Back from a trip there, stage and screen star Joe E. Brown has just shown me a copy of the following note to the Red Cross from a group of Eskimo ladies in the far north: "Other women knit," it says, "but we have no wool. Every day we meet to make *mukluk* boots of sealskin. We have thirty dozen pairs of *mukluks* ready if the soldiers and sailors want them. We can make them and send them regularly."

PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S latest thriller, Pursuit of a Parcel, is the best English-spy mystery I've read in months. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

TALKING with Professor William H. Barton, Jr., Hayden Planetarium scientist, I asked if there is any scientific basis for our weather folklore, such as the belief that it will rain if our vegetables burn. "None," said Professor Barton. Yet while we were talking my potatoes burned. And it *did* rain!

A new clue to a sinister mystery, another death in the wilderness pile thrill on thrill in a tale of Nazi spies and danger



ENEMY OUTPOST

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

BY JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MIKE KILPATRICK, pretending to be a geologist, arrived at the Moose Club in the Canadian woods and asked permission to study the rock formations. He was met by a Mr. Beck and Sally McDonald, daughter of the founder of the club, a wealthy American. Beck and his son Christopher, Mike learned from Sally, together with Dorothy Tyler, Beck's sister-in-law, had been members of the club for two years. The original members, besides Mr. McDonald, were Ed Carroll and Judge Puckett.

He discovered, too, from listening and watching, that some persons at the club were involved in mysterious intrigue. He suspected that Christopher and Mr. Beck were not what they seemed. He would have been certain if he could have seen them in the icehouse one night, burying the body of Moses Bigfoot, Mr. Beck's guide, whom they killed because he knew too much.

Sally's father was away on a trail trip at Loon Lake with his guide, Fred Chausse, but Judge Puckett and Ed Carroll made Mike welcome. So did the Becks—outwardly. But secretly Christopher made inquiries and discovered that the visitor was *not* a geologist. "If he tries to interfere with us before next Sunday night, the twelfth," he told Mr. Beck, "I shall kill him."

One day Dorothy Tyler tried to kill Mike by pushing him out on the lake in a canoe during a storm. He accepted her word that it was an accident. Later, Dorothy gave herself away. When Sally became a little sick at Christopher's shooting a lovely fawn, Dorothy said to Mike, "That's the trouble with you Americans: you're soft." Then her face whitened as she realized what she had said.

"THAT is the trouble with us, isn't it?" Dorothy made her voice soft, very feminine, and somehow she was managing a smile. She put her hand on Mike's arm. "We Americans are soft, aren't we?"

Not any more, Mike was saying to himself. Not this American, at any rate. I know where I am now. And I didn't expect to find it out from you. You had me completely fooled.

"That's right," he said, looking at her with all the innocence he could muster. "I think we Americans are soft. We've got to learn to be hard, to be like the Nazis."

"Not like them," she said, her hand still on his arm, and pressing suddenly as if she would cling to him. "They're so terribly brutal. Even to think of them frightens me."

You're good, Mike was thinking, really good. I don't know everything about this Moose Club, or about all the people here; but I know two things for certain—this woman isn't what she pretends to be, and she's dangerous.

He put his hand over hers and smiled. "Mind if I call you Dorothy?"

Again she pressed his arm. "I'd love it."

"Then let's forget about the deer." He patted her hand gently. "Going to dance with me tonight?"

"I'd love it."

"I'm not very good."

"I'd still love it."

CHRISTOPHER was now eager to get back to camp with his deer. Dorothy and Johnny Buckshot went in the canoe with him. That suits me, Mike was thinking as Johnny steered the boat away from the shore. I want to be alone with Sally. I need to talk with some one. Though now I don't know if I can trust even Sally.

"I'm not in the habit of being weak in the stomach," she said.

"I know. I felt the same way."

"I've never seen him do anything like that before. Ordinarily Christopher's fun to be with. He's always joking and he's very witty."

After they were in their places and Solomon Rat had pushed off from the shore, Mike said, "I was surprised, too. He's impressed me as a good fellow. What's his business?"

"He travels for a sporting-goods company."

"What does his father do?"

"Mr. Beck's retired."

"He's rather young to have retired, isn't he?"

"I don't know. Apparently he made a world of money down in Mexico—gold or silver or something. He was in business for a while—that's where my dad met him—then he retired."

"But how did he get to this camp?"

"Oh, he saw some pictures of the place in dad's office, and he went wild about it. He tried to buy the whole lease. Of course father laughed at him, but Mr. Beck was so eager to see the camp that father invited him up one summer. Uncle Ed Carroll and Judge Puckett both liked him, and then next summer, when Mr. Beck offered a lot of money for a membership in their club, they let him and Christopher join them."

"And Dorothy—what does she do?" Mike inquired.

"She owns a perfume shop in Chicago. But why are you so interested in the Becks?"

"Oh, I'm not interested in them. Not at all." Mike thought he had better change the subject. "How does a person go about getting a dance with you tonight?"

"He might try asking me."

"Then you're asked."

"O. K."

"First one?"

"Yes."

Sally, who was trolling, hooked a big pike just then. After a tussle she whipped him and reeled him in.

"Are you going away tomorrow?" she asked, after Solomon had lifted in the pike and they were fishing again.

"Yes." His mind was made up about that now. After Dorothy Tyler had said "you Americans," betraying the fact that she herself was not an American, he knew just what he wanted to do. He wanted to get to Old Woman's Lake. Those tracks that Solomon Rat had seen in the portage now interested Mike more than ever.

"Sally," he began casually, "didn't you tell me Christopher was fishing at Old Woman's Lake the other day?"

"Yes. Both he and Mr. Beck often go there."

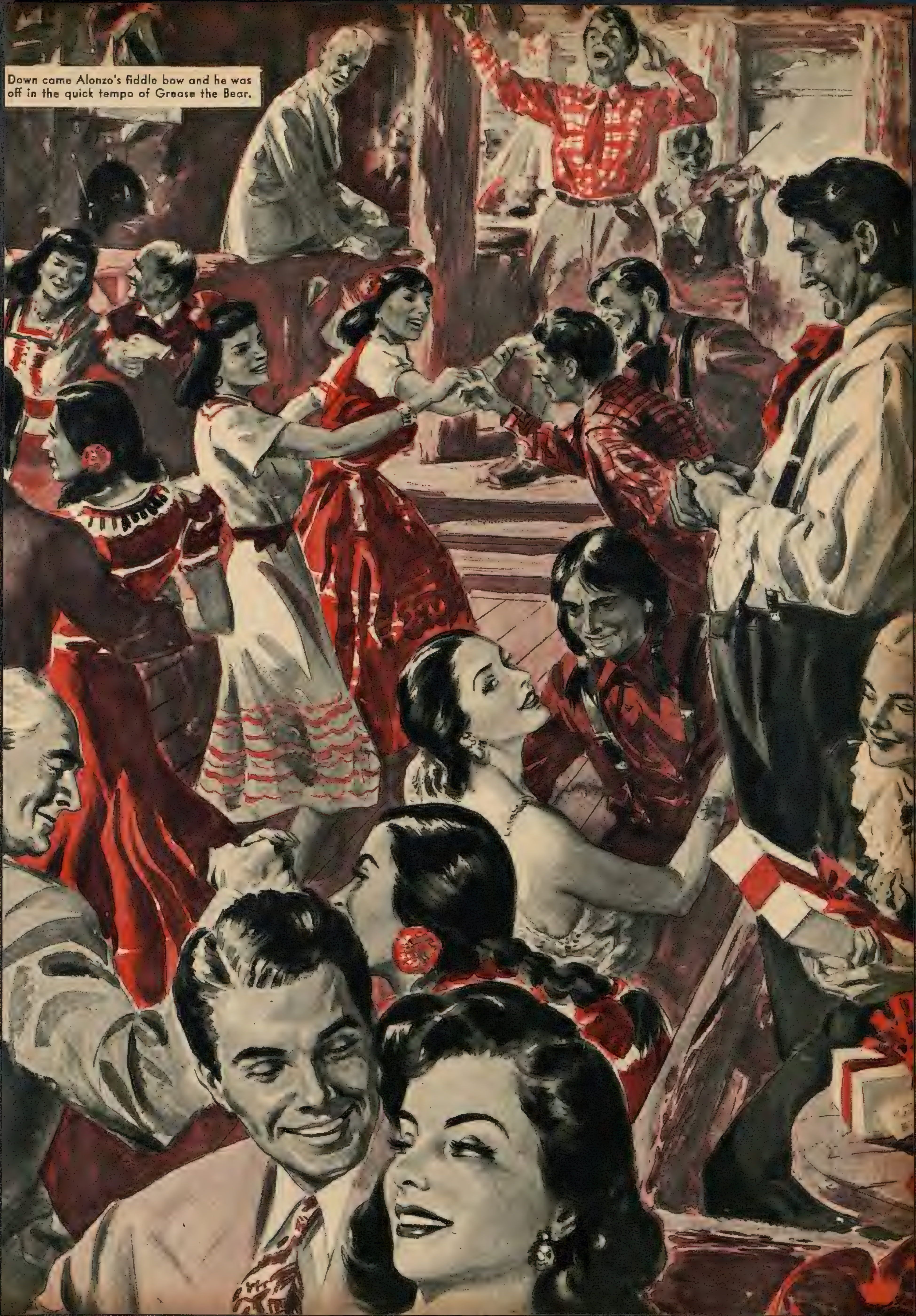
"Does Johnny Buckshot always go with them?"

"Yes. Johnny and Moses Bigfoot—he's Mr. Beck's guide."

After they were back at camp, Mike bathed and dressed quickly. He waited until night fell, then left his cabin and waited in the dark beside the icehouse until he saw Johnny Buckshot leave the guides' shack and start toward the hut where the guides ate their meals.

"Why, hello, Johnny," Mike said, going toward the young Indian. "I'm glad I happened to see you." He began to question Johnny about the best flies to use at Old Woman's Lake. Johnny named some, but Mike shook his head.

"I don't recognize the names," he said. "Would you mind coming down



Down came Alonzo's fiddle bow and he was off in the quick tempo of Grease the Bear.

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to my cabin and seeing if I have them?"

Johnny agreed and they went down the path. In the cabin Mike left him looking at flies while he himself opened a drawer and took out a bottle.

"Believe I'll have another drink before dinner," he said. "You like one too, Johnny?"

"For sure," Johnny said quickly.

He drank the whisky raw, throwing back his head and taking it in a swallow.

They talked about the flies again until Mike said, "I believe I'll have another drink, Johnny. What about you?"

"For sure."

After that they talked until the Indian was watching the glasses and the bottle.

"So you say this is the best fly for Old Woman's Lake—this is the one Christopher and Mr. Beck use there most often."

"Yes."

"How would you like another drink, Johnny?"

"For sure."

"O. K. But first tell me why Christopher and Mr. Beck like Old Woman's Lake better than any of the others."

"They no like Old Woman's Lake. They no fish at Old Woman's Lake," Johnny said, pushing forward his glass.

Mike poured out the drink. "Then why do they go there?"

"They no go there." Johnny waved his hand vaguely. "They go on north. Past there."

Mike went to the wall map. "Let's see—north of Old Woman's Lake is Loon Lake. Do they go there?"

"Go more north. Go past Loon Lake."

"Johnny, how would you like to have that whole bottle of whisky?"

"By hell, I like that for sure," the Indian said, reaching for it.

Mike moved it quickly out of his reach. "How far north do they go?"

JOHNNY waited for a minute. He looked up at Mike, then his eyes lowered until they rested on the bottle once more.

"Go north past Loon Lake," he said, slowly. "Go north past Serpent Lake. Go north up Serpent River. Come to Spruce Lake."

"Do they go there to fish, Johnny?"

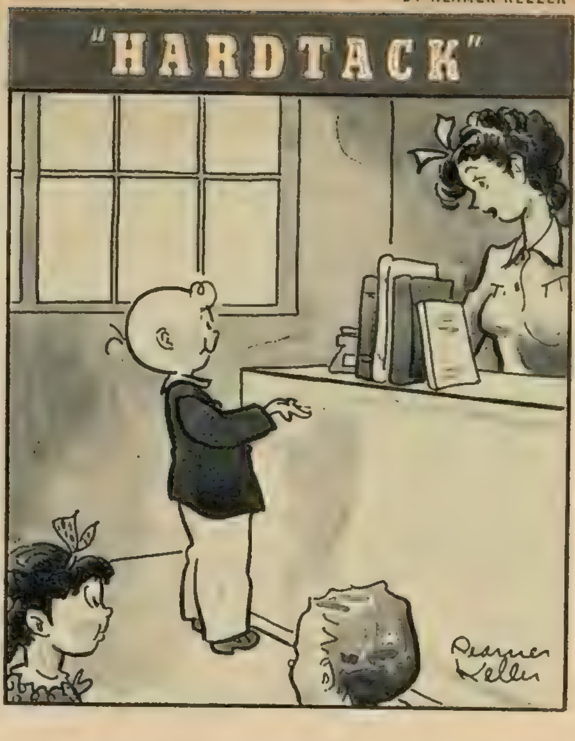
No answer.

"What do they go there for, Johnny?"

For a minute the Indian sat staring at him; then, without speaking, he got up, picked up the bottle, and walked out of the cabin.

By this time the whole camp was humming with activity, every one hurrying to get ready for the festivities of the evening. The only absentees would be Sally McDonald's father, who had not returned from his fishing trip; Mr. McDonald's guide, Fred Chausse; and Sally's guide, old Jock Beaverman. Sally, as she dressed for the occasion, thought about them. It did not surprise her that her father had not cared to shorten his favorite sport for the dance, but she was puzzled at Jock's absence. He had left two days ago, a couple of hours after her little pet bear had died.

BY REAMER KELLER



"I couldn't get an apple for you, but here's a vitamin pill with the same thing you'd get in an apple."

The dance was in honor of the birthday of Dominic McNabb, the camp caretaker. All day the maids and the cooks had been bustling. Three times since supper, Alonzo Budge, the guide who always played for the dances, had tuned and tested his fiddle. Repeatedly Alonzo's crony, Pete Mercier, had tried his birch sticks, making sure they were light enough and strong enough for the beating of the fiddle strings. Dinner was hurried through, and the tables were cleared and lifted aside. The bearskin rugs were taken from the floor and the chairs moved back.

When at last all was done, cooks and maids ran across to their sleeping shack and put on their dancing frocks and their dancing shoes, some of them still creaking with newness, and back they came to wait in the kitchen together until all the guides had joined them. When they were all there, Pete Mercier swung open the door and motioned for the ladies to file in first. They sat down in the semicircle of chairs at one end of the big room, opposite where the sports—as they called the city people—were seated, smoking and talking.

After a pause, Pete Mercier strode in, his tiny white-birch sticks held stiffly in his hand. Behind him came Alonzo Budge, carrying his fiddle. Then came all the guides, some of them hardly recognizable because of clean shirts, gleaming faces, and hair marvelously combed. Last to enter the room were Mr. and Mrs. McNabb. Mr. McNabb, a giant of a man with a mane of black hair and tangled black eyebrows, wore a white linen shirt and a violent red necktie; his black trousers were held up by light-blue suspenders. Custodian of the camp, he was respected by the guides, the cooks, and the maids; he was loved by the sports.

Judge Puckett and Sally McDonald advanced to meet the honor guests. Sally's arms were piled with the presents, all wrapped in gaudy paper and neatly tied. The judge gave them a speech which was just beginning to gather real momentum when he was firmly interrupted by his wife. "You've said enough, E. V.," she called out. "Everybody's anxious to dance."

"I see that I'm being heckled," said the judge, "and I yield."

Then Sally presented the gifts, and everybody cheered and called for a speech from Dominic McNabb. He handed his wife the armful of presents, spread his sturdy legs, and squared himself for the ordeal.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I kinna make no speech. But I thonk ye, one and all. And I promise to keep the pump agoin' and I promise to have ye hot water of a mornin'. And thot's all I got to say."

"Hurray!"

Mike hurried to Sally and reminded her of her promise for the first dance. She went with him to the circle that was forming and they took their places. Solomon Rat asked Dorothy Tyler to dance with him, and Uncle Ed Carroll asked one of the prettiest of the Indian girls.

Down came Alonzo's fiddle bow and he was off in the quick tempo of Grease the Bear. And down came Pete Mercier's sticks on the fiddle strings, thumping away as he beat the rapid time of the dance.

Frank Brazeau, the guide who was to call the set, cried, "Saucy right and saucy left"—at least whatever he said sounded like that—and the set was on.

Solomon Rat swung Dorothy Tyler so fast that she was dizzy and had to drop out. Solomon didn't miss a single figure; he simply lifted one of the maids from her chair and continued. Finally, in a great flourish, the first change was ended and everybody was laughing and applauding. The ladies were tapping their foreheads with their handkerchiefs and the gents were frankly mopping their faces.

WHEN Frank began calling the second change, Uncle Ed Carroll dropped out and spoke to Judge Puckett.

"E. V.," he said, "when I was dancing, I thought I smelled whisky on Johnny Buckshot's breath. I'm sure of it now. Look at him."

"I believe to my soul he *has* been drinking," the judge said. "That may mean trouble."

"I told Christopher to give the maids and the guides a gallon of wine, but I warned him again about letting the guides get any whisky."

Johnny was now varying the ordinary step of the dance by sudden leaps and was causing some confusion by giving an occasional war whoop. At the end of the change, the judge and Uncle Ed signaled Christopher and Mr. Beck out to the porch.

"Where did Johnny get that whisky?" asked Judge Puckett.

"I asked Johnny where he got it," Christopher said, "and he told me he'd had no whisky; but one of the men said Johnny went to Mike Kilpatrick's cabin before supper and they drank together."

"Somebody should have told Mike not to give these Indians whisky," said Uncle Ed.

He and the judge went inside. Once the door was closed behind them, Beck turned to Christopher. "How long was Johnny in Kilpatrick's cabin?"

"Long enough," Christopher said. "And he was probably drunk enough to have told him everything."

"So!" Mr. Beck walked to the edge of the porch. "Moses may have company in the icehouse if this Kilpatrick is not careful."

"Yes," said Christopher, "there are only four more days until the twelfth. And nothing must interfere."

In the middle of the next change, as Johnny Buckshot was swinging his partner, Ruby Commando, he staggered. In trying to hold his balance, he flung the girl to the floor. When they picked her up, they saw that her forehead was split open and bleeding.

Xavier Commando, Ruby's brother, already had out his knife and was going toward Johnny Buckshot when Solomon Rat caught him. The other guides helped. Another guide sprang for the knife and, when Xavier wouldn't loose it, bit him hard on the wrist. The knife clattered to the floor. Rose, Johnny's wife, was holding Johnny, as he stumbled about on limp legs, his rolling eyes telling that he

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didn't realize what had happened.

"Get him out of here," Judge Puckett said to Rose. "Get him out."

She tried to lead him to the door, but Johnny pulled back and tried to free his arms. He was cursing her in Algonquin.

"Get him out of here, I tell you," the judge said, "or there's no telling what may happen."

"Why you get me out, me?" Johnny demanded. "I don't got to get out. I rich man. I do what I like by me. I got much, much money." He wrenched a hand free and pulled from his pocket a handful of bills, hundreds of dollars, more money than any of the guides had ever owned at one time. "I rich man, me. I don't got to get out."

Christopher Beck went to Johnny and told him to leave the room. When Johnny said he didn't have to leave, he was a rich man and he could do as he pleased, Christopher, looking around the room, said, "Sorry about this." Then he hit Johnny in the mouth and Johnny collapsed. Frank Brazeau slung him over his shoulder, and walked out of the lodge with him limp as a sack.

Sally McDonald hurried into the adjoining room where they had laid the injured girl on the couch. But she was not needed there, so she ran down to the guides' shack, where Xavier Commando had been taken. She found Judge Puckett and a group of the guides trying to argue with him.

"But you're all wrong, Xavier," the judge said. "He was drunk and he didn't know what he was doing. Tomorrow he'll be sorry."

"By gee, he be sorry. I cut him tonight. Tomorrow he be sorry good, for sure."

"I'm ashamed of you, Xavier," Sally said, as the guides stood aside for her to pass through. "You know it was an accident."

"He cut my sister."

"Xavier," she said, "I thought you were a brave man. Yet you talk about cutting an Indian boy who is drunk and can't fight back. I'm ashamed of you."

Xavier didn't answer.

"DO you remember when our canoe swamped in White Partridge Creek? You saved my life that day. I've always thought of you, Xavier, as a fine man and a brave man. Now you talk about cutting a man who can't fight back. I'm ashamed of you. Maybe you're not brave, after all."

Xavier was looking down at the ground. "I no cut Johnny."

"You promise me that, Xavier?"

"I promise, me."

"Then you're a fine man and brave, Xavier. You're my friend again."

"You no talk by me like that," Xavier said, tears rolling down his cheeks. "By gee, you make me shy."

"And you make me proud, Xavier. I'm really proud of you."

Xavier pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, then he blew his nose.

"I go see my sister, me," he said, as he went back toward the main lodge.

"My hat's off to you, Sally," Judge Puckett said. "Things might have been nasty."

"He was just excited, that's all."

Mike came out from among the guides and managed to get close to Sally. "I never saw a woman handle a man like that before," he said softly.

"A woman can do a lot for any man she loves," Sally said.

Mike took her arm. "Meaning?"

"Meaning that we're all excited tonight." She caught herself quickly. "And when a person's excited, sometimes she doesn't talk sense."

"I was hoping she did," Mike said as they went inside the shack.

Johnny had been laid on his bunk and his wife was washing the blood from his mouth.

"I make him undressed, me," Pete said. "He more sleep."

"You needn't worry about his sleeping." Judge Puckett looked down at Johnny stretched out on the bunk and snoring. "He'll be sleeping for a long time."

"Where he get all those moneys, Rose?" one of the guides asked.

She looked up. She was a pretty girl and had been well educated in a school outside the reservation. "I don't know," she said. "I didn't know he had it."

"Rose," Sally said, "there's no need for you to go on bathing Johnny's face; his mouth is not bleeding any more. It might be better if you went away and got some sleep."

"But somebody should watch after him."

"I'll do it, Rose." Every one turned to the door and saw Christopher Beck standing there. "I heard what you said, and I'll care for Johnny. After all, I'm responsible for his being hurt, and I should look after him." He came and stood beside the Indian girl. "Is that all right with you, Rose?"

"Yes."

"Then two of you boys take him to my cabin. I'll let him sleep there tonight."

"But there's no need for that, Christopher," the judge said.

"He might be sick," Christopher returned. "I hit him hard, you know."

He's hell-bent on having him down there, Mike was thinking. He's going to make sure he doesn't talk in his sleep or otherwise. But you're too

late, old boy. I've got Johnny's story.

As the guides carried Johnny out of the shack, Johnny's wife put her hand on Sally's arm. "May I speak with you, Miss Sally?"

"Certainly, Rose."

The two women went out of the shack together.

After the camp had quieted down and every one had gone to bed, the light still burned in Christopher Beck's cabin. Long after midnight some one knocked on the door. Christopher made no answer. The knock was repeated, and then Christopher spoke.

"Yes," he said. "Who is it?"

"Jock."

"Come in."

The door opened and the old Indian stepped in. He went to the side of the bed, where Christopher was sitting up.

"Where have you been?" Christopher asked.

Jock turned his head toward the north. "In the bush."

He looked down at Johnny Buckshot, lying asleep on the floor.

"He is drunk," Christopher said. "What were you doing in the bush? Why were you away so long?"

"I go to find another little bear for Sally." Jock went on to tell how he had trailed the bear for two days.

"And then," said Jock, "late this afternoon I find Mr. McDonald's body floating on Loon Lake. He had been shot."

CHRISTOPHER reached for a dressing gown and wrapped it about his shoulders. "How had he been shot? Accidentally—with his own rifle, you mean?"

Jock shook his head. "No. Shot many times. Much, much holes in his body."

"What did you do with his body?"

"I buried it."

Christopher sat there in bed thinking, then he glanced quickly at Jock and got up. He went across to the table where his cigarettes lay.

"Did you see his guide—Fred Chausse? Where is he?" Christopher asked, lighting a cigarette and waving out the match.

Jock said he had not seen Fred Chausse and did not know where he was. Christopher leaned back against the table, his hair mussed and his face greasy with sleep. After a while he said, "At Loon Lake, was it?"

"Yes."

Christopher drew deeply on his cigarette. "Did you leave your canoe at the dock?" he asked the old Indian.

"I bring canoe here." Jock pointed at the shore in front of Christopher's cabin. "I see your lamp burning."

"Yes, I had to leave it burning in case this drunken swine woke up." Christopher was looking up toward the ceiling, toward the floating smoke rings he was making, as he said, "Then no one knows you're in camp."

"No."

Christopher crushed out his cigarette. "O. K., Jock. You and I are going back to Loon Lake after Mr. McDonald's body. And we're starting right now."

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"You no wait until morning? Tell maybe Mr. Carroll, Judge Puckett? Maybe Sally?"

"No."

Christopher was dressing quickly. After he pulled on his boots he didn't wait to lace them.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go."

"You no want to wake up maybe one or two more guides? Mr. McDonald heavy man."

"That's all right. We can carry him." He handed Jock his rifle. "Here, hold that until I button my jacket. And hurry—don't just stand there."

They went down to the canoe and got in. The moon was blotted out now by the clouds and everything was black except the stars. They paddled out across Lac Royal, the big lake. They moved on past the entrance to Gunpowder Bay and into the Narrows. There was only the sound of their paddles in the water and the faint silken whisper of the canoe as it ran lightly between strokes. They came to Lizard Creek, and there Christopher said he was cold. He wished to stop and warm themselves. Jock guided the canoe through an opening in the reeds to where the sand of the beach showed white even in the dark.

"We stop here," Jock said. "I make you fire and make you hot tea."

The bow of the canoe slid softly onto the beach and Christopher stepped out. Jock stuck his paddle into the shallow water and down into the sand; he pushed the canoe on the beach.

"I make you hot tea," he said, as he reached down for his package of tea. "I make you feel warm."

Bending over him, Christopher struck, stabbing twice in the back before Jock could even partly straighten up, burying the long hunting knife to the hilt each time.

Wednesday night,
July 8, 1942.
New York City.

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM had his supper in a small restaurant just off Times Square. Then he went out and walked along the street. Before supper Mr. Higginbotham had walked along that same street. He had stopped in front of a small printing shop and had peered in the window. The proprietor had seen him. Now Mr. Higginbotham stopped before the same window again. An advertisement that had been there was no longer there.

Casually, as if he were looking for a friend, Mr. Higginbotham glanced up and down the street. Then he went into the shop.

"Stand there and watch," he said to a woman who was dusting off the counter. He went into the back of the shop and down into the basement. Four men were waiting for him. "Does all go well?" one of them asked.

"Yes," Mr. Higginbotham said. "Everything is ready. Next Sunday, the twelfth, is the time."

"Sunday," they said, only they said it as he had said it, in German: *"Sonntag."*

"Ja, Sonntag." He lifted his fist. "That is the day." He struck his fist upon the table. "Then we shall crush them. Then we shall have them crawling on their knees before our Leader."

The men sprang to their feet.

"Heil Hitler," they said.

"Heil Hitler," Mr. Higginbotham answered.

He told them that all arrangements had been made, every detail had been cared for. They were to wait until they received the signal, then they were to carry out the orders in which they had been so carefully drilled.

"How the lesser explosions are to be accomplished, we all know. But how the great destruction is to be made, I myself do not know. The plans for this magnificent ending of our work are being made in Berlin. They will be flown direct from Berlin on Saturday night. I shall receive them, and immediately issue orders."

The proprietor of the shop opened a cabinet and took out a bottle and glasses. He poured out the wine and passed it round.

With glasses raised, they softly sang Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.

"After next Sunday we can sing it as loud as we wish. And we will sing it," Mr. Higginbotham said. "We will spit in their loathsome American faces."

What are the plans for the twelfth? Will Mike be able to find out the Becks' secret in time to ruin the Nazi plot? Watch for thrills next week!

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☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

ANIMALS ARE MY HOBBY, By Gertrude Davies Lintz.

It was intended that this week's tip would be a report upon And Now Tomorrow, by Rachel Field, late lamented author of All This, and Heaven Too and other best sellers. But a lot of fascinating apes got in the way, so we'll say briefly that the Field novel is mildly attractive feminine fare, not sensationally diverting, and go on to the book about Mrs. Lintz's famous family.

Her title is one of those forty-mile understatements. The Lintz two-acre home place on the Brooklyn shore of New York harbor's The Narrows has sheltered dozens of St. Bernards of her gigantic Hercuveen strain, a leopard which was quite palsy-walsy until he slashed the author's back to ribbons on an off day, hundreds of thoroughbred pigeons, rabbits of exotic fur-bearing breeds, a pair of vicious great horned owls, guinea-pig fodder for same, an eight-foot lizard of unknown kind, at least half a dozen riotous chimpanzees and two gorillas.

Probably you've seen some of her chimps in the movies and at the World's Fair. The handsome Massa is the gorilla pride of Philadelphia's fine zoo. Buddy, who came to her a baby, is now Gargantua the Great of the circus.

Mrs. Lintz was a woman of independent means. She didn't have to take on this exacting and hazardous work. Animal personalities absorbed her. The book communicates her enthusiasm. They'll absorb you. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

THIS MAN'S WAR

BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

YESTERDAY I heard a woman say, "I wonder how the wives of Bataan's heroes feel?" I told her. We were married in 1939. He went to the Philippines in the spring of 1941. Our son was born in October. My husband never saw his son, for my husband died in action on Bataan.

It is not easy to realize that I am a widow at nineteen and my son is fatherless at five months. My heart is still broken and the long nights are still tearful but I have this comfort: when the world is at peace once again I'll also find some peace in the knowledge that he did not give his life in vain, that he died defending those he loved best.

So I dare now to put on the shoulders of America's fighters and workers the burden of Bataan's widows and orphans, the burden of eventual victory in the cause for which American men and women endured a living hell on Bataan.

Mrs. T. S., Ottumwa, Ia.

I believe I can speak for every true American soldier and civilian: we accept the burden.

* * *

Why do they put young women in uniforms? Don't they know that a soldier sees enough uniforms without having to look at girls wearing them when he goes on liberty? Not that we're not proud of *our* uniforms or of being seen with a girl in one, but there is a limit to the uniforms one person should have to look at. Can't the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fighting Men provide emblems for the gals to wear on their own pretty clothes?

Pvt. E. R. H., Ensenada Honda,
Puerto Rico.

What goes on in Puerto Rico? It's not that bad in the States—yet.

* * *

We civilians must be so careful with our cars and tires and not make jackrabbit starts or skidding stops because it takes too much gas and rubber; yet the Army may do as it pleases. I work in a store on the route used by the Fort Custer troops, so I see a lot of them passing by.

The truck drivers jazz their motors and slam on their brakes; the jeep drivers burn up the asphalt with spurts of speed and "air-brake" stops; and, when a motorcyclist starts up at a traffic signal, within fifty feet he is going 45 in a 25-mile zone. Now, I ask you, Sarge, is that right?

A. H., Marshall, Mich.

No, it isn't right, and the Army would be the first to discipline its own drivers who misuse Army equipment. Conservation applies to armed forces and civilians alike. You can be sure that the Army won't stand for that sort of thing if it knows it's going on—as it does now.

* * *

Many patriotic people wonder what they can send to the boys in service. From my experience in the hospital I believe that the patients would appreciate slippers more than any other gift. For some unknown reason, the Medical Department supplies all other necessities, but it is both uncomfortable and clumsy for the men to walk around in their heavy field shoes. I'm sure the Red Cross would appreciate contributions of slippers for the camp hospitals.

Pvt. B. Z., Fort Eustis, Va.

That's a fine, practical suggestion which I can heartily endorse from experience.

* * *

We've heard that parcel-post mail for men on duty overseas is no longer accepted. Is that true, and, if so, can you say how long the order will last?

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. W.,
Houston, Tex.

Just another rumor, probably inspired by limits set by the Post Office Department on the weight and size of packages in order not to interfere with the movement of vital war supplies. A parcel must not exceed 11 pounds in weight, 18 inches in length, or 42 inches in length and girth combined. The same sender can mail no more than one package a week to the same addressee. And no perishable matter is accepted. I suggest you ask your local post office for full details.

* * *

I started my Army career in San Francisco, and have since been footloose and fancy-free (with plenty of strings attached), traveling through the Middle West, stopping only long enough at various posts and camps to make and lose friends, and finally ended up "deep in the heart of Texas." Why does the Army ship a man around so much, and, above all, why must he leave his home state? I mean, until we slip the Japs the business. Morale and friends have much in common. Truthfully, my morale is very low.

Cpl. D. W.,
Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

I can't answer your question without knowing all the facts. Yet it's safe to say that the Army hasn't shipped you around for the sake of giving you the ride. You ought to be fairly proud about being in such demand. A lot of men would envy you the opportunity to see the country and make more friends in each station.

* * *

MISSISSIPPI SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CAN VOTE ABSENTEE BALLOT.

MRS. H. L. S., STARKVILLE, MISS.

Thank you, Mrs. S., for your telegram, which referred to the item in Liberty's May 9 issue listing "the eight states which do not provide for absentee voting," including Mississippi. My information came from a usually reliable source, and if Mississippi doesn't belong in the list, I apologize. Several readers also pointed out that Pennsylvania, while having no absentee voters law, does provide for the votes of service men while on duty outside the state. And many indignant Hoosiers protested against the inclusion of Indiana. They all took me to task and said that their state has had an absentee voters law for several years. No protests received from the five remaining states: Florida, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, and South Carolina.

* * *

COOK: "Ever been in the service before?"

K. P.: "Sure. I was a gunner in the Navy."

COOK: "O. K. Start shelling those peas."

Kodiak Bear.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

REAL MEN FO

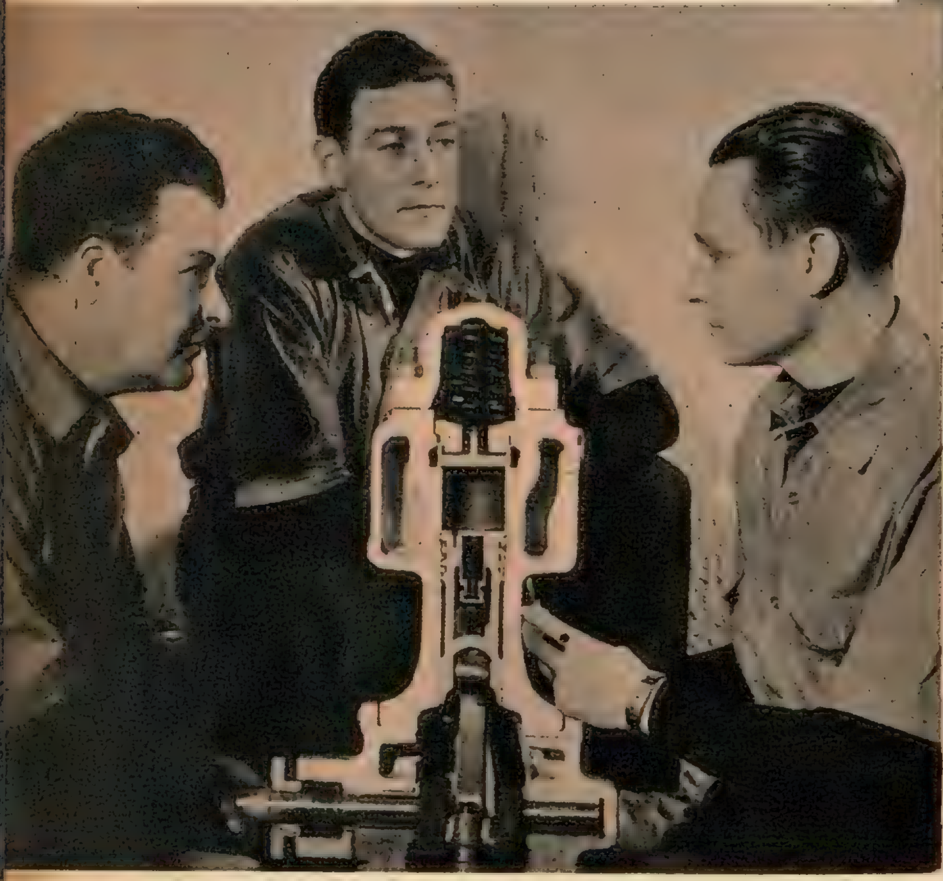
Here is the honor man of the most recent graduating class at Fort Trumbull. He is Leon Haskell of Brooklyn, New York.

America needs them—and the Coast Guar
is training them to do their part for victor

TO win this war, supplies must get through to our fighti
forces wherever they are; men must be transported to fa
flung battle lines. This means that a strong mercha
marine is as important to us as the army and navy. Our shi
yards are going full speed ahead and America's fleet of me
chant ships is rapidly expanding. The Coast Guard, too, is goi
full speed ahead to provide the personnel for these ships.

The pictures on these two pages show the United States Co
Guard Merchant Marine Training Station at Fort Trumbu
Connecticut, in action, turning out the officers who will man o
merchant marine. Four hundred and thirty-two graduated
the most recent class. Together, the Fort Trumbull Station a
the one at Government Island, Alameda, California, train 4,2
men annually. The candidates have already had sea experien
so, during their four months' course they concentrate upon t
technical. While at Fort Trumbull, they are considered acti
petty officers. The course successfully completed, they g
their papers as third mate or third assistant engineer and a
enrolled in the United States Maritime Service as ensigns.

These are the men who will guide our merchant fleet, t
vital link between America and her fighting men at the fro



A trio of merchant marine students at Fort Trumbull go into a huddle over a ticklish engineering problem as they prepare for examinations.

From actual experience with tools, as well as from books, men training to guide America's merchant ships learn every detail of their important jobs.

Official U. S. Coast Guard photographs

REAL SHIPS !

THIS IS AMERICA

’ve finished training. Now they're off with "tickets and gear" for real service.

A smiling graduate waves the ribboned license that makes him a seagoing officer on America's growing merchant fleet.

Graduates, ready to leave for duty, take a last look from the rail of the training ship that has been home to them.

other civvies are all packed—
he hat wouldn't fit in his bag!

He's only one of many who shared the honors of the day with a pretty girl.

First the graduation exercises in the gym at Fort Trumbull; then, right, as a pleasant aftermath, congratulations such as this young man is receiving.

ILLUSTRATED BY BISCHOFF

LAST BLOOD

BY NILLA CRAM COOK

A true tale of the hatreds of war . . . and the strange thing that happened to a woman's heart

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE Germans were arriving in Athens. All night long the tanks of the English raced through the streets to the harbor, and in the morning our city was full of dirty green uniforms and tired, sad-looking men. In the ice-cream parlors they ordered ten portions at once, and whole trays of pastry. They bought everything in our shops with brand-new marks issued especially for occupied countries. People with Germans quartered in their houses saw their furniture, nicely wrapped in burlap, go off in German military cars. For twenty years Athens had labored to build up a milk supply. No Greek would dream of killing a cow; but the Germans slaughtered them at once. Now the wheat flour was mixed with everything but sawdust for every one but the Germans, who had white bread made of English flour. They ate it in front of our wounded calmly, shamelessly, the way they did everything else.

I was assisting Kyria Apostolou in the convalescent hospital which she had organized and had been running before the Germans arrived in Athens. The American Red Cross gave us money for food and supplies.

One day a message came to Kyria, signed by the German commandant. She was to empty five hundred beds within eight hours. His wounded parachutists were returning from Crete.

Then one day the Cretan women came. . . . Prisoners of war! The first women warriors! They held themselves aloof like Amazon queens.

"I have all these men with no legs!" Kyria cried. "I won't throw them out for the Germans!" That winter thirty thousand men from the Albanian campaign had to have one or both legs cut off for gangrene caused by freezing.

But it ended in our dividing the hospital with the Germans. I served in their section, and my knowledge of their language made me interpreter and general go-between for the two. Then one day the Cretan women came. . . .

Prisoners of war! The first women warriors! They were wearing skirts with khaki jackets taken from the soldiers, and they held themselves aloof like Amazon queens.

Bubolina, the commander of the regiment, had a wounded leg and gangrene had set in. She must have been in unearthly pain but she was absolutely quiet as the German ambulance guards, shaking their heads with wonder, brought her in. In a few hours it became clear that we would have to amputate. We told Bubolina.

"Leg!" she snorted. "What's a leg? I gave six sons."

That night, after the operation, I stayed with her and encouraged her. I told her that all the doctors had said nothing could kill her if she wanted to live.

"What would I want to live for?" She gave a hard little laugh. "Would I have let my leg turn rotten if he had been alive?"

"Who was he?" I asked softly.

"My baby. I sent the other five, so they would know their blood is Greek. He was too young. They wouldn't take him. Eighteen." A terrible look came into her eyes. "They cut him down in front of me, the dirty Germans! That's why I did it."

"Did what?" I asked.

"Threw my knife into that parachutist." Her face grew still whiter. "We were supposed to take prisoners, not to kill them; take them home and feed them. That's not the way to treat pirates! And my Yiankos had not been the one to cut off the German's head. . . ."

Her eyes were wild and words poured out of her: "His name is *Hans. Hans.* He had three little birds on his collar. He was standing there when my baby's head fell on the ground. I threw my knife into him, but it didn't kill him." She felt for my hand. . . . "*Hans.* Look for him among the wounded. Kill him for me. Don't let him have the last blood. . . ."

Presently she slept. And suddenly, alone with her in the stillness, I knew she was dead.

Four nights later they brought more wounded parachutists into the hospital. I was on night duty.

"A fresh card," the German doctor was saying. "Hans Schaeffer, flight captain. Knife wound in the chest. . . ." But to make sure, I questioned the ambulance assistant. ". . . from a woman," he told me. "A tigress. A terrible place, Crete."

SOON I was left alone with Hans. We lacked the right blood for the transfusion he needed, and I was to watch his pulse and give him an injection to carry him over until, in the morning, it could be found. To the doctor who came during the night I lied about the pulse: "Just the same." But Hans was losing. By not giving the injection I would kill him and Bubolina would have the last blood. . . .

"Water," he was sighing. Even if you are going to kill a patient you give him a drink.

"Thank you, sister," he breathed. Then he opened his eyes. "Greta! When did you come? Oh, give me your hand, Greta, little sister. I didn't want to die before I told you I was sorry for all the teasing. You're all I've loved since our mother died . . ."

I ran for the doctor. He came and gave the injection; my hands were trembling too much. If only, he mourned, we had the right blood.

"Try me." The words escaped me. But I felt a sudden and terrible joy. The next half hour was, for me, the strangest of the war. I was found to be the universal giver. I felt myself fainting as the blood left my arm.

It was noon when I awoke—in the room in which Bubolina had died. The German doctor was standing over me.

"Is he . . . did it save him?" I asked.

"No," he said. Yet in a little while they came to me with a medal, an Iron Cross. They had wired to Germany.

"I can't take your medal," I said. "I didn't give my blood for him, or for his Greta. I gave my blood because I am a healer, not a killer. I hated him and his and all that he stood for. I always will. But when he and his kind have perished, my blood will still live.

"That will be the last blood—the blood of human kindness."

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

LIBERTY'S MAN-ABOUT-WASHINGTON, Walter Karig, has been attending the Pan-American Press Congress in Mexico City—and darned if the hundred delegates, representing virtually every country in both Americas, didn't elect him as the First Vice-President of their permanent organization. He is the only—well, er—the only citizen of the United States in office. (The confusion in that sentence is explained elsewhere on this page.)

© HARRIS & EWING
WALTER KARIG

At press time for this issue Mr. Karig wired us from Mexico City:

"Reciprocation of the Good Neighbor policy by Mexico is swiftly and realistically demonstrated to any one traveling through this sister republic with open eyes, mind, and heart. When I was here last, a dozen years ago, I was a 'gringo,' but today I am a 'compañero.' 'We are all Americans,' is their rather wistful assertion.

"Maybe the favorable settlement of the oil controversy is responsible. Maybe it is the boom as American money flows into Mexico in payment for its products the United States needs to the limits of their production, for war needs. I myself believe, however, that, whatever material factors enter into the case, it is true, as Mexicans assert, that they look to us to win the war for democracy—and, however curious their methods may sometimes appear, it is Mexico's ambition to emulate the social, economic, and political system of the United States.

"MEXICANS KNOW AT FIRST HAND what oppressive dictatorship means. They fear its return if Fascism is not destroyed by this war. True, Mexico has chosen the abrupt methods of revolution and expropriation in its struggle for national independence and social progress. True, it appears to us that labor unions wield disproportionate power in a country scarcely touched by mechanization. But that's Mexico's business, after all.

"The enslaved peon of thirty years ago is today a property owner. Mexico is his—not some distant boss's. To ever-burning patriotism has been added ambition, and right now Mexico is going places. It will be in a large degree our fault if it doesn't go the right places. As a post-war outlet for American industry and technical skill Mexico will mean much to us.

"But we can profit in more ways than material ones from this new and natural friendship. Here is a wonderland of flowers and music, of scenery incomparable—the seat of an ancient civilization whose monument is pyramids bigger than Egypt's. Mexico could probably get along without our friendship better than we could without hers. Think it over and see if I'm not right."

We have thought it over, and we suspect Mr. Karig is right.

THIS IS ONE OF THE PRIVATE REPORTS to Liberty's editors about which we took you into our confidence last week. Here is another—a brief but illuminating cable from London:

"Speeches by Churchill, Cripps, and others have removed the 'second front' issue from the field of public controversy, and it is now agreed action must be taken. The only question is when. The impression is growing that this is the decisive year, and despite the pleading of Dr. Evatt (Australia's Minister of External Affairs) for consideration of Australia's requirements, the attention of the government and the public is concentrated on the Russian front. Interest in the prestige of the U. S. S. R. is higher than in that of the U. S. A. In the movie theaters applause for Stalin is greater than that for Churchill or Roosevelt.

"The most interesting domestic political issue is the reorganization of the coal-mining industry. Cripps is committed to nationalization of the coal fields. If he persists he will meet the Tories head on, but Churchill will probably find a compromise solution. So far the government's fuel-rationing plan may be termed a scorched fingers policy, and unless something is done next winter the British may be a frozen people."

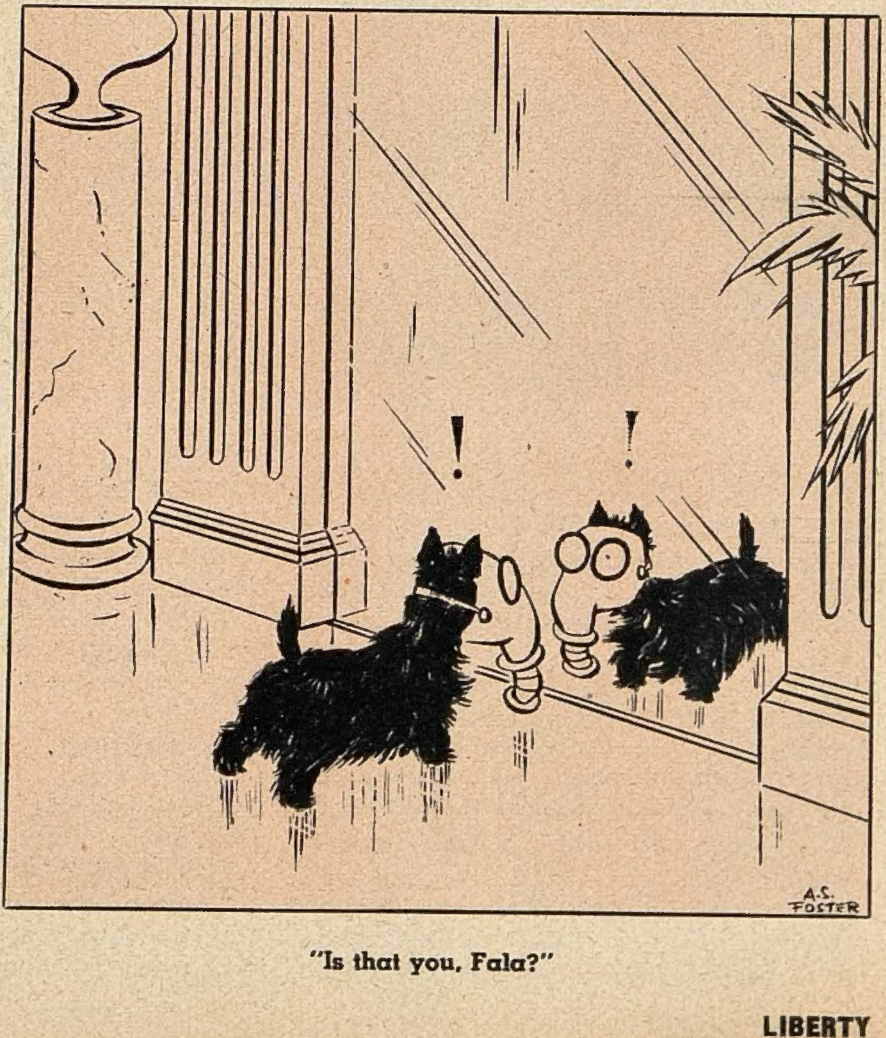
That's plain talk—but the censors passed it!

A PAGE MOSTLY DEVOTED to nations other than our own seems an appropriate place to remind you that on Flag Day (June 14) President Roosevelt has asked us all to honor not only the Stars and Stripes but also the flags of our allies in the war. It is a paradox of such times as these that violence brings the peoples of the world together. Mr. Karig's impressions in Mexico are a microcosm of what is happening in the minds of Americans in Australia, Ireland, and who knows where else.

WHAT WE STARTED TO SAY —and didn't—in that first paragraph was that the First Vice-President of the Press Congress is the only *American* in office. Contributors to Vox Pop had quite a time a little while back protesting that we have no single word to designate a citizen of the United States if you want to distinguish him from citizens of other nations in the Americas. They nominated many new words—Usican and the like. We didn't take the matter very seriously at the time—but when you sit down to write about delegates from North and South America and try to indicate neatly that one is a United-Stateser, you find our language a bit lacking. Maybe we'd better have a word for it.

The Editors

FALA



"Is that you, Fala?"

HAVE YOU READ THE NEW TRUE STORY YET?

Especially...

"TO THOSE WHO ARE IN LOVE"—the moving story of a son who desperately refused to live his father's dreams!

"WOMAN'S PRIDE"—Can a woman who lives in the past and a husband who is blind to their future combine in a successful marriage? Look for the smashing climax to this unusual romance!

"LOVE SONG"—she heard music in his soul—but it was only a broken melody!

"He Gave Me the Universe"—"Country Doctor's Wife"
"Ladies' Man"

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★
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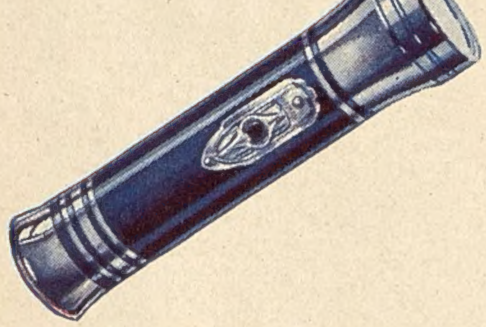
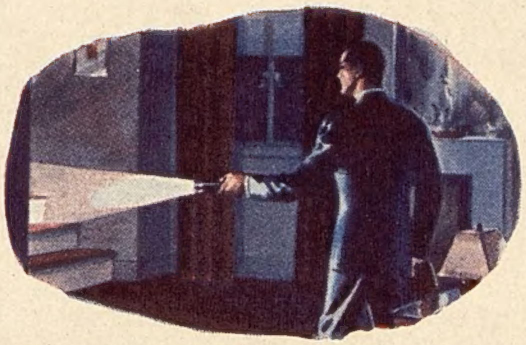
A Dozen Enchanting Love Stories
You'll Always Remember!

WHEN and HOW to Use Your FLASHLIGHT in a BLACKOUT

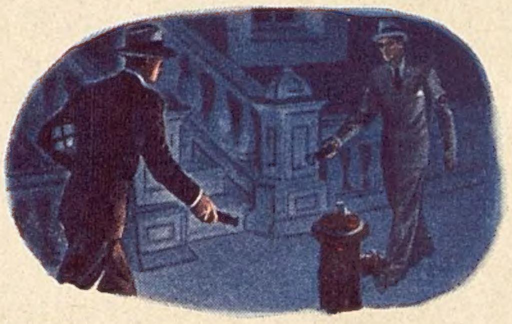
THESE INSTRUCTIONS Reviewed and Passed by the OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE



① **EVERY HOME** should have one or more flashlights! But before buying *new* ones, inspect and repair your *old* ones. They may need only a new bulb, new lens or fresh batteries.



② **KEEP YOUR FLASHLIGHT** in a convenient, accessible place — and *always* in its place. When using it INDOORS, never point it toward unshielded windows, skylights or open doors.



③ **DO NOT USE** an *unshielded* flashlight OUTDOORS in a blackout except when absolutely necessary. Keep the beam level or downward—never point it even *slightly* upward. And never point it toward highly reflective surfaces.

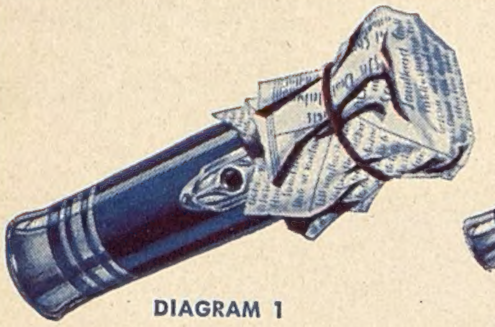


DIAGRAM 1

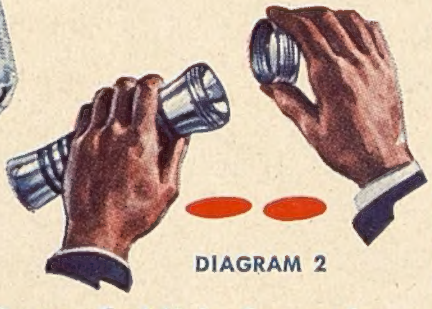


DIAGRAM 2

④ **HERE'S HOW TO SHIELD** your flashlight for outdoor use: Cover lens with two thicknesses of newspaper or similar paper, held in place by string, as in Diagram 1. OR, cut two discs of paper and insert under lens, as in Diagram 2. Deep red paper may also be used (blue is unsatisfactory). **CAUTION: The Office of Civilian Defense has not yet approved any so-called "blackout lights."** To be safe, follow the instructions given here, *until further instructions are issued.*

KEEP FLASHLIGHTS LOADED with fresh batteries, and have an extra set on hand for your light in case of long-continued use.

THE FOREGOING INSTRUCTIONS ARE PUBLISHED FOR YOUR AID AND GUIDANCE

We hope you will never meet with an emergency, but if you do, we hope you will have *fresh* "Eveready" batteries in your flashlight, because we know they will not fail you.

Fresh, DATED "Eveready" batteries last longer.

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